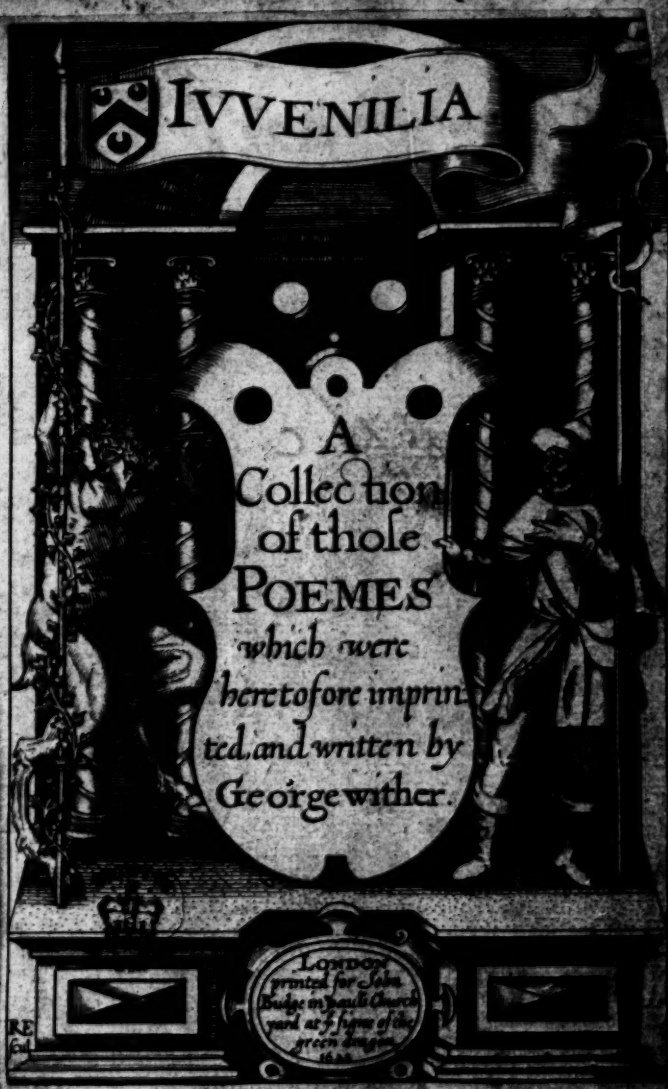

IVVENILIA
A
Collection
of those
POEMES
which were
heretofore imprin
ted, and written by
George wither.
London
printed for John
Budge in Pauls Church
yard at ye signe of the
green dragon
1633



A

TO THE READER *vpon these Poemes.*

THese IVVENILIA (or these *youth-pastimes*)
Set forth in homely and vnpolish't *Rhymes*,
Let none despise: For, whatsoere they seeme
They haue their *fate*, their *vse*, & their *esteeme*.
And will be read; when those, more seeming wise,
Haue farre lesse vse, and shorter Destinies.
Nor read you them, with that Censorious eye,
As if you look't for curious'st *Poesy*,
If that be sought for, others can afford
Large *Volumes*, and with *Art*, farre better stor'd.
And, this our *Author* answeres your desire,
If for his riper labours you enquire,
Here, you shall see what *Nature* could impart,
E're he had Time, or Meanes, to compasse *Art*:
What *Straines* a native honestie could reach,
What knowledge, and what boldnesse it can teach:
And, that in TRVTH, a Maiestie there is,
Though masked in despised *simplenesse*.

To the READER

Among the *Learn'd*, this *Author* had no name;
Nor did he this way thinke to purchase Fame;
For, when he this compoſed it was more,
Then he had read in twice-twelue Moneths before:
And by his latter Studies, ſome diſcerne,
That, firſt he writ, and then beganne to learne.
Be't what it will; tis that, he meanes ſhall paſſe,
To ſhew how fooliſh, and how wiſe he was.

No *Criticke* now, doth in theſe *Poemes* ſee,
A blemiſh, or a ſcape, more ſoone then he:
He knowes as well as they, what ſeemes amiſſe
In theſe *Inuentions*; and what childiſh is.
He knowes how farre they differ from thoſe *Layes*,
By which the learned *Poet* hunts for praiſe:
And wherein thoſe abſurdities doe lie,
Which (to their thinking) marre his *Poeſey*.
And yet, he will not mend them: For, his *name*
Is loued more, and higher flies his Fame,
By theſe deſpiſed *Numbers*, then their *pride*
Can raiſe them, yet, who did his lines deride.
And, that his *Matter* will be priz'd, he knowes;
When their fil'de language out of faſhion growes.

Thus therefore, vncorrected and vntrym'd,
You haue theſe *Poemes*, as they firſt were lymb'd:
Which (though ſome may diſlike) ſome will approue.
For, many men will leaue a pruned Groue,
And curious Garden-Allies, to goe ſee,
What pleaſures in vntilled Mountaines be:
And much delight in Woods to take the ſhade,
Of Artleſſe Arbors, by rude Nature made.

Beſides

Beſide, as there be many men, who long
To ſee of what complexion being yong
Their bodies were; and to that purpoſe ſaue,
Vnalter'd thoſe their Pictures which they haue;
So, he, thus hauing drawne (as here you finde)
In childiſh yeeres the picture of his *Minde*,
Vnalter'd leaues it; that in time to come
It may appeare how much he changeth from
The ſame he was: And, that, be ſeene it may,
How he *amends*, *growes worſe*, or *keepes a ſtay*.
Then, whether he could better this or no,
His purpoſe is, ſome other way to ſhow.

ABVSES

Place theſe laſt 4. pages after the braſſe Frontiſpice, before the Title of Abuſes Stript and Whipt.

ABVSES STRIPT, AND *WHIPT:*

OR

SATYRICALL ESSAYES.

By GEORGE WITHER.

Diuided into two Bookes.

Reuiewed and enlarged.

Πολλακὶ τοὶ νὶ μωρὸς ἀνὴρ καταναίσιον εἶπε.

Deſpiſe not this, what-ere I ſeeme in ſhow:
A foole to purpoſe ſpeakes ſometime, you know.



LONDON,
Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Budge*: and are to be ſold at his Shop in Pauls Churchyard, at the Signe of the Greene Dragon. 1622.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To him-ſelfe, *G. W.* wiſheth *all Happineſſe.*



THou (*euen my Selfe*) whom next God, my Prince and Country, I am moſt engaged vnto; it is not vnlikely, but ſome wil wonder, why, contrary to the *worlds* cuſtome, I haue made choiſe of thy Patronage for this Booke, rather than the protection of ſuch whoſe Mightineſſe might ſeeme better able to defend it; eſpecially conſidering ſuch a *Gigantick* troupe of Aduerſaries haue banded themſelues againſt Virtue, that one of them *Goliah*-like, dares raile vpon a whole hoaſt of *Iſrael*. It may be (I ſay) ſome will wonder, and ſome ſcoffe at me for it; for which cauſe (though to anſwere them with *Sic volo* had been ſufficient; yet to ſhew I will not, like our *Great-ones*, ſtand ſo much vpon

my authoritie as to make my *Will* my *Reaſon*) I heere let you know why, and for what cauſes I haue done it. The firſt is this: I could not amongſt all men, finde any man, in my opinion, ſo fitting for this purpoſe, but either my worke was vnworthy, or too worthie his Patronage. Secondly, it is ſaide; *Obſequium amicos, veritas odium parit*: and I doubting my free ſpeech would hardly make a *Diapaſon*, pleaſing to the care of a common *Mecænas*, thought it beſt to holde my tongue, or ſpeake to my ſelfe, whoſe diſpoſition I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, ſeeing I know but what men appeare, and not what they are; I had rather endure the *Kites* tyranny, than with *Aeſops* Doues make the Sparrow hawke my *Champion*. Fourthly, if I haue ſpoken *Truth*, it is able to defend it ſelfe; if not, who-ere be my Patron, it is I muſt anſwere for it. Fiftly, for aſmuch as I know mine owne minde beſt, I purpoſe, if neede bee, to become mine owne *Aduocate*. Sixtly, for my owne ſake I firſt made it, and therefore certaine I am I my ſelfe haue moſt right vnto it. But ſeuenthly, and laſtly (which is indeed the principall *Reaſon*) I haue

haue made this *Dedication* to mine owne *Selfe*; euen to put thee in minde, ſeeing thou haſt here boldly begun to bid defiance to the *Fleſh*, and vpon iuſt cauſes quarrelled with the *World*) that thou take heede to thine owne words, and not through baſeneſſe of minde or vntowardneſſe of *Fortune* (to thy euerlaſting diſgrace) faintly giue ouer ſo noble a *Combat*. If euer aduerſitie (as 'tis like enough) oppreſſe thee, yet remember thy owne ſayings; and in deſpight of outward *Deſtinies*, haue a care to keepe an vndeiected heart, ſtill free for *Vertue*. Or on the contrarie, if euer (as 'tis vnlikely) vnexpected *Proſperitie* bee caſt vpon thee; then looke to thy ſelfe, take to thee this poore Booke of thine; wherein thou ſhalt ſee the danger of it; and bee, perhaps, thereby ſtayed from many a perilous enterpriſe, which that eſtate might elſe driue thee into. Read it, weekely, daily, yea, and hourely too. What though it be thine owne? thou knoweſt mans nature to be ſo vncertaine and prone to forgetfulneſſe, euen in the beſt things, that thou canſt not haue too many *Memorandums*. The wiſeſt fall, and therefore euery day was

Philip deſirous to bee remembred that hee was a *Man*. Thou thinkeſt, I know, ſtill to remaine what thou art; I deſire in ſome things thou maiſt: but vnleſſe thou labour it with diligent watchfulneſſe thy *affection*, it is at leaſt much to be doubted, if not altogether to be deſpaired of. For thou haſt ſeene many, by an alteration in their eſtate been ſo *Metamorphoſed*, as if they were neither the ſame men, nor of that Nation.

Nay, (remember it) thou thy ſelfe, and that but vpon a bare hope, or imagination of ſome preferment, haſt been puffed vp and exalted aboue meaſure: conſider now then, how much more thou hadſt bin ſo, and what had become of thee, if God had not by daſhing thoſe hopes, called thee to thy ſelfe againe? Alas! if hee had anſwered thy *ambitious* expectations to thy deſire, thou hadſt beene by this time paſt recouery; and not thought of this, but delighted in *villany*, beene ouer-maſtred by *paſſion*, ruſht into all *vanitie* and *preſumption*; yet neuer felt any danger, till it were too late to preuent it. Thou haſt oft wiſht thou hadſt bin borne to the like means that others are: which, might it haue beene ſo, now thou

ſeeſt

ſeeſt thou ſhouldſt hardly or neuer haue come to the knowledge of thoſe things that are now ſhowne thee. Tis true, thou haſt lamented to be croſt in thy preferments: but thou ſeeſt ſince, that it might haue beene thy vndoing if it had not beene ſo; and maiſt perſwade thy ſelfe, whether it be now or neuer, it will be to thy good. For tell me; haſt thou not often felt, euen when thou wert buſieſt to preuent them; *Fond-loue*, *Ambition*, *Reuenge*, *Couetouſneſſe*, and ſuch like *Paſſions*, then to inuade thee? I ſee thou haſt perceiued it? How much more then would they haue beene ready to aſſaile thee, when quite forgetting them, thou hadſt wholly addicted thy ſelfe to the things of this *world*? Let me aduiſe thee (my *deare ſelfe*) then, to make vſe of this thine owne Worke; it will bee better to thee than all the *World*: for this good it may doe thee, and to this end, I made both it and the *Dedication* therof to thee; that if euer hereafter the temptations of the *world*, the *fleſh*, & the *diuel*, or any occaſion ſhould make thee to forget this minde which thou art now in: or ſo blinde thy *vnderſtanding*, thou ſhouldeſt not perceiue thy owne & the *worlds* follies as thou dooſt; That

if

if thou ſhouldſt bee in that miſerable ſtate (as many are) to haue no feeling of thy danger: that if thou ſhouldſt bee wofully flattered, and haue no friend that dares, or loues thee ſo well, to put thee in minde of thy tranſgreſſions.

That, Then this may ſhew thee what once thou wert; touch thee againe, with the feeling of thy miſeries; and be vnto thee that true *Friend*, which, free from all fayning, ſhall plainly tell thee, what perhaps ſhould elſe haue neuer bin brought againe to thy remembrance. Looke then that for thy owne ſake thou reſpect this, how euer to others it may ſeeme a trifle. Be carefull of thy actions; for ſeeing thou knoweſt the dangerous Paſſions whereunto Man is ſubiect, haſt ſhowne his *Vanities*, layd open his *Weakeneſſe*, and ſharply taxed his *Preſumption*: If now thou ſhouldeſt wilfully runne thy ſelfe into the ſame euils, the *World* would vpbraid thee, this Booke, yea, thy Conſcience accuſe thee, God and good men hate thee; thy fault bee more odious and inexcuſable; thy *Iudgement* more ſeuere, and (which is worſt) thy *Puniſhment* moſt intollerable. I

ſay,

ſay, ſeeke therefore (if for no other cauſe) ſo to carry thy ſelfe, that at leaſt thou maiſt haue a good Conſcience before God; for, *Si Deus tecum, quis contra te?* But if now hauing made the *World* thine enemie, expoſed thy ſelfe to the malice thereof, and hauing ſo many Legions of foes without thee, thou ſhouldeſt alſo, by thy negligence, ſuffer the inuincible fortreſſe of a ſound Conſcience to be crazed within thee; the Diuell, that is alway watching ſuch aduantages, would quickly poſſeſſe it with ſo vnmercifull a troope of Horrors, Feares, and Deſperations, that without Gods miraculous aſſiſtance, thou wouldeſt growe wholly paſt either comfort or recouery.

For all the *World* cannot defend thee againſt thy Conſcience: but *that* beeing with thee, thou maiſt preuaile againſt all the *World*. Beware then, doe not like the *Zebithum*, yeeld a perfume to ſweeten others, and bee thy ſelfe a ſtinking vermine: but, let this thy owne Worke be confirmed by thine owne life and conuerſation; yea, let it be a *Preſident* to thy ſelfe: for, *Tanti erit alijs quanti tibi fuerit*: but if not, I ſay, if the

World

World miſ-eſteeme either it or thee, yet doe not thou therefore eſteeme the leſſe eyther of thy Booke, or of thy Selfe; but rather let them know.

That thou haſt learned, ſtill thy care ſhall bee,
A ruſh for him, that cares a ſtraw for thee.

But now, though for theſe and diuerſe other *Reaſons*, I haue to thee my *Owne-ſelfe* committed the *Protection*, and made the *Dedication* of this Booke; yet my meaning is not that thou ſhouldſt keepe it wholly to thine own vſe; But rather, ſeeing it is honorable to giue, I haue beſtowed this on thee, that if thou eanſt in this corrupted Age, find any, whom deſert, and thy loue may make ſo deare vnto thee; or whom thou art perſwaded will gratifie, (or but thinke well of thy honeſt endeauours) thou muſt be liberall to them, both of theſe thy labours, and expenſes.

But this I coniure thee; bee they neuer ſo Great, yet flatter not: or if he be a man whom thou knoweſt the *World* ſpeaks any way iuſtly ill of; either tell him his fault, or leaue him wholly out of thy *Catalogue*. But becauſe I

begin

Dedicatorie.

egin to growe tedious to my *Owne-ſelfe*, ſince herefore, I ſhall haue *Opportunitie* enough to onſider with thee what is further needfull, ithout an *Epiſtle*: with my Prayers for my *rince*, my *Country*, my *Friends*, and my *owne* roſperitie, without any leaue-taking, or commendations of my *Selfe*, I hartily wiſh my owne *Soule* to fare-well.

Thy Princes, thy Countries,
thy Friends, thine owne,
whilſt Reaſon maſters
Affection,

GEO. WITHER.

To the Reader.



Eaders; I ſpeake to you that haue vnderſtanding; when theſe firſt fruites of my infant Muſes *ſhall come to your iudicious cenſures; doe not looke for* Spencers *or* Daniels *well-compoſed numbers; or the deepe conceits of new-flouriſhing* Johnſon. *Say, 'Tis honeſt plaine matter, and there's as much as I expect. If I haue ſeem'd to erre in any thing, ſuppoſe mee not ſo obſtinate, or well-conceited of my owne opinion, but that I may be perſwaded by any that ſhal produce ſtronger* reaſons *to the contrary. If any thing may ſeeme to haue a doubtfull interpretation, aſſure your ſelues, the honeſteſt meaning in it is mine; and although ſome may think I haue not ſo well ioyned things together as I might haue done, I know when you haue conſidered the nature of the* Subiect, *& the diuerſity of things therin handled, you will accept my good will, and let my yeres be an excuſe for that & all other ignorant ouer-ſights whatſoeuer. Some no doubt*

will miſtake my plainenes, in that I haue ſo blumly ſpoken what I haue obſerued, without any Poeti-call additions or fained Allegories: I am ſorry I haue not pleaſed them therein, but ſhould haue bin more ſory if I had diſpleaſed my ſelfe in doing otherwiſe; for I know if I had wrapt vp my meaning in darke riddles, I ſhould haue been more applauded, and leſſe vnderſtood, which I nothing deſire.

I neither feare nor ſhame to ſpeake the Truth; and therefore haue nakedly thruſt it foorth without a couering. For to what end were it, if I (as ſome do) had appareld my minde in darke Parables, that few or none might haue vnderſtood me? I ſhould doe better to be ſilent; but if that writing bee more in requeſt, I may hereafter be obſcure enough: yet in this 'tis not my meaning; for indeed, if I knew how, my deſire is to be ſo plain, that the dunteſt lobernole might vnderſtand me. Our Grand-villaines care not for a ſecret ierke; and well we may ſhew an honeſt wit in couertly nipping them; but either it is in vaine, cauſe they perceiue it not, or elſe ridiculous, ſeeing they onely vnderſtand it, who will but either malice or flout vs for our labours. Many may diſlike the harſhneſſe of the Verſe, but you know, although it be not ſtately, yet it well enough befits the matter. And whereas I may ſeeme blame-worthy in mixing Diuini-

tie *with* Humanitie: *yet when you haue found my generall ayme, considered with what reuerent respect I haue done it, and what commendable authorities I may haue for it, I nothing misdoubt your approbation. Those things which concerne my selfe, may seeme childish and nothing pleasing; but you must consider I had a care to please my self as wel as others. And if the* World *blame me as to saucy with her, it is for want of manners; but her own fault that would allow me no better education. To be briefe, if I haue any way offended, I am so well perswaded you will mildly consider my errors and infirmities, that I rest wholly, and onely on your sound and incorrupted* Iudgements.

* *But* *

Readers, *I mean you that are no more but* Readers; *I make no question if this book come to your spelling, it will haue many halting verses, and disioynted sentences: for I haue had experience of your insufficiency: yet haue I striued to bee, for your sakes I tell you (because I would if it were possible, bee vnderstood) as plaine (as they say) as a pack-saddle; and now the doubt is, some fooles will ride me. If they do; certainely, I shall be rough and vneasie for their tendernesse.*

To the Reader.

Though you vnderſtand them not, yet becauſe you ſee this wants ſome fine Phraſes, and ſuch floriſhes, as you find other mens writings ſtuft withall; perhaps you will iudge mee vnlearned. Well; and right enough. Yet you will be counted but ſaucy Cobblers *to goe beyond your* Laſts. *And if that be a fault (did not the ſubiect, and your ignorances, require me to be in that ſort faulty) I could with eaſe haue amended it, for it coſt me (I proteſt) more labour to obſerue this plainneſſe, than if I had more Poetically trim'd it. But for feare if I ſpeake much, I confound your* Memories, *I will ſay no more but this;* Read and welcome, *but* Cenſure not: *for your iudgement is weak, and I vtterly renounce it.*

Valete.

George Wither.

To Time.

Epigr. 1.

NOw swift-deuouring bald, and ill-fac't *Time*:
Dost not thou blush to see thy selfe vncloak't?
Oh that I knew but how to laugh in Rime!
Faith I would doe it, though thou wisht me choakt.
Didst thou but see how thy faire *antique* shape,
Is now transformed to a *shapelesse hew*:
How like thou look'st to some *Barbarian Ape*,
And could'st thine owne deformities o're-view,
Thou wouldst be *Metamorphased* anew,
Run quite away, and either all amend;
Or wish thy selfe, and all things at an end.

And yet despaire not *Time*, though thou art ill;
(The worst that e're (I thinke) was knowne to be,)
Thou shalt not thus deform'd, continue still,
For, I much better dayes, yet hope to see.
When Vice, and Wrong, and Malice, acted haue,
Their furious parts vpon confusions stage;
Faire Vertue shall be raised from her graue,
And bring along with her a golden age,
Then; we will laugh to scorne the worlds vaine rage.
And sit and tell with ioy, what stormes are past,
And what faire dayes we hoped for at last.

EPIGR. 2.

I Heare that ſome, aske how I dare ſo plaine,
I taxe the *Abuſes* that I now ſee raigne;
I muſe as much they dare ſay ill vnto it,
Or dare to aske me, how I dare to doe it.

To the Stranger. 3.

THou, that wert ſo vnhappy, firſt to breath
Without the compaſſe of *Great Britaines* power,
And bleſt againe that Fate did thee bequeath,
The knowledge of ſo rich a tongue as our;
If (vnderſtanding) thou doſt hap to read
This booke, wherein thou ſeeſt my Nations ſhame,
Yet doe not thou againſt my Countrey plead;
For thine (thou know'ſt) doth merit greater blame:
Our faults are many, this indeed is true;
But were they moe; we are no worſe then you.

To the Satyro-maſtix. 4.

OH Lord Sir, y'are deceiu'd; I'me none of thoſe,
That write in Anger, or malicious ſpleene;
I haue not taken Pepper in the Noſe,
Nor baſe inuenter of falſe libels beene.
Such ones there be indeed, ſuch I haue ſeene;

I enuy no man for his greatneſſe; I,
Nor ſeeke I any honeſt mans diſgrace:
I ioy in euery ones proſperity;
Ile not the credit of a dogge deface,
My aduerſary ſhall not proue the caſe.

Then ſtand backe (ſirrah Whip-Iack) with your ſcourge,
Doe not incenſe my Satyr for thy life:
Hee's patient enough, vnleſſe thou vrge,
Cotentions now a dayes are growne too rife,
And *He*, is very backeward vnto ſtrife.

If you eſteeme your peace, prouoke not me.
For whilſt I find good cauſe, and reaſon why,
In ſpight of all that foes to Satyrs be;
He ſhall (if I liſt) taxe iniquitie,
And tis a matter of neceſſity.

What? you would faine haue all the *Great ones* freed;
They muſt not for their vices be controld.
Beware; that were a ſawcineſſe indeed:
But if the *Great ones* to offend be bold,
I ſee no reaſon but they ſhould be told.

Yea and they ſhall; their faults moſt hurtfull be,
And (though I will not put them to that ſhame)
No great iniuſtice in it I did ſee,
If they were taxed by their proper name,
For, no ſinne can on earth haue her full blame.
Then *Scourge* of *Satyrs*, hold thy whip from mine;
Or I will make my rod, laſh thee and thine,

To the gald Reader.

EPIGR. 5.

SIr, he that's night-gald, or hath cornes on's toes,
May blame the Shoomaker, and curſe his ſhooes;
But thoſe that are acquainted with the fault,
Can tell the reaſon wherefore he doth halt:
So thou maiſt think (perhaps) theſe *Satyres* ſting thee,
Where onely thine owne guiltineſſe doth wring thee.
For, if thou wert from theſe diſeaſes free,
Thou wouldſt be quier, as ſome others be.
But 'tis well known *a tickliſh beaſt hath tricks*;
And, the old Prouerbe ſaith, *A gald Iade kicks*.
But I'le aduiſe thee; If thou feele it ſmart,
Be rul'd by me, and play not the fooles part;
Keep't to thy ſelfe, and there are few ſhall know
If thou art touched in this booke or no.
Thou ſeeſt thou neither art markt out, nor nam'd;
And therefore onely to thy ſelfe art ſham'd:
Now if thou ſtirre, at beſt thou ſhalt but make
The Country of thy faults more knowledge take:
And (as indeed it iuſtly may) diuine,
The worſt faults that I write againſt are thine.
Then, ſith to be reproued ſeemes a curſe,
And to be moued, makes the matter worſe,
Either to amend thy wicked life haue care,
Or like a Packe-horſe, and an Aſſe, ſtill beare.

To

To the impartiall Author.

George, I did euer thinke thy faithfull breaſt
Contain'd a mind beyond the common ſort.
Thy very looke and honeſt heart expreſt,
And ſeem'd an awfull mildneſſe to import.
Poets may vaunt of ſmooth and lofty ſtraines,
Thine with thy ſubiect fitly doe agree.
But then thy *Muſe* a better praiſe obtaines,
For whilſt the greateſt but *Time-pleaſers* be,
Thou vnappald and freely ſpeak'ſt the truth;
Not any one for feare or lucre ſparing:
A vertue rare in age, more rare in youth;
Another *Cato*, but I thinke more daring.
Well maiſt thou ſpeed in theſe tempeſtuous times,
Thou ſoone beginſt to make the world thy foe,
Yet I ſo well doe like thine honeſt Rimes,
That I could wiſh all Poets would write ſo:
For, thou the way of truth ſo rightly tend'ſt,
I hold them double prais'd whom thou commend'ſt.

Thy deare friend,
Th. C.

The Contents of the first Booke.

The Occasion.
The Introduction
Of Man.
Of fond Loue. Satyr. 1
Of Lust. 2
Of Hate. 3
Of Enuy. 4
Of Reuenge. 5
Of Choler. 6
Of Iealousie. 7
Of Couetousnesse. 8
Of Ambition. 9
Of Feare. 10
Of Despaire. 11
Of Hope. 12
Of Compassion. 13
Of Cruelty. 14
Of Ioy. 15
Of Sorrow. 16
The Conclusion of the first Booke.

The second Booke.

Of Vanitie.	Satyr. 1
Of Inconstancie.	2
Of Weakenesse.	3
Of Presumption.	4

The Scourge.

Epigrams to the King, &c. and to certaine noble Personages and Friends, to whom the Author gaue any of his Bookes.



THE OCCASION
of this Worke.

WHen nimble *Time* that all things ouer-runs,
Made me forsake my tops and eldren guns,
Teaching those yeeres in which the schoole-boyes brag,
Leauing off the bottle and the bag:
The very Spring before I grew so old,
That I had almost thrice fiue Winters told,
Noting my other fellow-pupils hast,
That to our *English Athens* flockt so fast:
Lest others for a truant should suspect me,
That had the selfe-same *Time* to direct me,
And in a manner counting it a shame
To vnder-goe so long a Schoole-boyes name,
Thither went I. For, though I'le not compare
With many of them that my Fellowes were;
Yet to my Teachers praise (I speake it now)
All the formes in schoole had quite run through,
And was no whit, for Grammer Rules to seeke,
In *Lillies* Latine, nor in *Camdens* Greeke,

But

But so well grounded, that another day,
I could not with our idle Students stay
For my excuse, I was not enter'd well,
For that I was so, can my fellowes tell.
And therefore, sith I came no wiser thence,
I must confesse it was my negligence.
Yet dayly longing to behold and see
The places where the sacred *Sisters* be,
I was so happy, to that *Foard* I came
Which of the labring Oxe doth beare the name.
It is a Spring of knowledge, that imparts
A thousand seuerall Sciences and Arts,
A pure cleare Fount, whose water is by odds
Farre sweeter than the *Nectar* of the *Gods*:
Or rather (truly so to entitle it)
It is the wholsome nursery of Wit.

There once arriu'd in yeeres, and knowledge raw,
I fell to wondring at each thing I saw:
And for my learning made a month's Vacation,
In noting of the places situation:
The *Palaces* and *Temples* that were due
Vnto the wise *Mistresses* hallowed crew,
Their *Cloysters*, *Walkes* and *Groues*: all which surueid
And in my new admittance well apaid;
I did (as other idle *Freshmen* doe)
Long to goe see the Bell of *Osney* too:
And yet for certainty I cannot tell,
That ere I dranke at *Aristotles* Well.
And that perhaps may be the reason why
I know so little in Philosophy.

Yet old Sir *Harry Bath* was not forgot,
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot
The *Forrest* by (Beleiue it they that will)
Was nam'd *Shot-ouer*, as wee call it still.
But hauing this experience, and withall,
Atchieu'd some cunning at the Tennis-ball;
My *Tutor* (telling me I was not sent
To haue my time, there vaine and idly spent)
From childish humors gently call'd me in,
And with his graue instructions did begin
To teach; and by his good perswasions sought
To bring me to a loue of what he taught.
Then after that, he labour'd to impart,
The hidden secrets of the *Logick* Art;
In stead of Grammer Rules he read me than,
Old *Scotus*, *Seton*, and new *Keckerman*.
He shew'd me which the *Predicabiles* be,
As *Genus*, *Species*, and the other three:
So hauing said enough of their contents,
Handles in order th'ten *Predicaments*;
Next *Post predicamenta* with *Priorum*,
Perhermenias and *Posteriorum*.
He with the *Topickes* opens; and discries
Elenchi, full of subtile fallacies:
These, to vnfold (indeed) he tooke much paine,
But to my dull capacitie in vaine:
For all he spake was to as little passe,
As in old time vnto the vulgar was
The Latine *Masse*, which (whether bad or good)
The poore vnlearned neuer vnderstood;

But

But so well grounded, that another day,
I could not with our idle Students stay
For my excuse, I was not enter'd well,
For that I was so, can my fellowes tell.
And therefore, sith I come
I must confesse it wa
Yet dayly longing t
The places where th
I was so happy, to th
Which of the labrin
It is a Spring of kno
A thousand severall
A pure cleare Egmh
Farre sweeter than h
Or sooner (truly to
It is the wholsome su
There once arriv
I fell to wonder at s
And for my learning r
In noting of the plac
The *Palaces* and *Temples* that were due
Vnto the wise *Masterniacs* hallowed crew,
Their *Cloysters*, *Walks* and *Groves*; all which fir
And in my new acquaintance well apaid,
I did (as other idle *Freshmen* doe)
Long to goe see the Bell of *Osney* too
And yet for certainty I cannot tell,
That ere I dranke at *Aristotles* Well
And that perhaps may be the reason why
I know so little in Philosophy.

FOX

et old Sir *Harry Bath* was not forgot,
the remembrance of whose wondrous shot
he *Forrest* by (Believe it they that will)
as nam'd *Shot-over*, as wee call it still.

KING.

Next *Post predicamenta* with *Priorum*,
Perhermenias and *Posteriorum*.
He with the *Topickes* opens, and discries
Elenchi, full of subtile fallacies:
These, to vnfold (indeed) he tooke much paine,
But to my dull capacitie in vaine:
For all he spake was to as little passe,
As in old time vnto the vulgar was
The Latine *Masse*, which (whether bad or good)
The poore vnlearned neuer vnderstood;

But

But of the meaning were as farre to ſeeke,
As *Coriats* horſe was of his maſters Greeke,
When in that tongue he made a Speech vnto him,
That he the greatnes of his ſtrength might ſhew him.
For I his meaning did no more coniecture,
Than if he had beene reading *Hebrew Lecture.*
His *Infinites, Indiuiduities,*
Contraries, and *Subcontrarieties,*
Diuiſions, Subdiuiſions, and a crew
Of tearms and words, ſuch as I neuer knew,
My ſhallow vnderſtanding ſo confounded,
That I was grauell'd, like a ſhip that's grounded;
And in deſpaire the Myſterie to gaine,
Neglecting all, tooke neither heed nor paine.
Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,
Till *Cynthia* ſix times loſt her borrowed light:
But, then aſham'd to find my ſelfe ſtill mute,
And other little Dandiprats diſpute,
That could diſtinguiſh vpon *Rationale*,
Yet ſcarcely heard of *Verbum Perſonale*;
Or could by heart (like Parots) in the Schooles,
Stand pratling; thoſe (me thought) were pretty fooles.
And therefore in ſome hope to profit ſo,
That I like them (at leaſt) might make a ſhow;
I reacht my Bookes that I had caſt about,
To ſee if I could picke his meaning out:
And prying on them with ſome diligence,
At length I felt my dull intelligence
Begin to open; and perceiued more
In halfe an houre, than halfe a yeere before.

And

And (which is ſtrange) the things I had forgot,
And till that very day remembred not,
Since firſt my *Tutor* read them; thoſe did then
Returne into my memory agen:
So; that, with which I had ſo much to doe,
A weeke made eaſie, yea, and pleaſing too.
And then; not therewith thorowly content,
I practis'd to maintaine an Argument:
And hauing waded thorow Sophiſtrie,
A little lookt into Philoſophie,
And thinking there the Ethicks not enough,
I had a further longing yet to know
The cauſe of Snow, Haile, Thunder, Froſt and Raine,
The Lightenings, Meteors, and what here 'twere vaine
For me to ſpeake of; ſith I ſhall but ſhow-it,
To thoſe that better then my ſelfe doe know-it.
Then from the cauſes of things naturall
I went to matters Metaphyſicall:
Of which when I a little newes could tell,
I (with the reſt in Schooles to wrangling fell.
And (as example taught me) to diſgrace her,
When I oppos'd the *Truth*, I could out-face her.
But now enſues the worſt. I getting foot,
And thus digeſting Learnings bitter Root:
Was ready to haue reacht the fruit; and thought
I ſhould a calling in that place haue ſought;
I found, that I for other ends ordain'd,
Was from that courſe perforce to be conſtrain'd.
For, Fortune that full many a boone hath loſt me,
Thus in the reaping my contentment, croſt me.

You ſir (quoth ſhe) that I muſt make my ſlaue,
For whom in ſtore a thouſand plagues I haue,
Come home, I pray, and learne to hold the plough,
For you haue read Philoſophy enough.
If wrangling in the Schooles be ſuch a ſport,
Goe Fee thoſe *Ploydens* at the Innes of Court:
For (aske your pariſh neighbours who can tell,)
Thoſe fellowes doe maintaine *contention* well.
For art in numbers, you no coyle need keepe.
A little skill ſhall ſerue to tell your ſheepe:
Seeke not the Starres thy euills ſhould relate,
Leſt when thou know them, thou grow deſperate;
And let alone Geometry ('tis vaine)
Ile find you worke enough to marre your braine:
Or would you ſtudy Muſick; elſe 'twere pitty,
And yet it needs not; you ſhall finde, Ile fit ye:
Ile teach you how to frame a ſong, and will
Prouide you *cares* to be the ſubiect ſtill.

This, Fortune or my Fate, did ſeeme to tell me,
And ſuch a chance, indeed, ere long befell me.
For ere my yeares would ſuffer me to be
Admitted to acquire the low'ſt degree:
By Fates appointment (that no ſtay can brooke)
The Paradiſe of England I forſooke,
To Art and Study both, I bad farewell,
With all that good my *thoughts* did once fore-tell:
The ſweeteſt of my hopes I left, and went
Inqueſt of Care, Deſpaire, and Diſcontent.
For, ſeeing I was forc't to leaue thoſe Mountaines,
Fine groues, faire walks, & ſweet delightfull Fountaines,

And

And ſaw it might not vnto me be granted
To keepe thoſe places where the *Muſes* haunted,
I hõme returned ſomewhat diſcontent,
And to our *Bentworth* beechy ſhadowes went,
Bewailing theſe my firſt endeauours loſt,
And ſo to be by angry Fortune croſt,
Who, though ſhe daily doth much miſchiefe to mee,
Can neuer whilſt I liue a greater doe mee;
Yet there, e're ſhe on me procur'd her will,
I learn'd enough to ſcorne at Fortune ſtill:
Yea, vſe had made her enuy ſeeme ſo vaine,
That I grew almoſt proud of her diſdaine:
And hauing thorough her firſt malice worne,
Began to take a pleaſure in her ſcorne.
But after I returned as is ſaid,
And had a ſeaſon in the Countrey ſtai'd,
I there percein'd (as I had long ſuſpected)
My ſelfe of ſome vniuſtly ill-affected:
And that eu'n thoſe whom I had truely loued,
Had foes vnto my good vngently proued,
I found though they in ſhew my friends had been,
(And kept their hidden malice long vnſeene,
With ſuch faire ſhowes as if they ſought my good,)
None my aduancement with more ſpight withſtood.
For, (ſeeming kind) they often did perſwade
My friends, to learne me ſome Mechanick Trade,
Vrging expence (perhaps) and telling how
That *Learning* is but little made of now;
When twas through malice, cauſe they fear'd that I
Might come to vnderſtand my ſelfe thereby,

Exceed their knowledge, and attaine to doe
My ſelfe more good, than they would wiſh me to:
Some ſuch, or worſe, at beſt a wicked end,
Thus moou'd this ſelfe-conceited crew to bend
Their ſpiteſull heads, by ſecret meanes to croſſe
My wiſht deſire, and propagate my loſſe.
But hauing noted this their hollowneſſe,
And finding that meer Country buſineſſe
Was not my Calling; to auoyd the ſpight,
(Which at that ſeaſon was not ſhowne out-right)
And to eſcape the ouer-dangerous ſmiles,
Of thoſe new-found vp-landiſh Crocodiles;
Vpon ſome hopes, I ſoone forſooke againe
The ſhady Groue, and ſweet delightfull Plaine,
To ſee the *place* of this great Iles reſort,
And try, if either there or at the Court.
I might by good endeauour action finde,
Agreeing with the nature of my minde.
But there I viewd another world, me thought;
And little hope or none of that I ſought.
I ſaw I muſt (if there I ought would doo)
Firſt learne new faſhions, and new language too.
If I ſhould hang'd haue beene, I knew not how
To teach my body how to cringe or bow,
Or to embrace a fellowes hinder quarters,
As if I meant to ſteale away his garters;
When any ſtoopt to me with conges trim,
All I could doe was ſtand and laugh at him.
Bleſſe me, thought I, what will this Coxcomb doo,
When I perceiu'd one reaching at my ſhoo.

But when I heard him ſpeake, why I was fully
Poſſeſt, we learn'd but barbariſme in *Tully*.
There was nor ſtreet, nor lane, but had a Wench,
That at once cõming could haue learn'd them French.
Grecians had little there to doe (poore ſoules,)
Vnleſſe to talke with begger-men in *Pauls*.
All our Schoole-Latine would not ſerue to draw
An Inſtrument; adiudged good in law:
Nay, which is more, they would haue taught me faine,
To goe new learne my Engliſh tongue againe;
As if there had beene reaſon to ſuſpect
Our ancient-vſed *Hampſhire Dialect*.
There I perceiu'd thoſe brutiſh thronging ſwarmes,
That were transformed by lewd Cyrces charmes,
There heard I wanton Syrens tune the lay,
That worketh vnwary trauellers decay.
The cruell *Lycanthropi* walkt in ſight,
So did the beaſtly looſe *Hermaphrodite*,
I ſaw *Chimera's*, *Furies*, fearefull things,
And fiends, whoſe toungs, are ſuch enuenom'd ſtings,
As plague not onely bodies that haue breath,
But make a wound, that oft vncur'd by death,
The next in blood doth poyſon, and goes nigh
To ruine a mans poſteritie.
There, I ſaw Guls that haue no braine at all,
And certaine Monſters which they Gallants call;
New broods of *Centaures* that were onely proud
Of hauing their beginning from a Cloud.
These with a thouſand other creatures more,
Such as I neuer ſaw the like before,

In ſtranger ſhapes, and more deform'd and vile,
Than euer yet appear'd to *Mandiuile*,
Flockt there; that I almoſt to doubt began,
How I had paſt the ſtraights of *Magalan*,
Or gotten on the ſudden (with ſuch eaſe)
To ſee the wonders at th' *Antipodes*.
O Lord, thought I, what doe I meane to runne,
Out of Gods bleſſing thus, into the Sunne!
What comfort or what goodnes heere can I
Expect, among theſe *Anthropophagi*,
Where like the droues of *Neptune* in the water,
The leſſe are made a prey to feed the greater!
Certaine it is, I neuer ſhall be able,
To make my humor ſuit to pleaſe this rabble;
Better it were I liu'd at home with wants,
Then heere with all theſe ſtrange inhabitants,
Whoſe natures doe with me ſo diſagree,
I ſhall ſcoffe at them though they ruine me:
Yet being loth to turne till I had try'd,
What Fate my new aduenture would betide,
I ſtayd for my experience; and withall
Flatterd my ſelfe, with hope there would befall,
Something vnto my ſhare well worth my ſute,
Which honeſtie might ſerue to execute,
Without reſpecting how to pleaſe the rude,
And Apiſh humors of this multitude.
But all in vaine I that preferment ſought,
Ill Fortune ſtill my Hopes confuſion wrought.
Which though for ominus ſome vnderſtood,
Yet I preſum'd vpon ſome future good;

And (though I ſcarce am wiſht ſo well of ſome)
Beleeue there is a happy time to come:
Which, when I haue moſt need of comfort, ſhall
Send me true *Ioy* to make amends for all.
But ſay it be not whilſt I draw this ayre,
I haue a heart (I hope) ſhall ne'er deſpaire;
Becauſe there is a God, with whom I truſt
My Soule ſhall triumph when my body's duſt.
Yet when I found that my endeauours ſtill
Fell out as they would haue't that wiſht me ill.
And when I ſaw the world was growne ſo coy,
To curbe me as too *young* then to imploy:
And that her *greatnes* thought ſhe did not want me,
Or found no *calling* bad enough to grant me:
(And hauing ſcap't ſome enuies, which to touch,
Vnto this purpoſe apper taines not much)
Weighing both that and therewith alſo this,
How great a ſhame and what reproach it is
To be ſtill idle: and becauſe I ſpy'd
How glad they would be that my ſtate enuy'd,
To finde me ſo; although the world doth ſcorne
T'allow me action, as if I were borne
Before my time; yet een to let her ſee,
In ſpight of Fortune I'de employed bee;
Caſting *Preferments* too much care aſide,
And leauing that to God that can prouide;
The actions of the preſent time I ey'd,
And all her ſecret villanies diſcry'd:
I ſtript Abuſe from all her colours quite,
And laid her vgly face to open ſight.

I labour'd to obſerue her wayes, and then
In generall the ſtate and tricks of men.
Wherein although my labour were not ſeene,
Yet (truſt me) the diſcouery hath beene
My great content: and I haue for my paine,
Although no outward yet an inward gaine.
In which becauſe I can with all my heart,
Allow my Country-men to ſhare a part,
And cauſe I thinke it may doe ſome a pleaſure,
On opportunity Ile now take ſeiſure,
And ſummon vp my *Muſe* to make relation;
I may b'imployd ere long, now's my *Vacation*.

An Introduction.

COme then *Inuention*, and call *Iudgement* in,
Knowledge and *Reason* fie where haue you bin?
Goe whistle of my *Muse* that wanton playes,
With *Epigrams*, *Loue-Sonets*, *Roundelayes*,
And such like trifling gaine; Bid her come on,
I haue found brauer prey to seise vpon.
Some new inspired power warmes my hart,
And adds fresh courage vnto euery part:
New bloud hath fild vp all my *Loue-dride veines*,
A sacred *Fury* hath possest my braines:
Something there is swels in my troubled brest,
Till it be vtter'd I expect no rest;
For full with matter like a *Sibyl Nun*,
I shall grow furious if't be long vndone.
Then rouse thee *Muse*, each little *Hobby* plyes,
At *Scarabes*, and painted *Butterflies*:
Leaue thou such trash, it is not now for vs
To fly for pleasure; weel in earnest trusse.
Leaue base attempts to buzzards or the kite,
And check the braueſt in their proudeſt flight.
But thou me thinks seem'st sickly feathered,
As if thy sprightly heart, extinguished,
Had left thee nothing of the same thou wert,
Dejection hath possessed euery part,

And

And thou look'ſt dull; vnfit for lofty things,
As if thy wanton flight had tir'd thy wings.
Leſt therefore thou ſhould'ſt faint, forſake the firſt,
And turne thy ſelfe into a *Satyriſt*;
Not of the roughеſt, nor the mildeſt ſort:
Be moſt in earneſt, but ſometimes in ſport.
What e're thou finde to ſpeake be not afraid,
But for aſſiſtance craue th'Almighties ayd:
And to that grace and power which he ſhall daigne,
Adde all thy beſt endeauours to attaine
So thriuing an euent, that men may ſee,
Heau'n had decreed to helpe and fauour thee.
Looke to thy taske: for know thou muſt vnfold
The ſtrangeſt *Nature* that was euer told:
Lanch that foule deepe impoſtumated ſore:
Which ſhameleſſe time hath ſo well skinned ore,
As ripping vp thereof ſome ſmart will be:
Yet ſtrike it home, and none ſhall hinder thee;
Search if thou canſt, till thou the bottom ſound,
Yet not too farre leſt thou thy ſelfe confound,
And (by too neere inquirie) ſmothered ly,
In the vnfathom'd depths of villany;
For (doe not miſ-conceiue what I intend)
No meſſage to th'*Antipodes* I ſend:
Nor haue I any meaning thou ſhould'ſt goe
To ſearch th'Earths center what lies hid belowe,
Or vndermine it for rich Minerals:
Thou ſhalt not haue to doe with Vegetals.
Strange natures haue both *ſtones, trees, herbs, & plants,*
Which let them ſeeke for, that employment wants.

There

There is an Herb ſome ſay, whoſe vertue's ſuch,
It in the paſture onely with a touch
Vnſhooes the new-ſhod ſteed. Within the North
The Scottiſh Iles cald Orcades bring forth
Trees, (or elſe Writers faine it) from whoſe ſeeds,
A certaine kinde of water-foule proceeds.
The Loadſtone alſo drawes the ſteele vnto it,
Yet hath no ginne nor inſtrument to doe it:
Rare powers in Nature; and yet none of theſe,
Nor what lies hidden in the vaſt wide Seas,
Meane I to ſpeake of: I no knowledge haue,
What monſters play with *Neptunes* boyſtrous waues:
Nor qualitie of Birds, or Beaſts I ſound,
For ſoone their open natures may be found:
Mans wiſedome may, with little inquiſition,
Finde out the brutiſh creatures true condition.
For by experience we for certaine know
The Elephant much loue to Man will ſhow.
The Tygers, Wolues, and Lyons, we doe finde.
Are rauenous, fierce, and cruell euen by kinde.
We know at carryon we ſhall finde the Crowes,
And that the Cock the time of midnight knowes:
By a few dayes experience we may ſee,
Whether the Maſtiſe curſt or gentle be.
And many other natures we finde out,
Of which we haue no cauſe at all to doubt:
But ther's another Creature called *Man*,
Note him who will, and tell me if he can,
What his condition is; obſerue his deeds,
His ſpeech, his rayment, yea and how he feeds,

Try

Try him a month, a yeare, an age, and when
You haue ſo try'd him; ſay, what is he then?
Retaines he either vnto *Praſter Iohn*,
Or elſe vnto the Whore of Babylon?
If that you know not which of them to graunt,
Is he a *Brownift* or a *Proteſtant*?
If in an age you cannot finde out whether,
Are you ſo much as ſure that he is either?
Is his heart proud or humble? know you where
Or when he hates, or loues, or ſtands in feare?
Or who can ſay (in Conſcience I thinke none)
That this mans words, & deeds, and thoughts are one?
Where ſhall you him ſo well reſolued find,
That wants a wandering and a wauering mind?
Nay he of whom you haue moſt triall, when
You ſee him dying, will you truſt him then?
Perhaps you may; yet queſtionleſſe he leaues you
A mind miſdoubting ſtill that he deceiues you.
And no great wonder; for hee's ſuch an elfe,
That euer is vncertaine of himſelfe,
He is not *ſemper idem* in his will,
Nor ſtands on *this* or *that opinion* ſtill,
But varies; he both will and will not too,
Yea euen the thing he thinks and ſweares to doo
He many times omits; and not alone
Hath from anothers expectation gone,
But leaſt to any one he ſhould proue iuſt,
Himſelfe he guiles if in himſelfe he truſt.
But this ſame *diuerſe* and *inconſtant creature*,
That is ſo contrary in his owne nature,

'Tis he that now my *Muse* must here deuise,
Whilst he is liuing to *Anatomize*;
'Tis his *Abusiue* and ill-taught condition
(Although it be beyond all definition)
She must discouer, with the boundlesse rage,
Of the vnbrideled humours of this age.
Yet tis a mighty taske, whose vndertaking,
Would make all *Argus* eyes forget their waking:
And I do feare I may attempt as well,
To dragge againe to light the Dogge of hell.
For all *Alcides* toyles had not beene more,
Though his *twice-fiue* had been *twice-fifty-score*.
So infinite is this I must vnfold;
That might I write and speake till I were old,
I know that I should leaue vnspoken than,
Most of those humours I haue seene in *Man*;
And still confesse in him there hidden be
Thousands of humors more than I can see,
Somewhat he hath to doe would trace him out
In euery action that he goes about:
Or but looke after him and see the path
He treades, what contrarities it hath.
To find him by his words were to assay,
To seeke a fish out by his watry way;
Or chase the Swallow to her home at night,
Through all the pathlesse windings in her flight,
But to obserue him in his thoughts were more
Than all the labours mentioned before.
The neuer ending winding turning way,
That the vnbounded minde of man doth stray,

So

So full of wonder is, that admiration
Hath nigh confounded my imagination
With too much muſing therevpon: but yet
Sith eyther want of yeeres, or want of wit,
Or lacke of worke, or lacke of all, hath brought me
To be more heedfull than a number thought me;
Sith it ſome time and ſtudy too hath coſt me,
And many a *humour* of mine owne hath loſt me;
Sith it hurts none, and ſith perhaps ſome may
Be benefited by't another day:
Though as I ſaid, the taske be not alone,
Too huge to be perform'd by any one,
But more then all the world can well diſpatch;
Looke what I could by obſeruation catch,
And my weake memory well bare away,
I regiſtred againſt another day:
Nor will I ought that I remember ſpare,
Saue things vnfit, and ſuch as needleſſe are;
Here I will teach my rough Satyricke Rimes
To be as madde and idle as the times:
Freely I will diſcouer what I ſpy,
And in deſpight of curioſitie;
Maske in a homely phraſe as ſimply plaine,
As other men are myſtically vaine;
Ile breake the Cloſſet of mans priuate ſin,
Search out the villanies concealed therein;
And if their ſight may not infectious be,
Draw them to view in ſpight of ſecrecie;
Greatneſſe and Cuſtome ſhall not haue their will
Without controule ſo to Authoriſe ill,

That

That though much be amiſſe, yet no man dare
Seeme to take notice that offences are.
Weele brand them, and ſo brand them all ſhall ſee,
Wee durſt not onely ſay ſuch faults there be;
But ſtartle thoſe who had ſecurely long
Slept ſenſleſſe of all ſhame and others wrong.
None will I ſpare, for fauour or degree;
My verſe like death ſhall ſo impartiall be,
If that my father or my brother halt,
Though I ſpare them, I will not ſpare their fault:
No; mine owne follies that are moſt belou'd,
Shall not eſcape their cenſure vnreprou'd,
Now ſome will ſay, fit' twere I held my tongue,
For ſuch a taske as this I am too young:
I ne'r had dealings in the world with men,
How can I ſpeake of their conditions then?
I cannot, they conclude: Strong reaſon: why,
Know none how Market goes but ſuch as buy?
We finde that it is oft and daily ſeene,
When a deceitfull ſhifting knaue hath beene
Playing at Cards with ſome vnskilfull gull
Whoſe purſe is lin'd with crownes and penny-full,
He by ſome nimble paſſage may deceiue,
Which though the ſimple Gamſter ne'er perceiue
Another may the Cheaters craft eſpie
That is no player, but a ſtander by.
So, I aloofe may view without ſuſpition,
Mens idle humors, and their weake condition,
Plainer perhaps, then many that haue ſeene
More dayes, and on Earths ſtage haue Actors beene.

And

And tis no maruell: for imployments takes them
Quite from themselues, & so dim-sighted makes them
They cannot see the fooleries they doe,
Nor what ill *Passions* they are subiect to:
Then who e're carpe, the course I haue begun,
If God assist me, spight of them Ile run:
And least th' *Exordium* hath too tedious bin,
What I intended loe I now begin.

OF MAN.

MOunted aloft on *Contemplations* wings,
And noting with my ſelfe the ſtate of things,
I plainely did perceiue, as on a Stage,
The confus'd actions of this preſent age;
I view'd the *World*, and viewing ſaw my fill,
Becauſe that all I ſaw therein was ill.
I weigh'd it well, and found it was the *Scene*
Of *Villanie*, of *Luſt*, and all vncleane
And loath'd Corruption. Seeing which, my Mind,
(That by ſome *inſpiration* gan to find
The place was not in fault for this) ſearch't on,
To finde the cauſe of this Confuſion.
And noting euery Creature there, I found
That onely *Man* was the chiefe *ſpring* and *ground*
Of all this *vproare*: Yea, I ſoone did ſee,
Hee there was *all* in *all*, and none but *Hee*.
Then hauing alſo a deſire to know
Mans true condition; I began to grow
Yet more inquiſitiue. An old *Record*
At laſt I hapt vpon, which did afford
Much ſacred light. It ſhew'd, *Hee was a Creature,*
Firſt made by God; iuſt and vpright by nature.
That in his likeneſſe fram'd he was compounded
Of Soule and Body: That, this laſt, was founded

Of earth: The firſt, infus'd by inſpiration.
And that, the finall cauſe of his creation,
Was to ſet forth the glory of his Maker;
And with him, to be made a ioynt-partaker
Of endleſſe happineſſe. Growne much amaz'd
To read this of him, for a time I paus'd.
And finding now in man no marke or ſigne
That ere he was a Creature ſo diuine;
I knew not what to thinke, vnleſſe the ſame
Should meane ſome other Creature of that name:
But prying further on, I there found out
The reſolution of my preſent doubt:
I ſaw the cauſe of's Fall: How with *Free-will*
He fell from his *firſt goodneſſe* vnto *ill*:
I ſaw how he from happineſſe did ſlide;
Through diſobedience and vnthankfull pride:
Yea, and I found, how by that curſed Fall
He was bereaued and quite ſtript of all
That ſo adorn'd him. His *firſt holineſſe*
Was chang'd to a *corrupted filthineſſe*,
Then he began to draw a *painefull breath*,
And was a *ſlaue*, made *captiue* vnto *Death*:
His body was expos'd to labour, ſweat,
And much diſquieting: He got his meat
With ſorrow, care, and many perturbations,
And then his ſoule grew ſubiect vnto *Paſſions*
And ſtrange diſtemperatures. Moreouer, he
So perfect miſerable grew to be,
That if he had not a *Re-generation*,
Nothing was left him but meere *deſperation*.

TN

This, hauing ſeene, I made no queſtion than,
But it was ſpoken of that *Creature* MAN,
Which I ſought after. Searching further yet,
On ſome *Apocriphall* Records I hit,
The workes of wiſe Philoſophers; from whence
I yet receiued more intelligence
Concerning him: for there they doe vnfold
Each part about his body, and haue told
Secrets of Nature very rare to finde.
They haue conſidered alſo of the *Minde*;
The *Vnderſtanding part*: and doe relate
The nature of his *Soule*, and her eſtate.
Deepe Myſteries they be: but ſeeing, I
Haue neuer ſearched that Philoſophy,
So farre as thoſe: And ſith, I ſhall but tell
Such things, as no men can explaine ſo well
As they themſelues: I leaue you to their bookes.
In which who ere with good aduiſement looks,
Shall find it largely handled. As for me,
I meane to ſpeake but what I know, and ſee
By try'd experience; which perhaps may giue
(Although I haue but now begun to liue)
Some profitable notes. Firſt, I auow
What euer *Man* hath been; that, he is now
A Reaſonable liuing Creature: who,
Conſiſteth of a Soule and Body too.
His Body fleſh and blood, to ſinne ſubiected,
And from his very birth therewith infected
Growes riper in vncleanneſſe. Then his Soule,
A pure and aſſing ſubſtance, is made foule

Through th'others filthinesse: and much suppreſt
By diuers hurtfull paſſions, which moleſt
And hinder her proceedings, yea, hee's this;
A Creature that exceeding wretched is:
And that he may be ſure no fault to want,
Vaine, Fickle, Weake, and wondrous Arrogant.
And though his nature heretofore were pure;
Now nothing is more fading or vnſure.
But Ile omit at this time to relate
The courſes I've obſeru'd in's outward ſtate;
For though the body that before the Fall
Suſtain'd no ſorrow, were it ne'er ſo ſmall,
Doth now feele hunger, with heat, thirſt, and cold,
A feeble birth, defects in being old,
With thouſands more; and though each gaſpe of breath
In miſery he draw vntill his death:
Yet all this outward change which I doe find,
Is nothing when I doe behold the mind.
For, there inordinate and brutiſh *Paſſion*,
Keepes Vmpire; and hath got *predomination*.
Full many a penſiue thought, doth now moleſt.
His troubled mind, whoſe conſcience ſlept in reſt.
His beſt contents but diſcontentments are:
His chiefe of pleaſures are ſo mixt with care,
And with ſo little Comfort he obtaines them;
Or with ſuch ſmart, and danger, he retaines them;
Or with ſuch feare of looſing them, enioyes them;
That thoſe diſtaſtings, in the taſte, deſtroyes them.
Amongſt his owne deſires doe hourely riſe
So many wondrous Contrarieties,

And vaine repentings of what's done before;
As all his good, makes but his ill the more.
This day hee's cheerefull, and to morrow sad;
E'ne from the same occasion made him glad.
The Minde which sometime harbor'd so much *good*,
That *euill* but in name, was vnderstood;
Knowes *ill* so well, as of that *good* bereft,
The name of *goodnesse* now, is scarcely left.
And vnto me a wonder 'tis become
To see, what glories, man is fallen from.
The best are bad, yet I obserued still,
There are degrees amongst men in their ill.
The baseſt creatures that here breathe on earth,
(Inheriting corruption by their birth,)
In the condition of their life, are farre
Lesse different from what the worst men are,
Then they are from the best. Perhaps the shapes
(Vnlesse it be some strange disguised Apes)
Remaine alike: but, their poore soules are quite
Exchang'd to that which we call Appetite.
For, who can name of *reasonable* giue,
To what is made but meerely sensitiue?
It was a throne where vertue ruling sate,
Ioyntly with Reason her beloued mate:
And they two, vnder sweet obedience, than,
Kept that faire place, th'vnblemisht *Ile of Man*:
But sith with *Good* we learn'd to know the *Ill*,
In steed of *Reason*, we haue set vp *Will*.
The minde, is nothing but a mint of iarres,
Or little world of mad domestique warres;

Vertue's depos'd thence, and *Vice* rule obtaines;
Yea *Vice* from *Vice* there by ſucceſſion raignes:
Expelling thoſe whom *Vertues* preſence graceth,
And in their ſteads theſe hurtfull Monſters placeth;
Fond *Loue*, and *Luſt*, *Ambition*, *Enmitie*,
Fooliſh *Compaſſion*, *Ioy* and *Iealouſie*,
Feare, *Hope*, *Deſpaire*, and *Sadneſſe*, with the Vice
Call'd *Hate*; *Reuenge*, and greedy *Auarice*,
Choler, and *Cruelty*: which I perceiu'd
To be the onely cauſes Man's bereau'd
Of quietneſſe and reſt. Yea, theſe I found
To be the principall and onely ground
Of all pernicious miſchiefes that now rage,
Or haue diſturbed him in any age.
Theſe loſing *Reaſon*, their true Prince, began
To breed diſturbance in the heart of Man.
Each laid a ſeuerall claime (forſooth) and he
Would be the Monarch in this Emperie.
Ruine had got the vpper hand, and they
Would be Commanders, that were made t'obey.
Loue, (when as *Reaſon* rul'd) you would haue thought,
Would neuer haue been forc't or drawne to naught.
When God, the *Chaos* did diuide; then he
Set it to looke things ſhould not diſagree;
And taught it ſweetly how to moue the minde,
Both for increaſing and preſeruing kinde.
But now, the bound it had, contenteth not;
A veine of Dominiering it hath got.
And the whole Man is held in ſlauery,
Within the compaſſe of that Tyranny.

Such

Such apishnesse it now hath entertain'd,
That all the credit which it had is stain'd.
Yea, 'tis as farre from what it was; as we
From our more honor'd Ancient Englishbe.
And so vnlike vnto it selfe doth proue;
We scarce dare giue it now the name of *Loue:*
Ambition; that erst gently mou'd *Desire*
To nought else but to good things to aspire;
Now must be Lord of Mis-rule, and will force,
The Minde beyond her bound, from bad to worse,
Reuenge doth claime a *Princedome*, and will be
The sole Commander in this *Seignorie*.
That cruell Ruffian, that in vaine doth striue,
His Off-spring from true *Valour* to deriue.
Despaire and *Feare* (two Rake-hels more) that Man
Had neuer knowledge of, till Sinne began;
With mighty troopes of terrors, play their part,
To ouerthrow th'weake fortresse of the hart.
Yea euery *Passion* striues that onely *he*,
Might Ruler in that *Microcosmos* be.
Eu'n *Hope*, (that, when this discord first fell out,
Was sent to keepe *Despaires* rude forces out,
And be a comfort to this troubled state,)
Becomes an Actor in this foule debate.
And, when she had got footing in his brest,
Vnder the colour of procuring rest,
Built Castles in the ayre; from whence did grow,
Another meanes of *Reasons* ouerthrow:
Yea, *Choler*, *Iealousie*, black *Enuy*, *Hate*,
And bloudy *Cruelty* aym'd at this state.

Ioy, (though faire shew it made of discontent,)
And kind *Compassion* (though she weeping went,)
Made priuate meanes to sway all to their wils,
Without the least care of ensuing ills.
That by their discord (I perceiue) began
All whatsoeuer is amisse in *Man*.
And therefore I doe heere intend to show,
Ere I goe farther, what ill humors flow
From these fore-named: and I will declare,
To what *Abuses* most men subiect are,
Through euery of them: for, when I tooke view,
Although I saw not all, I found a few.
And heere because I will not order breake,
I will asunder of each *Passion* speake.

OF THE PASSION *of Loue.*

SATYR. I.

FIrſt *Loue*; the ſame I heere the firſt doe call,
Becauſe that *Paſſion* is moſt Naturall;
And of it ſelfe could not be diſcommended,
Wer't not with many a foule *Abuſe* attended,
Or ſo much out of meaſure, as we ſee
By thoſe in whom it raignes it oft will bee.
For, looke where't growes into extreamitie,
It ſoone becommeth *Vertues Lethargie*;
Makes them ſet light by *Reaſons* ſound direction,
And beares them headſong by vntam'd affection:
Counſell's in vaine; cauſe when this fit doth take them,
Reaſon and *Vnderſtanding* both forſake them;
It makes them ſometimes merry, ſometimes ſad;
Vntam'd men milde, and many a milde man mad.
To fooles it wiſedome giues, and makes the wiſe
To ſhew themſelues moſt fooles (the more's the pitty.)

Some

Some it makes purblind, that they doe not know
The Snow-white Cygnet from the cole-black Crow,
And one to gold compares his Miſtris haire;
When 'tis like Fox-fur, and doth think ſhee's faire,
Though ſhe in beauty be not far before,
The ſwart Weſt-Indian, or the tawny Moore.
Oh thoſe faire ſtarre-like eyes of thine! one ſayes,
When to my thinking, ſhe hath look't nine waies;
And that ſweet breath; when I thinke (out vpon't)
'T would blaſt a flower if ſhe breathed on't.
Another, hauing got a dainty peece,
(Prouder then *Iaſon* with his golden Fleece)
Commends her vertues (that muſt needs haue many,
Becauſe ſhe neuer maketh vſe of any;)
Yea, ſweares ſhee's chaſte, and takes her for no leſſe,
When all that know her, know her ficklenеſſe.
Another groweth careleſſe of his health,
Neglects his credit, and conſumes his wealth;
Hath found a pretty *Peat*, procur'd her fauour,
And ſweares that he, in ſpight of all, will haue her.
Well, let him take her, ſith they are contented,
But ſuch raſh-matches are the ſoon'ſt repented.
Then there is one who hauing found a peere
In all things worthy to be counted deere,
Wanting both Art and heart his minde to breake,
Sits ſighing (*Woe is me*) and will not ſpeake.
All company he hates, is oft alone.
Growes melancholy, weepes, reſpecteth none,
And in deſpaire ſeekes out a way to dye,
When he might liue and finde a remedy.

But

But how now; Wast not you (saies one) that late
So humbly begg'd a *Boone* at *Beauties* gate?
Was it not you that to a female Saint
Indited your *Philaretes* complaint,
With many dolefull Sonnets? was't not you?
Sure twas, saies hee: but then how comes it now
You carp at *Loue* thus in a Satyr's vaine?
Take heede you fall not in t'her hands againe:
Sure if you doe, you shall in open Court,
Be forc't to sing a *Palmodia* for't.
What? are your braines dry, or your blood grown cold?
Or are you on a sudden waxen old,
To flout at *Loue*, which men of greatest wit
Allow in youth as naturall and fit?
What reason haue you for't else? what pretence
Haue you to make excuse for this offence?
To him I answer; That indeed, euen I
Was lately subiect to this malady:
Lik't what I now dislike; employd good times
In the composing of such idle *Rimes*
As are obiected: From my heart I sent
Full many a heauy sigh, and sometimes spent
Vnmanly teares. I thought, I must confesse,
If she I lou'd had smil'd, no happinesse
Might equalize it, and her frowne much worse
(O God forgiue me!) then the Churches curse.
I did (as some doe) not much matter make
To hazard soule and body for her sake.
Hauing no hope, sometime I did despaire,
Sometime (too much) build Castles in the aire.

In

In many a fooliſh humour I haue beene
As well as others. Looke where I haue ſeene
Her(whom I lou'd)to walke,when ſhe was gone,
Thither I often haue repair'd alone;
As if I thought the places did containe
Some poore contentment(Oh exceeding vaine!)
Yet,what if I haue been thus idly bent,
Shall I be now aſhamed to repent?
Moreouer, I was in my Childhood than,
And am ſcarce yet reputed for a Man;
And therefore neither cold,nor old,nor dry,
Nor cloy'd with any foule diſeaſe am I,
Whereby the ſtrength of nature is declin'd:
'Tis no ſuch cauſe that made me change my mind:
But my Affection, that before was blinde,
Raſh and vnruly,now begins to finde
That it had runne a large and fruitleſſe race,
And thereupon hath giuen Reaſon place.
So that by Reaſon,what no Reaſon might
Perſwade me from before,I haue out-right
Iuſtly forſaken;for becauſe I ſee
'Twas vaine,abſurd,and nought but foolery.
Yet for all this,looke where I lou'd of late,
I haue not turn'd it in a ſpleene to hate;
No; for 'twas firſt her Vertue and her Wit
Taught me to ſee how much I wanted it.
Then as for *Loue*,I doe allow it ſtill,
I neuer did diſlik't,nor neuer will,
So it be Vertuous,and contain'd within
The bounds of Reaſon: but when't will begin

To runne at random, and her limits breake,
I must, because I cannot chuse but speake.
But I forget my selfe: Wherefore am I
So tedious in my owne Apologie?
It needed not at all; I'le on againe,
And shew what kinde of *Louers* yet remaine.
One sort I finde yet of this louing crew,
Whose quality I thinke is known to few;
These seeke by all the meanes they can to gaine
Each Virgins liking: Sometime not in vaine.
The thing they would, they haue; but when tis got,
Sorry they are, and wish they had it not:
For peraduenture they haue plac't their Loue,
So as it cannot, nor it must not moue.
And yet if they should faile but to procure it,
'Twould grieue them so, they hardly would endure it.
Yea, though in shew (at least) they haue said nay,
Their Loues with like affection to repay,
If they perceiue't abate, as it will doe.
Both this and that doth make them sorry too.
But such as doe into that weakenes fall,
Vnsteady and vnconstant I may call.
Moreouer, some such humours do infect
That the same man doth diuersly affect:
Now he the Faire approues; anon the grace
Appeares not in the colour of a face.
He spyes the Browne, and then that most esteemes,
Cause the proportion much more pleasant seemes.
Then, he the Wanton likes; then modest Eyes;
Then loues the Simple lasse; and then the Wise:

One

One for her pace; and for her geſture one,
Muſt be the Miſtris he adores alone.
Yet peraduenture ere a little while
Another winnes her from him with a ſmile.
This, with a looke nigh languiſhing, moues pitty:
That, he commends becauſe ſhee's bold and witty.
And long, for what anon againe he loathes,
Becauſe ſheé ſeem'd faire in her gaudy clothes.
True worth moues few: but ſure I am, not many
Haue for bare Vertues ſake affected any.
Wealth winnes the moſt, yet they by triall proue,
Though it breeds *liking*, yet it gaines not *Loue*.
Then to obtaine his Miſtris, one man tries
How he can ſtraine his wits to *Poetrie*:
His *Paſſion* to relate, his skill he proues;
But in this blockiſh Age it little moues:
Nor doe I wonder much true meaning failes;
And wit ſo little in this caſe auailes.
Sith Dunces can haue Sonnets fram'd, and ſend them
As their inuentions, when ſome others pend them.
Another ſeekes by Valour to obtaine
His wiſhed prize, but now that triall's vaine.
The third brings Wealth, and if he doe not ſpeed;
The Woman's worth the ſuing for indeed.
Then he that's neither valorous nor wiſe,
Comes ruffling in, with ſhameleſſe brags and lies;
Making a ſtately, proud, vaine-glorious ſhow
Of much good matter, when tis nothing ſo.
In ſteed of lands, to which he ne'er was heire;
He tells her tales of Caſtles in the ayre:

For

For martiall matters, he relates of frayes,
Where many drew their ſwords and ran their wayes:
His Poetry is ſuch as he can cull
From Playes he heard at *Curtaine*, or at *Bull*;
And yet is fine coy Miſtres *Mary-Muffe*
The ſooneſt taken with ſuch broken ſtuffe.
Another ſhallow braine hath no deuice,
But prates of ſome ſtrange caſts he had at Dice;
Brags of his play; yea ſure it doth befall;
He vaunts oft-times of that which marreth all.
But ſome I note (now fie on ſuch a man)
That make themſelues as like them as they can,
Thereby to winne their loues: they faine their paſe,
Order their lookes, and ſtriue to ſet their face
To be demure. Some wooe by nods and lookes;
Some by their ſighes; and others by their bookes.
Some haue a nature muſt not be denaide,
And will grow furious if they be delayd;
Other againe haue ſuch a fancie got,
If they ſoone ſpeed, then they eſteeme them not.
When women wooe ſome men do moſt affect them,
And ſome againe for wantons doe ſuſpect them:
Beſides, we ſee that fooles themſelues they make,
What toyes they count of for their wenches ſake.
One, for ſome certaine months, or weeks, or dayes,
Weares in his hat a branch of whither'd Bayes;
Or ſweareth to employ his vtmoſt power,
But to preſerue ſome ſtale neglected flower.
He weares ſuch colours as for Louers be,
Drinks vowed healths vpon his bared knee:

Sues

Sues mainly for a ſhoo-ſtring, or doth craue her,
To grant him but a buſk-point for a fauour.
And then to note (as I haue ſeene) an Aſſe
That by her window, whom he loues, muſt paſſe,
With what a fained paſe the Woodcock ſtalks;
How skuruily he fleereth as he walkes:
And if he ride, how he rebounds and trots,
As if his horſe were troubled with the bots:
'Twould make one ſwell with laughing. In a day
He makes more errands then he needs that way,
Bearing himſelfe as if ſhe ſtill eſpyde him;
When as perhaps ſhee flouts, or lookes beſide him.
Nay, ſhould I tell you all the *Vanitie*
I haue obſerued in this maladie,
I ſhould ſhame *Louers*: but I'le now be huſht,
For had I ſaid more, I my ſelfe had bluſht.
Yet knowe: Although this *paſſion* I haue ride
To loue of *Women*, it concludes beſide
All whatſoeuer kinde of loues there bee,
Vnleſſe they keepe the minde from troubles free;
And yeeld to *Reaſon*: but of ſuch-like Louers,
My *Muſe* hereafter other feates diſcouers.

OF

OF DESIRE, OR *LVST.*

SATYR. 2.

LVſtfull Deſire (although twere rather fit
To ſome bruit Creature to attribute it)
Shall be preſented in the ſecond place;
Becauſe it ſhrowds a vile deformed face
Beneath *Loues* vizard, and aſſumes that name,
Hiding it owne fault with the others blame.
'Tis a baſe *Paſſion*, from whoſe ſinke doth flowe
Many baſe humours. 'Tis the ouerthrow
Of all in whom it enters. 'Tis an euill
Worſe then to be poſſeſſed with a Diuell.
This, this is that, which oft hath cauſed publique ſtriſe,
And priuate diſcord. This makes man and wife
Grow each to other cold in their affection,
And to the very marrow ſends infection.
This ſpoyles the body; this doth make the face
Looke wanne, pale, yellow, and doth much diſgrace
The beauty of it. This bereaueth quite,
The bones of marrow, and the eyes of ſight.
It ſhrinkes the ſinewes; and from thence doth ſprout
Griefes of the ſtomake, Leproſie and Gout,

With other ſuch: Beſide, it doth decay
Not life alone; but alſo take away
Both memory and vnderſtanding too;
And many other miſchiefes elſe will doe.
And which way comes that foule diſeaſe to vs
We call the French, ſo vile and odious?
Is't not by *Luſt*? Breed not luch-like deſires
Children begotten by vnlawfull Sires?
Strange generations? beds ſo oft defilde,
That many a Father ſcarcely knowes his childe?
Or, is't not hence this common Prouerbe growes,
'Tis a wiſe childe that his owne Father knowes?
Doth it not others reputation foyle?
And them e'ne of their deareſt Iewels ſpoyle?
Yes; and from hence a thouſand other crimes
Doe daily ſpring: and yet in theſe our times
Tis highly made of. Yea, 'tis *Luſt* doth weare
The richeſt garments, and hath curiou'ſt fare:
The ſofteſt beds it hath to take repoſe,
With ſweet Perfumes; but ſure there's need of thoſe.
Drawne in a Coach it viſits, now and then,
Some neere acquaintance, mongſt the Noblemen.
And yet the Court alone frequents it not,
But in the City reſidence hath got,
Where, a daily ſeruice it employes,
Young Cockneis, Burgomaſters Roaring-Boyes,
Yea, Porters, Prentiſes, and all that may,
Be ſeruiceable to it any way.
'Twere much to note the paine that ſome endure,
And at how high a rate they doe procure
That

Their beastly wils. There's many spend their stocks
In Ruffes, Gownes, Kirtles, Pety-coates and Smockes.
For which, one's paid with that shall make him craul
(If he be friended) to some Hospitall.
Anothers quitted for his well-spent stuffe,
By some grim Serieant with a Counter-buffe:
A third it brings (if long that course he followes)
First to the Gaole, and so-forth to the Gallowes.
And what haue you obserued to haue bin
The vsuall associates of this sin?
But *filthy speeches, bold fac't impudence,*
Vnseemely actions, riot, negligence,
Or such as these. Yea, to procure their lust
It makes them into any mischiefes thrust
(How hatefull or apparant ere they be,)
Or put in practice any villany.
Moreouer, where it enters once, the minde
Can no true rest, nor any quiet finde.
Wee see it also maketh them to craue,
Not what is best, but what they long to haue.
Yea, *Lust* hath many mischiefes that ensue it,
Which most men see, but few the lesse eschew it.
Men rather now, as if 'twere no offence,
Are growne to such a shamelesse impudence,
They vaunt and brag of their lasciuious facts,
No lesse then some of braue Heroicke acts,
And, not a few of this same humor be
That would be thought the foes of Chastitie.
By whom, if I see ill, Ile sure conceale it;
Or they themselues, will to their shames reueale it.

There's others, who disliking so to vant,
Will, *Si non caste, tamen cautè*, grant,
(For that's their *Motto*) they make modest shewes,
But what they doe in secret, man nere knowes.
Some make a Baud of the diuine profession,
(Like *Shauelings in Auricular Confession.*)
Th'other are bad, and sure of God accurst:
But of all others, these I deeme the worst.
There's other Gallants would desire but this,
Without suspition to conferre and kisse:
For other pleasures, they would neuer craue them,
Nay, if they might, they sweare they will not haue them.
So meane, perhaps: but time brings alteration;
And a faire woman is a shrewd temptation.
Then many make their fained loue to be
A cloake to couer their immodestly.
These will protest, and vow, and sweare their life
Consists in hauing whom they wooe, to wife.
Yet, if the villaines can their lust fulfill,
They will forsweare them, and be liuing still.
Some doe court all, (and not alone to proue;
But for because withall they are in loue.)
With such deepe *Passion*, that they cannot smother
Their hot affection, till they meet another.
But why will *Man* against himselfe and Reason
Consent to such a Tyrant in his Treason?
Why will he so his liberty forgoe,
To be a slaue to such a monstrous foe?
For, what is this same *Passion* we call *Lust*?
Is't not a *Brutish longing? an vniust*

An

And foule desire, vnlawfully to gaine
Some euill pleasure? Or, to speake more plaine;
A furious burning Passion, whose hot fumes
Corrupts the vnderstanding, and consumes
The very flesh of man? Then what's the fact?
What may I tearme that vile and shamefull act,
But this; *The execution of an ill,*
Out of set purpose, and with a good will,
In spight of Reason? Tell me, is't not base?
When men shall so their worthy sex disgrace,
To giue their bodies in a deed vncleane,
With a foule nasty prostituted queane?
Or in their vnderstanding be so dull
As to obserue an idle short-heeld trull?
A puling female Diuell, that hath smiles
Like Syrens Songs, and teares like Crocodiles.
Yet there be some (I will not name them now)
Whom I haue seene vnto such Puppets bow
And be as seruiceable as a Groome
That feares another man will beg his roome.
They haue beene glad full oft to please their pride
With costly gifts, and forced to abide
Imperious scoffes, with many scornefull words;
Such, as the humor they are in affords.
And yet for these they'l venture Honours, Liues,
If they commaund it: when on their poore Wiues
(Though they in beauty, loue and true delight,
Exceed them more, then day-time doth the night)
Those common Courtesies they'l scarce bestow
Which they to eu'ry stranger vse to show;

Yea, and their *Luſt* doth wrap them in ſuch blindneſſe,
They cannot giue them one poore looke in kindneſſe.
Moreouer, for their luſt they haue not laid
Baſe plots alone, like him that was conuey'd
In a cloſe Trunke, becauſe in ſecrecy
He would (vnſeene) enioy his venery.
I ſay not onely therein haue they retcht
Their damn'd inuentions: it hath alſo ſtretcht
Vnto ſtrange *Luſts*; of which I will not ſpeake,
Becauſe I may offend the minde that's weake:
Or, leaſt I to ſome ſimple one ſhould ſhow
Thoſe ſinnes by naming, he did neuer know.
Then here Ile leaue: there's lurking holes ſuch ſtore,
This ſtinking Vermine I will hunt no more.

OF HATE.

SATYR. 3.

BVt I haue rous'd another heere, as bad,
They call it *Hate*; a worse I neuer had
Before in chase: I scarce can keepe (in sooth)
My selfe from danger of his venom'd tooth.
This is the *Passion* that doth vse to moue
The minde, a cleane contrary way to Loue.
It is an inspiration of the Diuell,
That makes men long for one anothers euill.
It cankers in the heart, and plagueth most,
Not him that's hated, but the hatefull host.
And yet there's too-too many I doe know,
Whose hearts with this foule poyson ouer-flow:
Of which I haue a true intelligence,
By the sharpe scoffes and slanders springing thence:
But, where it rules, they cannot well conceale it,
But either words or deedes, or both reueale it.
Were it iust causes that did still ingender
This passion in them; or if they could render
A reason for't, 'twere somewhat. But their will
Carries them on, in spight of Reason still.
These are their humours. For a slight offence
They'l hate the offender for a recompence,

Some, malice all that any way excell,
Although they know it farre from doing well.
And many haue abhorred (*God amend them*)
The Stranger that did neuer yet offend them:
Which they are not aſhamed to confeſſe,
Yet in their hate continue ne'er the leſſe.
But though that they can yeeld no reaſon why
They beare them cauſeleſſe malice: yet can I.
Their hearts are ill, and it is ſeldome knowne,
That a ſweet brooke from bitter ſprings hath flowne.
There's ſome to, when they ſee a man reſpected,
Though they are nothing by that meanes neglected,
They inly grudge, and outwardly diſdaine,
Beeing alike condition'd as was *Cain*.
Some hate their friends that loue & count them dea
As by the ſequell plainely ſhall appear;
One that a ſeeming friendſhip had profeſt me,
Vpon a time did earneſtly requeſt me,
That I would plainely my opinion ſhew,
What I of his conditions thought or knew:
And that I would without exceptions tell
What things in him did not become him well.
I ſcorning flatt'ry, with a ſimple heart,
'Twixt him and me my minde did ſoone impart;
And as a friend that is vnfained, ought,
Left nothing vnreueal'd of that I thought:
Yea, without ſoothing, him I reprehended,
If I perceiu'd he any way offended;
Pr uided alwayes that I did not ſwerue
From a *decorum* fitting to obſerue.

Bu

ut marke Mans nature: he perceiuing I
ad taken note of ſome infirmitie
e would not haue vnript; And ſeeing I
aw more then he wiſht any man ſhould ſpy
f his ill humors; (though I muſt confeſſe
eeing my friend I lou'd him nothing leſſe:)
n ſteed of thanks and liking for my paines,
ly company and ſight he now refraines;
nd for my kindneſſe, like a thankeleſſe mate,
oth ill repay me with a loathing hate.
This one I know, and by that one I finde,
hat there be many beare as bad a minde.
ut let vs for their true conuerſion pray;
or neuer Age could this more iuſtly ſay,
Truth hatred gets (ſhe of ſuch gaine is ſped)
hile *Loue* and *Charitie* to heauen are fled.
Againe; the wicked hate beyond all meaſure
he righteous man, that contradicts their pleaſure;
nd that's the fundamentall cauſe I know,
hat many men doe hate their teachers ſo.
heſe common humors are obſeru'd of few,
et may a young experience finde them true;
nd boldly ſay, that all in whom th'are found
aue poyſoned hearts, polluted and vnſound.
et they are more corrupt then all the reſt,
ho hate their friends they ſhould account of beſt.
ut, let *Men* ſtriue and ſtudy to remoue
his *Paſſion* from their hearts, and graft on Loue.
et them not harbour ſuch a helliſh ſin;
hich being entred, marreth all within.

Nor

Nor let them thinke my counsell merits laughter,
Sith Scripture sayes, *To hate our brother's slaughter.*

OF ENVY.

SATYR. 4.

THen some enuenom'd with an enuious touch,
Thinke eu'ry thing their neighbor hath, too much:
O Lord say they (if in the fielde they be)
What goodly Corne, and well-fed beasts hath he?
(If in the house) they neuer in their liues
Saw fatter Women then their neighbours wiues:
Tis pitty shee (a Lasse of such renowne)
Should be embraced by so rude a Clowne.
That house is too-well furnisht, or doth stand
Better then his: or it hath finer land.
This Farme he thinketh more commodious much:
For wood and water, he had neuer such.
Yea, so he grudges inwardly and frets
At euery good thing that his neighbour gets.
Of these besides there are, that when they see
Any beloued, or in fauour be,

Especially

Eſpecially in Courts, and great mens houſes,
Then the heart ſwelleth, and the enuious rouſes;
Ne'er reſting till that like a ſpightfull Elfe,
He doe diſplace them, or diſgrace himſelfe.
Now ſome are in the minde that *Hate*, and This,
Still goe together, and one *Paſſion* is.
Indeed, they foule iniurious Homors be
So like, they ſeeme to haue affinitie.
And yet they differ (as oft kindred do)
Enough at leaſt I'me ſure to make them two.
Hate many times from wrongs receiu'd hath grown,
Enuy is ſeene where iniuries are none.
Her *malice* alſo is more generall;
For *Hate* to ſome extends, and ſhee to all.
Yet enuious men doe leaſt ſpight ſuch as be
Of ill report, or of a lowe degree:
But rather they doe take their aime at ſuch,
Who either well-beloued are, or rich.
And therefore ſome doe fitly liken theſe,
Vnto thoſe flyes we call *Cantharides*:
Sith for the moſt part they alight on none,
But on the flowers that are faireſt blowne.
Or to the boiſterous winde, which ſooner grubs
The ſtately Cedar than the humble ſhrubs.
Yet I haue known it ſhake the buſh belowe,
And moue the leafe that's *Wither'd* long agoe:
As if it had not ſhown ſufficient ſpight,
Vnleſſe it alſo could o'erwhelme it quite,
Or bury it in earth. Yea I haue found
The blaſt of *Enuy* flies as lowe's the ground.

And

And when it hath already brought a man
Euen to the very meaneſt ſtate it can,
Yet tis not ſatisfi'd, but ſtill deuiſing
Which way it alſo may diſturbe his riſing.
This is moſt true; or elſe it could not be
That any man ſhould hate or enuy me,
Beeing a creature, (one would think) that's plac't
Too farre below the touch of *Enuies* blaſt.
And yet they doe; I ſee men haue eſpy'd
Something in me too, that may be enuy'd.
But I haue found it now, and know the matter,
The reaſon's, *They are great, and I'le not flatter:*
Or elſe becauſe they ſee that I doe ſcorne
To be their ſlaue whoſe equall I am borne.
I heard (although twere ſpoken in a cloud)
They cenſure, that my knowledge makes me proud;
And that I teach ſo farre beyond my calling,
They euery hower do expect my falling;
With many a prayer, and prognoſtication,
To ſhew their loue not worthy reuelation,
But what care I? to quite their good ſurmiſing,
I doe deſire my fall may be their riſing;
Which ſay ſhould once be, as I hope twill neuer,
My hope is ſure it ſhall not be for euer;
Or elſe, becauſe I know it cannot be
Much lower then it is, it grieues not me.
And, where they ſay, my wit augments my pride,
My conſcience tells me that I am belide.
For, that poore dram which heauen on me beſtowes,
Such lack (of what is yet more needfull) ſhowes

The

That I am ſad to thinke how much I come
Short of thoſe gifts which are beſtow'd on ſome:
And knowledge of that *want* doth grieue me ſo,
I haue no ioy to boaſt of that I know.
But let them ſcandall as I heare they doe,
And ſee whoſe lot the ſhame will fall vnto.
The ſhafts are aim'd at me, but I reiect them,
And on the ſhooters may perhaps reflect them.
I care not for their enuy, ſith they ſhowe it;
Nor doe I feare their malice, now I know it.
For to preuent the venome of their throat,
I'le of their poyſon make an *Antidote*:
And their preſaging (though it be abuſe)
I hope will ſerue me to an excellent vſe:
For, where before I ſhould haue tooke no heed,
Their words ſhall make me circumſpect indeed.
Yea, I will be more carefull to doe well,
Which were a plague for them as bad as Hell.
Some I doe know, yea too too well I know them,
And in this place doe a remembrance owe them:
Theſe men, when through their enuy they intend
To bring one out of fauour with his friend,
Will make as though they ſome great vices knew,
That he is guilty of (and not a few)
They'le ſhake their heads, as if they did deteſt
The courſe he followes, and that not in ieſt.
If to the *Father* they diſpraiſe the *Sonne*,
It ſhall be ſlily, indirectly done:
As thus; (I hope there's ſome will vnderſtand)
He liues, I tell you, at a ſecond hand.

Should

Should I say all I know, 'twould much offend you,
But more such children I pray God ne'er send you.
With other words of doubt, to breed suspition,
But dare not (being of a base condition)
To name them any fault: And good cause why,
It should be proou'd vnto their shames a ly.
Now tis a qualitie I doe despise,
As such a one doth him whom he enuies;
If any therefore doe that loue professe me,
Lord from their friendship I beseech thee blesse me.

Some crafty ones will honour to their face
Those whom they dare not openly disgrace.
Yet vnder-hand, their fames they'l vndermine,
As lately did a seeming friend of mine.
They'l owe their slander as if they with griefe
Were forc't to speake it: or that their beliefe
Were loath to credit it; when 'tis well known
That damn'd inuention was at first their own.

Some doe not care how grosly they dispraise,
Or how vnlikely a report they raise;
Because they know if't be so false an ill
That one believes it not, another will:
And so their enuy very sildome failes,
But one way or another, still preuailes.

Oh villainous conceit! an engine bent
To ouerthrow the truest innocent:
For well they know when once a slander's sown,
And that a false report abroad is blown,
Though they would wipe it out, yet they can neuer,
Because some scar will stick behind for euer.

But

But what is this, that men are ſo inclin'd
And ſubiect to it? How may't be defin'd?
Sure, if the ſame be rightly vnderſtood,
'Tis but a griefe that ſprings from others good.
Tormenting them when euer they heare tell,
That other mens endeauours proſper well;
It makes them grieue if any man be friended,
Or in their hearing praiſed, or commended.
Contrariwiſe againe, ſuch is their ſpight,
In other mens misfortunes they delight;
Yea, notwithſtanding it be not a whit
Vnto their profits, or their benefit,
Others proſperity doth make them leane:
It nigh deuoureth, or conſumes them cleane:
But if they ſee them in much griefe, why that
Doth onely make them iocund, full and fat.
Of Kingdomes ruines they beſt loue to heare,
And tragicall reports doe onely cheare
Their helliſh thoughts: and then their bleared eyes
Can looke on nothing but black infamies,
Reprochfull actions, and the foulеſt deeds
Of ſhame, that mans corrupted nature breed:
But they muſt winke when Vertue ſhineth bright,
For feare her luſtre marre their weakened ſight.
They do not loue *Encomiaſtick* ſtories,
Nor bookes that ſhow their predeceſſors glories,
For good report to all men they deny,
And both the liuing and the dead enuy:
Yea, many of them, I doe thinke, had rather
Loſe all good fame, than ſhare it with their father,

The

The byting *Satyr* they doe onely like,
And that at ſome particulars muſt ſtrike,
Or all's worth nothing. If they can apply
Some part of this to him they doe enuy,
(As well perhaps they may,) then they'l commend it:
And, (ſpight of their ill natures,) I that pend it
Shall haue ſome thank. But why? not cauſe they deem
Me, or my writing either, worth eſteem.
No; here's the reaſon they my labour like;
They thinke I meane him, they ſuppoſe to ſtrike.
So, ſhall my well-meant lines become to be,
A wrong to others; and a ſnare to me.
Heau'n ſhield me from ſuch monſters: for their breath
Is worſe then blaſting; and their praiſe is death.
And let them finde no matter heere, but what
May tend vnto their glories whom they hate;
To make them either this ill *Paſſion* flie,
Or ſwolne with their owne venome, burſt, and die.
Foule Hag of *Enuy*, let thy ſnaky Elues
Keepe Hell with thee; and there torment themſelues:
Your poyſoned conuerſation fitteth men
For no ſocietie, but ſome grim den
Where nothing can be heard, nor ſeene appeare,
But grones and ſighes of miſery and feare.
Who haue you yet poſſeſt that pleaſed ſtood
With any priuate, or with publique good?
What mans endeauours thinke you prof perſhould,
If the euent of things were as theſe would?
(None can reſolue me that, for it's vnknowne)
Nor parents, no nor children, ſcarce their owne:

(I say) their owne hand-works are seldome free;
But subiect to their proper enuies be:
'Witnesse a certaine rich man; who of late
'Much pittying a Neighbours wofull state,
'Put to his helping hand and set him cleare
'From all his former misery and feare.
'But when he saw that through his thrift and heed,
'He had well cur'd againe his former need,
'And grew to pretty meanes, though he no whit
'Vnthankefull was for that his benefit:
'Yet, being of a nature that did long
'And ioy to see anothers case goe wrong,
'Hauing no cause; but a repining now
'That he once helpt him; All his study's how
'To ruinate the poore mans state againe,
'And make (through *Enuy*) his owne labour vaine.
Oh that a man should so from reason range,
Or entertaine an humour that's so strange
And so vnprofitable! Tell me, why
Should we the honours, or the wealth enuy
Of other men? If we delight to see
Our brethren when in euill case they be,
Lets wish them riches, titles, and promotion,
'Twill make them greedy, proud, and choake deuotion:
'Twill plunge them in a floud of misery,
In the respect of which the beggery
We thinke so vile, is heauen. Yea, I know
It is a thousand more mens ouerthrow
Than pouerty can be. That if we hate,
Or would enuy who are in happy state,

In my opinion they muſt not be ſuch
That titles haue attain'd, or to be rich:
But poore men rather, who are cumbred leſſe,
And haue indeed the trueſt happineſſe.
But be they rich or poore, I paſſe not whether:
For my part, I am ſure, I enuy neither.
So I but reach the glory I deſire.
I doe not care how many mount vp higher:
And if I want not, what hurt is't to me,
If I the pooreſt in the kingdome be
Yet from this *Paſſion*, I beleeue not many
Can be exempted, (if there may be any)
But ſure more miſchiefe alway doth betide
To th'enuious, than to him that is enuide;
And they haue often (who would them bemoane?)
Loſt both their eyes to loſe their Neighbour one.
Yea, there is many a periur'd enuious Noddy
Damnes his owne ſoule to hurt his neighbours body.
But now ſuch men may beſt by this be knowne;
They'l ſpeake to no mans honour, but their owne.
And, in their preſence, if you praiſe a man,
They'l from his worth detract euen all they can.
Such dogges as theſe are the detracting *Momes*,
And he whoſe eyes on each new Treatiſe romes;
To feede his humour by diſgracing it,
More then for his delight, or benefit.
But theſe moſt commonly doe diſallow
What they would mend themſelues, if they knew how.
But what are they that keepe the *Criticks* Court?
Not any doubtleſſe of the wiſer ſort.

But

But such poore Pedants as would faine appeare,
A great deale abler, then indeed they are.
Yea, such as (when among the learn'd they chance)
Are often *set by*, for their ignorance.
For, howsoeuer their insinuation
Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation,
They are but Glow-wormes that are briske by night;
And neuer can be seene when Sunne giues light.
Ill-tongu'd and enuious, ignorant of shame;
And vile detractors of anothers fame:
But let them carp on; what need any care,
Sith they are knowne for fooles without compare?
But thinke; oh thinke, to know and shunne this euill.
This matchlesse inspiration of the deuill.
Remember 'tis a knowne apparant foe
To Charitie; and friendships ouerthrow:
A vicious humour, that with Hell acquaints,
And hinders the *Communion of Saints*.
Consider, that, and how it makes vnable
To be partaker of the holy *Table*.
Doe so; Suruey your selues: and if you finde
Such guests within you, root them from your minde:
Banish that gnawing Fury from your hart:
And as One wisely counsels, Lay apart
Dissembling, Enuy, Slander, Malice, Guile.
With Euill-speaking, as most bad and vile;
In those men chiefely, whose *Religion* saith,
Her maine'st pillar, is *True-loue*, next *Faith*.

OF REVENGE.

SATYR. 5.

ROome for *Reuenge*: hee's no *Commedian*
That acts for pleasure; but a grim *Tragedian*:
A foule sterne Monster; which if we displease him,
Death, *wounds* and *blood*, or nothing can appease him.
This most inhumane *Passion* now and than,
With violence and fury hurries Man
So farre from that sweet mildnesse, wherewith he,
Being himselfe, should euer tempet'd be:
That man nor Diuell can we terme him well,
For part he hath of earth and part of Hell.
Yet this (so much of all good Men disdain'd)
Many there are haue rashly entertain'd
And hugged as a sweet contenting *Passion*;
Though in a various and vnlikely fashion.
Some are so staid, they can their purpose keepe
Long time conceald, to make the wound more deepe;
And these, it is not heat of bloud that blinde,
But rather the fell canker of the minde.
Some by respect to *time*, and *place* are staid
And some againe by nothing are allaid;
But them mad rage, oft furiously will carry,
Without respect of *Friends*, or *Sanctuary*.
Then some of them are fearefull; some are bolder:
Some are too hot, and some againe are colder.

Oh, I haue ſeene, and laught at heart to ſee't,
Some of our hot-ſpurs drawing in the ſtreet,
As though they could not *Paſſion's* rage withſtand;
But muſt betake them to it out of hand.
But why ith'ſtreet? *Oh company doth hart them,*
And men may ſee their valorous acts and part them,
And yet that humour rather I commend,
Then theirs whoſe fury hath no ſtay nor end,
Till of their liues they haue bereft their foes;
The onely way to both their ouerthrowes.
Oh poore reuenge I behold, he thou haſt ſlaine,
Sleeping in reſt, lies free from care and paine.
Death is the good-mans refuge, which his God
Ordain'd to be his ſorrowes Period.
And he, perhaps, thou in reuenge didſt ſlay,
Enioyes more bliſſe than thou couldſt take away;
Whilſt thou ſuruiuing feel'ſt the horrid ſmart
Of many thouſand tortures in thy hart.
For ſay thou ſcape the rigour of the Law,
Thy wounded conſcience will haue many a flaw;
Feares thou ſhalt paſſe by day, and then at night
Dreames all of terrour thy ſcarr'd ſoule affright.
Orphanes and Widowes curſes thou ſhalt haue,
To bring thee with confuſion to thy graue.
Which if in mercy God doe ſhield thee from,
Iuſtice hath ſet this vnauoyded Doome,
The plague of bloodſhed on thy ſtocke ſhall lie,
Till ſhe be quit in thy poſterity.
Poore world, if theſe thy beſt contentments be,
Seeke blood and vengeance you that liſt for me.

If this be sweet, Heauen grant I may forgiue,
And neuer seeke for vengeance whil'st I liue.

But now (me thinks) I heare our *Hacksters* tell me,
With thundring words, as if their breath would fell me,
I am a *Coward*, if I will not fight.
True, *Caualieroes*, you haue spoken right:
And, if vpon good tearmes you vrge me to it,
I haue both strength and heart enough to do it,
Which you should finde; yet minded am I still
(Though I am moou'd) to punish, not to kill.
Yet breathes there to my knowledge many a Man,
That in his bloudy actions glory can;
He thinks it honour to be said that he
Was the destruction of some two or three.
A braue tall man I promise yee, and may
Take *Tiburne* for preferment in his way.
What poore renowne is there, in such a deed
For which a good mans heart would inly blee?
What valours in't, sith a poore flie or gnat
Doth many times performe as much as that?
But I perceiue the chiefest cause of this,
Th'opinion of the rascall *Vulgar* is.
They puffe men vp with their infectious breath,
Till swolne it breake out to their shame, or death.
But though they think, that he which kills his foe
Is most couragious, Reason tels them no:
For he that hath a heart that fact to do,
Is both a Tyrant and a Coward to.
But how is he a coward (some will say)
That takes in fight anothers life away?

Thus he is one: Hee hauing by his might
A power on him with whom he haps to fight,
Thinks if he ſpare his life in ſuch a caſe,
He one day may reuenge his foule diſgrace;
And that with feare of future dangers, fils him,
Which to preuent, he like a Coward kills him.
Yet thoſe whoſe preſent ſafety cannot be,
Without the ruine of their enemy,
Blameleſſe I count, ſith nature giues vs way,
Things violent by violence to ſtay.
Yet thou, whate'er thou be that haſt a foe,
Seeke not to be his wilfull ouer-throw.
Sith life's a matter of the greateſt weight;
If there be any way though nere ſo ſtraight,
Whereby thou maiſt from ſuch an act be free.
Part not ſuch friends as Soule and Body be.
Rather if't may be keepe him liuing ſtill,
For foes oft prooue a neceſſary ill.
And for thy mercy thou ſhalt one day finde
Much comfort and contentment in thy minde.
Foes I haue ſome, whoſe liues I doe not grutch,
For they haue done me ſeruice very much,
And will doe ſtill. Theſe whereſoe'er I goe,
Doe make me carefull what I ſpeak or doe:
And if I ſtep aſide, haue ſo much grace,
To tell me all my folly to my face:
Whereas my friend, till I were quite vndone,
Would let me ſtill in mine old vaineneſſe run.
Or, if he warne me, it is ſo in ſport,
That I am ſcarce a whit the better for't,

But this good-euill few of vs can vſe,
For we doe better things than theſe abuſe.
Mans nature's ill, and I haue noted this,
If we vpbraided be with what's amiſſe,
We cannot brooke it, but are readier ſtill
To hate them that reprooue, than mend what's ill:
Nay, to the mildeſt ſort, men know not how
To ſpeake their mindes without exceptions now:
We muſt not our mad luſty-blouds gaine-ſay,
No, nor ſo much as in a yea, or nay;
But preſently we die for't, (*if we will*)
They haue both hand and hart prepar'd to kill.
Let them but thinke a man to them iniurious,
Although he be not ſo, they'l ſtraight grow furious,
And are ſo quickly vp in a Brauado,
They are for nothing but the *Imbrocado*:
And in this humour they reſpect not whether
They be vnto them friends, or foes, or neither;
All are alike: and their hot choler ends
Not onely loue and friendſhip, but their friends.
I know 'twere vaine if I ſhould tell to theſe
The peaceſull minde of ancient *Socrates*:
Or if I ſhould *Lycurgus* vengence ſhowe,
How he behau'd himſelfe vnto his foe.
'Twere but much labour loſt; for there's no doubt
Our *Bedlam Gallants* would but grin and flout
At their well-temper'd paſſions; ſith they deem
Nought but their braineleſſe humours worth eſteem.
The ſmall diſcretion that doth guide this Age,
Hath left them ſo to their vnbridled rage,

That

That men moſt fooliſh deſperate, who care
For nought, but little wit enough to dare
Some beaſt-like combate (without lawfull ground,)
Are now the onely men that are renownd
Amongſt the vulgar. And forſooth, to gaine
A little fame that way, though ne'er ſo vaine,
They'l put their liues in danger: nay, ther's ſome
Had rather haue it, then the life to come.
Alas, poore men, what hath bewitcht your mind?
How are you growne ſo ſenſeleſſe and ſo blind,
Thus to affect vaine ſhadowes, and let ſlide
The truer ſubſtance, as a thing vnſpi'd?
Is *Reaſon* in you growne ſo great a ſtranger,
To ſuffer an *affection* of ſuch danger,
To ſettle in you? Baniſh't from your breaſt,
And there let *Mercy* and *Forgiueneſſe* reſt;
It is a token of a humaine mildeneſſe:
But *Vengeance* is a ſigne of *Brutiſh* wildeneſſe,
Not fitting any but the *Tyger*, *Beare*,
Or ſuch like creatures that remorſleſſe teare
What ere they light on. Caſt it from you then,
Be in condition, as in ſhape y'are *Men*.
And ſtand vnmoou'd, for *Innocence* ere long,
Will ſhew her ſelfe abroad in ſpight of wrong:
When of your *Patience* you ſhall not repent,
But be auenged to your owne content.
Yet ſome may ſay the Counſell I haue giuen,
Is hard to follow, ſtrict, and too vn-euen;
And what ſo euer ſhow I ſeeme to make,
Such, as my ſelfe would hardly vndertake.

Know

Know you that thinke ſo, I am not afraid,
If that it be a burthen I haue laid,
To beare't my ſelfe; nay, I haue vnder-gone,
If this be hard, a more vneaſie one.
For, but of late a friend of mine in ſhow,
Being (indeed) a ſpightfull ſecret foe;
I know not why, (for I did ne'er in ought
Wrong him ſo much as in a word or thought.)
Yet this man hauing wiſely watcht his time,
When I (a ſtranger, in another *Clime*)
Left mine owne Country, did meane while repaire
To my beſt friends, and with diſſemblings faire,
And ſhowes of loue, and griefe, did there vnfold,
The groſſeſt ſlander euer Villaine told.
A damn'd inuention, ſo exceeding vile,
That *Gallants*, 'twould haue made your blood to boile
And out of your abuſed bodies ſtart,
I know it would haue broken vaines, or heart.
If you had felt that tongue's enuenom'd ſting,
You would haue fret, fum'd, ſtampt; done any thing,
Or angry, rag'd like mad-men in your fit,
Till mercileſſe *Reuenge* had quenched it.
And what did I? At firſt, I muſt confeſſe,
I was extreamly moou'd; who could be leſſe?
But when I felt my troubled thoughts begin
To ioyne with brutiſh *Paſſion's* force within,
And raiſe diſquiet humors in my breſt,
I fear'd if I ſhould yeeld 'twould marre my reſt.
And therefore to my ſelfe I *Patience* tooke.
Which whil'ſt I haue about me, I can brooke

Any

Any misfortune. Then that *Patience*
Grew so much stronger through my *Innocence*,
That I, as much as flesh and bloud could do,
Forgot both Iniurie and Vengeance too.
Yet; might I wanted not to do him ill;
All the defect that was, was in my will.
It is well knowne the *Coward* dares not stand,
T'abide the Vengeance of my wronged hand,
Were his strength tripled: Nay, were I in bands
Of impotencie wrapt, and had no hands,
Yet I haue friends (whom if I had not pray'd,
And begd vnto, to haue their fury stay'd)
Had heapt confusion on him for my sake.
Yea I am halfe perswaded he would quake
A'twelue-month after; had he but the daring
To thinke vpon the *Vengeance* was preparing
For that lewd slanderous tale of his, which he
As well might raise on one vnborne, as me.
But when that course my *Reason* did gaine-say,
I was allow'd Reuenge a better way.
Both *Law* and *Iustice* proffer'd me the scourge,
To whip him for it: which though friends did v rge,
(Shewing me motiues to allure me to it)
Yet I was much vnwilling still to doe it:
For though I might (beside submission) gaine
No little summes, my heart doth much disdaine
To adde vnto my substance through his shame;
Or raise it with the ruine of his fame.
Yet cause perhaps there's some may thinke I faine,
Or speake a matter fram'd out of my braine:

Know;

Know; This *back-bitter lines*, and may doe long
To do me more, and many others wrong.
And but that I am loath to ſtaine my Verſe,
The name of ſuch a Monſter to rehearſe;
For others ſatisfaction (to diſgrace it)
Vpon the Margent here my pen ſhould place it.
Yet that perhaps would Vengeance counted be,
For that, ſhall neuer be reueng'd by me.
Nor had I thus much ſaid, but to make knowne,
So truly, theſe opinions are mine owne,
That I doe wiſh no other men vnto,
More, then I gladly of my ſelfe would doe.
Thus was I wronged, and I thus withſtood
My owne mad *Paſſion* in the heat of bloud:
Yet thinke my ſelfe in as good caſe as thoſe,
That haue reueng'd themſelues with ſtabs and blowes.
In my opinion it is now as well,
As if that I ſhould packe his ſoule to hell
With danger of mine owne; and here remaine
To grieue; and wiſh he were aliue againe;
Nay, now'tis beſt, for why? he may repent,
Whil'ſt I with a ſafe conſcience liue content.
But grant that ſome miſdeem'd my innocence,
(Becauſe they ſaw that I with *Patience*
Endur'd the wrong) by thinking I did know
My ſelfe in fault, becauſe I tooke it ſo:
What's that to me? Indeed if all my care,
But to make ſhow of what I ſhould be, were,
I might be much diſpleaſed when I ſee
Men thinke me not, what I would ſeeme to be.

But he whose onely aime is *Vertues* path,
And that true aime by his endeauour hath
(Which God grant me) so much sweet comfort gaines
Within his conscience, that he nought complaines
Of *Mens* opinions; but aboue them borne,
Doth both their censures and supposings scorne.
And why should I doe lesse, who neuer weigh'd
My innocence by that which others said?
Whether I patient were, or storm'd, at it
It quits me of the slander ne'er a whit.
He that condemnes my milde and gentle course,
May in his wisedome light vpon a worse.
I must confesse, I let his errour passe;
Nor haue I done amisse: for say an Asse
Had strooke me with his heeles; how should I quit
The harme he doth me? You would blame my wit
If I should kill him. If I went to law;
Who would not count me the most Asse? a daw;
Or worst of fooles? And pray, what were I lesse
If I had don't to his vnworthinesse?
One that's so ignorant of his offence,
He seemes as if he had no sparke nor sense
Of vnderstanding: one, whom if I touch,
Or offer to lay hands on, tis as much
As if I in my anger would begin
To breake the stoole that erst had broke my shin.
In this and that, I found the cause was one,
And therefore did I let *Reuenge* alone:
Onely I markt him (for this cause indeed)
That other men might (knowing him) take heed;

And

And he himselfe, with a repinig shame,
Reading his follies *Emblem* in his name,
Might grieue he did into that errour runne.
Which, hoping he by this time now hath done,
I cease to brand him. And forgiue him to:
Others might thus by my example do.

But to thy taske my *Muse*; for there remaine
Mad humors many more yet to explaine:
Such as are theirs who vse to take in hand
A lawlesse Pilgrimage to *Calice* sand;
And thinke if they by tricks can blinde the Law;
Of God they neuer neede to stand in awe.

These onely deale in blowes. But there be other,
Who their *reuengefull mindes* as ill can smother;
Yet cause they haue not hearts to deale with swords,
Like valiant Champions fight it out with words.
Such frayes haue made me often-times to smile,
And yet they proue shrewd combats other-while.
For from such braules doe sudden stabs arise,
And sometime in reuenge the quart-pot flies;
Ioyn'd stooles and glasses, make a bustling rumor:
Yea, this is grown a Gentle-man-like humour.
But in my minde, he that so well can fight,
Deserueth to be dub'd an *Ale-house-knight*.

Ist not a shame that men should at their meeting
Welcome each other with a friendly greeting,
As I haue seene, and yet before they part;
Bandy their swords at one anothers hart?
Wondrous inhumane! Oh the sauage Boare,
Or wilde *Armenian* Heards can doe no more:

But

But ſuch believe not it is God hath ſaid,
Vengeance is mine, and I will ſee't repaid.
For if they did, they would not dare to be
Such caruers for themſelues as now we ſee;
No good remaines if long this fit endure,
Friendſhip is quite extinguiſhed: and ſure
The diuell doth ſo much poſſeſſe them than,
They haue no honeſt thought of God or Man:
Which you may note, if you doe euer ſee
Two hare-braine Ruffians when at odds they bee,
All th'ones ambition is the others fall,
Without compaſſion, or reſpect at all.
Which fury, ſo vnlimited doth proue
They haue to man-ward, not a ſparke of loue.
Nor no regard of God ſhall you eſpy,
If you obſerue their damned blaſphemy,
When ſtanders-by would ſtop their bloudy will;
Starke mad with rage, the heau'ns wide eares they fill
With horrid, bloudy, fearefull cannon oathes
Such as no honeſt Chriſtian man but loathes
Almoſt to heare them nam'd. Yea ſeeme to teare
Chriſts man-hood peece-meale from him when they
For *foote, hart, nailes*, ſtill vſing God withall (ſweare,
Their foule-mouth'd-rackets, like a tenniſe-ball
Doe bandy to and fro: *His bloud* and *wounds*,
Adde to their helliſh bravings ſuch ſtrange ſounds,
As if the powers of Heau'n they did contemne,
And meant in this wilde fit to challenge them.
Oh baſe proud clay! Who by their deeds can gather
Theſe men believe a power aboue? but rather

That

That they are viler than the bruteſt creature:
For that is taught more reuerence by nature.
But theſe bold champions dare him: yea when they
Cannot haue *Vengeance* their deſired way
(As if they ſcorn'd the threatning of his rod)
Thus thinke they to auenge themſelues on God;
Who were he not as mercifull as iuſt,
Might with a blaſt conſume them into duſt.

OF CHOLLER.

SATYR. 6.

BVt now the cauſe of mans *Reuengefull thirſt*
Proceeds from raſh vnbridled *Choller firſt*:
Which *Paſſion* flowes from imbecilitie,
And brings vs vnto much abſurditie:
Yea, thoſe that are infected with this crime,
Are (in a manner) mad-men for the time.
'Tis a ſhort *Fury*, wherewith man poſſeſt,
Reſembles moſt a wilde vntamed beaſt.
It makes the wiſeſt ſo beſide their wit,
They ſpeake and practice many a thing vnfit:
Yea, thoſe in whom I finde this *Paſſion* raigne,
I haue oft ſeene to ſtorme for things but vaine;
And chafing fret at poore haife-penny loſſes,
As if for ſome intollerable croſſes.
In a ſlight trifle, or ſome ſlender toy,
You would ſuppoſe conſiſted all their ioy:
For ſhould a wiſe man euery ſorrow proeue
This world could heape, it would not ſo much moue
His ſetled patience, as one Raſcall fit
Would on no ground in theſe diſtemper it.
There is this weakeneſſe, which in *Chollericke men*,
I haue obſerued raigning now, and then

They are not onely ready to believe
The least report, that may occasion giue
Of discontents; but so doth anger blinde them,
As, if no causes be, they'l seeke to find them.
And (in light matters, if they should contend)
Would pick a quarrell with their dearest friend.
Yea, I haue seen where friends, (nay more) where bro-
(That be, or should be, dearer far then others,) (ther
Haue in their heat of anger, turned foes,
And mixed strange words with farre sharper blowes.
Nor doe, nor can they in this humour spare
Any degree. For reuerence, nor care
Doth then remaine; although they be most sure
Their heedlesse words not foes alone procure,
But lose their friends: nor doe they in that case,
Respect the time, nor company, nor place.
Besides; there is this ouer-sight in some
(Where Choller doth the Reason ouercome)
They doe not onely blame him that offends,
But are displeas'd eu'n with their dearest friends;
And, with the like displeasure doe pursue
All that are in their presence, or their view.
Yet, if that any should but tell these men,
Such anger were without iust reason; then,
Although it be so, and they know it right.
Their fury would the more increase with spight
They cannot beare controule; neither can they
Brooke him ought better that doth nothing say;
For then indeed they presently suspect,
Hee carelesly their anger doth neglect.

Some

Some Maſters, and Some Tutors I eſpy
Too much ô'recome with this infirmity.
They are ſo hot, and confident in this;
That all their Anger, ſtill with reaſon is:
As if they thinke their ſeruants doe offend,
They muſt not their ſuſpected crimes defend,
Guilty or no; but yeeld to all they ſay
What euer ſhame or wrong betyde them may.
And ſo be ſure to make it an offence,
Though but by wronging their owne innocence.
Which is meere tyranny. And he that can
Force to ſuch ſlauery the minde of Man,
By my opinion, ſhall for euer paſſe
For an imperious, fooliſh, wayward, Aſſe:
Who lookes ſo much what duties others owe;
That he himſelfe doth ſcarcely manners know.
This *Anger* is a wondrous head-ſtrong *Paſſion*,
And hath a beaſtly, franticke operation;
From which, how can we any man releaſe,
When we muſt neither ſpeake, nor hold our peace?
Some will be angry, if they cannot make
All others their opinions vndertake.
But let them keepe from me, or I ſhould chauſe them,
For, out of that fond humour I would laugh them.
Others haue meanings, but they cannot ſhow them,
And therefore fret at all that doe not know them.
And I haue ſeene (that anger may be holy)
A good man mooued for anothers folly.
The hurt that through this *Paſſion* doth enſue
Is great, although obſerv'd by very few.

For that which hath enfu'd on one mans ſpleene,
The ruine of a State hath often beene.
And therefore(though I none excuſe the while,)
I hold it much leſſe ſeemely, and more vile
In men authoriz'd, then in thoſe that be
Borne to a lower fortune or degree,
For, when this fit poſſeſſeth priuate men,
They trouble but themſelues; or now and then
Their priuate Families: when if it ceaze
On eminent and mighty perſonages,
It doth diſtemper thouſands, and thereby
Whole Prouinces do oft oppreſſed lye.
In my opinion, hee's vnfit to weeld
The ſword of *Iuſtice*, that doth baſely yeeld
To ſuch a brutiſh *Paſſion*: howſoe'er
In other things he moſt ſufficient were:
Though ſome in places of eſteeme there be,
Whom therewith ſtrangely ouercome we ſee.
Oh why ſhould they to gouerne others ſit
Who know not how to rule themſelues as yet?
The angry and incenſed *Magiſtrate*,
On them to be aueng'd whom he doth hate
For priuate cauſes, drawes the publique ſword;
And all extremity the Lawes afford
He makes to ſerue his rage. And if that faile,
Hee'l ſtraine his conſcience, but he will preuaile.
But diuers thinke, that ſuch as haſty be,
(For, ſo they title this infirmitie)
Beſt-natur'd are. But yet I ſee not how,
That Poſition may for truth allow.

For,

For, (whoſoere 'twas firſt that ſaying taught)
If they are beſt, I'le ſweare the beſt is naught.
Moreouer, there be many doe ſuppoſe,
It is a ſigne of courage. What meane thoſe?
Where is their iudgement? they me thinks ſhould gather
That it were *weakenes* did produce it rather:
Or elſe, why ſhould the feeble and the ſick,
Women and children be moſt cholerick?
Again; there's ſome (whoſe iudgement is as rude)
As to ſuppoſe it quickens *Fortitude*.
Which cannot be; for they muſt grant me than,
That Vice, aſſiſt to perfect Vertue can:
Which, I can nor beleeue; nor come to ſee
How Fortitude and Anger can agree.
For one a Reſolution is that's ſteady,
And rul'd by reaſon; th'other, raſh and heady:
Yea, th'one, doth nothing but on conſultation,
The other cannot take deliberation;
But head-long vnaduiſedly doth tend,
Till it in ſorrow, ſhame, or ruine end.
And though ſome thence much help would ſeem to gather,
To whet true valour on; it hinders rather: (ther,
Yea, ſo vnreaſonable is this *Paſſion*,
It ouerthrowes in man all ſeemly faſhion;
Making him ſpeake if ought but diſcontent him,
Yea, doe the thing of which he ſhall repent him;
And ſuch a dangerous kinde of Lunatick
Is he who vſeth to be Chollerick
That of a friend if I might chuſer be,
Ide rather haue a man that's mad then he.

Yet men doe rarely ſeeke to ſtop this ill
But as they grow in yeeres, that groweth ſtill.
As if it were a humour whence could riſe,
Not any thing which them might preiudice.
And they ſo yeeld themſelues to the inuaſion
Of this ſtrange frenzy on the leaſt occaſion:
That when they thinke the fury to ſuppreſſe
Of this diſeaſe: they can doe nothing leſſe.
For he that will a certaine med'cine finde
For ſuch a *malady*, muſt haue a minde
Settled in Good, and an vnfain'd intent
To proſecute what he in ſhow hath meant.
Light truſt he muſt not giue to all reports;
Nor take too much delight in idle ſports.
On toyes his loue ſhould neuer ſo be ſet,
To make him for their abſence grieue or fret.
He muſt be wary ſtill, not to adore
Treaſure or Honours (heapt vpon him) more
Than will befit ſuch things as needes muſt periſh;
For oft that folly doth this *Paſſion* cheriſh.
Let dogs, nor hawkes, nor any pleaſure moeue,
But as it doth indifferent things behoeue.
At no time let him raſhly ſpeake or doe,
What ſelfe-conceit doth vrge or prompt him to
And not alone this my aduice embrace,
But learne of *Cotis*, that wiſe King of *Thrace*,
Who hauing many pretious veſſels ſent
Of brittle mettall (fearing diſcontent
Might for their loſſe another day ariſe)
The Meſſenger he richly gratifies;

And

nd then before his face againſt the ſtones
aſhes the coſtly preſent for the nones:
o ſhew that thoſe, who *Anger's* flames would hinder,
uſt firſt remooue the Fuell and the Tinder,

OF IEALOVSIE.

SATYR. 7.

BVt though theſe angry ones ſoone bred a braul,
And are pernicious to conuerſe withall;
ot one iot better is the *Iealous* head,
hat euer feares his wife hath wrong'd his bed.
Sometime this *Paſſion* (as it may appeare)
roceeds out of a too-much loue with feare,
ometime againe the miſchiefe doth ariſe,
Vhen he that worth in his beloued ſpies;
forced that deſeruing to confeſſe,
nd priuy to a ſelfe-vnworthineſſe.
Vhich is indeed the cauſe that brings the ſmart,
f *Iealouſie*, vpon the greateſt part.

The first is seldomest, and it is sent
Of God, as a peculiar punishment,
To those who doe the creature so affect,
As thereby their Creator they neglect.
Loue is the highest and the noblest blisse
That for mankinde on earth ordained is:
But when true measure it exceeds, and gets
Beyond the decent bound that Reason sets,
God turnes it to a plague, whereby he will
Shew them their folly, and correct the ill.
He addes a *Feare* of losing of their *Ioy*,
In that they loue: which quickly doth destroy
All their delight; and strewing good with ill,
Makes things seem lost, though they are with them still.
Thus doth it oftentimes with that man proue,
Who keepes not moderation in his loue.
He hauing got a wife not onely fayre,
But modest, honest, wise and debonaire.
At first so wondrous meritorious deemes her;
As worthy all affection he esteemes her.
And waxeth so assur'd he dares be bold
Shee will not be allur'd to ill by gold,
Honour, nor beauty: but as she is chast,
So (is perswaded) will be to the last.
And to himselfe so well doth seeme to thriue.
He thinks his owne the happiest choise aliue.
All which is good and if no more I tell,
You cannot say wherein he doth not well:
But there he doth not his affection stay,
Further it tends, and further it will stray.

This

This man, not hauing learned to poſſeſſe
With temperance, ſo great a happineſſe.
Oft his affections grow to that extreame,
As well he knowes not if he wake or dreame;
Then doth his *Loue* (ſuch loue will euer doe it)
For a Companion take in *Feare* vnto it.
A *Feare* of loſing what he loues ſo much:
And then the nature of this *Feare* is ſuch,
That it begets *Suſpect*; which creeping in,
Doth by a little at the firſt begin
To make him doubt, his Spouſe may looſly liue.
But then her well knowne vertuous mind doth giue
Such blameleſſe teſtimonie of her good,
As that ſurmiſe is for a time withſtood,
Till this diſeaſe vpon him growes more ſtrong.
Then he begins to thinke ſhe doth him wrong:
Which if he doe, that one falſe thought's enough
To giue all former truths the ouerthrowe.
And why? *Suſpect* growes thereupon ſo great,
She thruſts *true iudgement* quite beſides her ſeat.
Which being done, then ſtraight begins to wane
The good conceit he of his bliſſe had tane:
His onely labour's how to bring't about,
To be aſſur'd of what he ſeeketh out.
A Cuckold he eſteemes himſelfe; and he
Were e'en as good indeed a Cuckold be:
Nay, rather then he'le be deceiu'd, the elſe
Will try to make a Cuckold of himſelfe.
In borrowed ſhapes to bed her he will try,
Sometimes he courts her by a deputy:

And

And if all faile to tempt her vnto ill;
Yet he remaines himselfe, a Coxcomb still.
For if his friend doe to his house repaire,
He thinks 'tis onely 'cause his wife is faire:
Or if a stranger come he'le pawne his life
All his intent is, to corrupt his wife:
Yea, though the businesse to himselfe he finde,
He thinks 'tis but a hood to keepe him blinde.
Thus all the sweet he had is turn'd to sowre,
Faine would he thinke well, but hath not the powre;
Much care torments his heart, and yet he will
Be prying farther to encrease it still:
Yea, he will seeke although he truly know,
The more he seekes, the more he findes his woe.
Besides, *Suspect* reuiueth in the head
All things that may be mis-interpreted;
And the best thought her vertue's like to win
Is onely this; *It serv'd to cloake her sin.*
In briefe, his former loue he marreth quite,
And there he lothes, where once he tooke delight.
But wherefore? Onely 'cause he doth mistrust,
And not on any proofe, that shee's vniust.
Vnhappy man, thus thy ill nature shall
Conuert the hony of thy life to gall.
And hapless woman shee that comes to wed
So meere a sot, and such a iealous head;
An Owle-eyed Buzzard, that by day is blinde,
And sees not things apparant, yet can finde
That out which neuer was. The feare to loose
The Iewell he aboue all Iems did choose;

That

hat feare, I say, of wit doth so bereaue him,
ethinks that's gone which meanes not yet to leaue
h foolish man, that hauing gain'd a blisse, (him.
oost make't a curse, by vsing it amisse;
iudgement be not blinded in thee, looke;
ry if thou hast not all this while misstooke:
not thy wife still faire? and to the eye
emes she not yet to haue that modesty
hou didst commend her for? Is she not wary
ith whom she walks, or speakes, or where to tary?
she not still as carefull how to please;
s louing too as in her former dayes?
n shew he sees it, but he thinks 'tis fein'd.
ut blockish dolt, that art most iustly pain'd:
hou but a few suppos'd shadowes hast,
hat makes thee to account thy wife vnchast;
ut many firme substantiall proofes make cleare
hat shee's vnstain'd, and ought to be as deare
se'er she was: Why then should faults in thee
ake her seeme euill vntill such she bee?
A woman that is faire, shall much be view'd,
nd haue perhaps vnlook't-for fauours shew'd.
he shall be courted when'er she will or not
Nay, be resorted too: and though she show
carcely so much as common curtesies,
he shall be censur'd by misiudging eyes,
nd false reports will flie: But what of this?
Wilt thou that hast had triall what she is,
And neuer knew'st her erre, wilt thou, I say,
Cast all the good conceit thou hadst away,
And

And ſtraight grow iealous, truſting the ſurmiſe
Of the lew'd *Vulgar* more then thine owne eyes?
It were mad folly: and yet I doe knowe
Some that are thus beſotted: more's their woe.
And pitty 'twere but they had horned him,
Were't not a greater pittie ſo to ſinne.
Should you but ſit with ſuch a one at Table,
To hold from laughter you were ſcarcely able,
To ſee what note the iealous-Wood-cocke takes
Of his Wiues words, and euerie looke ſhee makes;
In what a feare he eates his meat, and drinkes,
What ſignes he vſes, how he nods and winkes,
With twenty ſcuruy geſtures, though he ſee
No reaſon he ſhould ſo ſuſpicious be.
Now ſome haue cauſe enough, and I beleeue
Such ſeeme to haue a colour why they greeue.
But yet there's no iuſt reaſon any one
Should ouer-ſtriue to hold what will be gone,
Vexing himſelfe ſo for anothers ill,
Which he can neuer helpe. Let him that will.
This I know true; To ſeeke much to reſtraine
A womans will, is labour ſpent in vaine;
And he that tryes to doe it, might haue bin
One of the crew that hedg'd the cuckow in.
Why ſhould a man goe put himſelfe to paine,
As ſome haue done, a buſineſſe to faine?
And then at night come lurke about his houſe,
Where, be it but the ſtirring of a Mouſe,
He doth obſerue it: Wherefore doth he ſo?
Since, if thereby he ought amiſſe doe know,

The greateſt good that he ſhall hereby find,
More vexation to moleſt his mind:
For then the miſchiefe he but fear'd before,
Hee's certaine of, and need not doubt it more.
A goodly meed: but ſure thoſe wretched elues,
Take pleaſure in tormenting of themſelues.
They harken, watch, ſet ſpies, and alway long
To heare ſome tales or inkling of their wrong.
And he that can but whiſper ſome ſuch fable,
Shall be the welcom'ſt gueſt that ſits at Table.
(Though it be ne'er ſo falſe) they loue ſo well,
To feele the torture of this earthly hell.
But I doe muſe what Diuell keepes their heart,
They ſhould affect the cauſers of their ſmart;
Thoſe euer-buzzing-deadly-ſtinging flies;
Thoſe that of *Eccheos* only can deuiſe
A ſlander 'gainſt thy ſelfe. What ere they ſay,
Thy loue from her thou muſt not draw away
On bare reports. Thou muſt behold the crime,
Or keepe her as thy beſt belou'd her time.
Better or worſe, thou ſurely muſt abide her,
Till from thy ſelfe the death of One diuide her.
Then tell me, were it not (by much) leſſe paine?
A good opinion of her to retaine?
Could'ſt thou not be contented by thy will,
At leaſt, to thinke, that ſhe were honeſt ſtill?
Yes in thy heart I know thou would'ſt be glad,
Vnleſſe that thou wert void of ſenſe, or mad.
Why, ſhake off all theſe claw-backs then, that vſe
Thy ſoone-beleeuing nature to abuſe;

For

For (truſt me) they are but ſome ſpightfull elues,
Who cauſe they haue not the like bliſſe themſelues,
Would faine marre thine; or elſe I dare be bold,
If thou the truth couldſt warily vnfould,
They are ſome luſt-ſtung Villaines, that did court
Thy honeſt wife to ſome vnlawfull ſport:
And finding her too-chaſte to ſerue their turne,
Whoſe euill hearts with foule deſires did burne;
To ſpight her (beeing farre more euill doores
Then *Daniels* Elders, faire *Suſannaes* wooers)
To thee they doe accuſe her of an ill,
Whereto they labour'd to allure her will.
Let me aduiſe thee then, what e're he be
That of ſuch dealings firſt informeth thee,
Belieue him not, what proofes ſoe'er he bring,
Doe not giue eare to him for any thing:
And though he be the neereſt friend thou haſt,
From ſuch like knowledge ſhut all *ſenſe* vp faſt;
Fly and auoyd him as thou wouldſt the Diuell,
Or one that brings thee meſſages of euill.
Let him be to thee as thy deadlieſt foe,
A *Fury*, or ſome one thou loath'ſt to know.
And be aſſured whatſoe'er he ſhewes
He is no friend of thine that brings that newes:
Sith if that thou wert his moſt deadly foe,
For any wrong it were reuenge enough.
Now ſome men I haue noted, loue as well
The Husbands faults vnto the Wife to tell,
And aggrauate them too: as if therby
They either meant to feed their *Iealouſie*,

Or elſe ſtirre vp their vnbeſeeming hates,
Againſt their guiltleſſe welbeloued mates.
But of theſe monſters (faireſt ſexe) beware,
Of their inſinuations haue a care:
Beleeue them not, they will coyne tales vntrue,
To ſowe foule ſtrife betwixt your loues and you
Out of ill-will: or elſe heere is my doome,
They hope to get into your Husbands roome,
Through the aduantage of the diſcontent
They would worke in you. But this their intent
They'l ſo diſguiſe, that you ſhall neuer ſpy it
Till you are ſnar'd too ſurely to deny it.
But oh I conſider you, whoſe excellence
Had *reaſon able* once for difference,
This *Paſſion* well: if ill your Spouſes do,
Amend your ſelues, and they'l grow better too.
Looke not vpon them with ore-blinded eyes,
Nor grieue you them with cauſeleſſe Iealouſies:
For moſt of them haue euer this condition,
Though they are bad, they cannot brook Suſpicion.
Striue not with them too much; for as the Powder
Beeing faſt ſtopt, makes the report the lowder,
Sending the bullet with the greater force:
So he that ſeeks to barre a womans courſe,
Makes her more eager, and can ne'er out-ſtriue her,
But on ſhe will, becauſe the Diuell doth driue her.
Let thoſe then that thus matched are, begin
By loue, and gentle meanes, their wiues to win.
And though no hope they ſee, yet patience take,
So there is none ſhall know their heads doe ake.

And

And let all wary be, that no surmises,
Or flying tale some enuious head deuises,
Make them to wrong their chaste and modest wiues,
Who haue with vertue led vnspotted liues:
For though some stand vnmoou'd, yet that's the way
To make a woman soonest goe astray.
And so I will conclude these *Iealous humours*,
Which part I found b'experience, part by rumors;
I feele it not, yet know it is a smart
That plagues the minde, and doth torment the hart:
And I could wish, but for the others sake,
Their *thought-tormenting paine* might neuer slake:
For, none's so iealous I durst pawne my life,
As he that hath defil'd anothers wife.

OF

OF COVETOVSNES.

SATYR. 8.

BVt how miſt I of *Auarice* to tell,
Whoſe longing is as infinite as Hell?
There is no *Paſſion* that's more vile or baſe,
And yet as common as to haue a face.
I muſe it ſcap't ſo long; for Ile be plaine,
I no where looke, but there I ſee it raigne.
In all this ſpacious *Round* I know ſo few
That can this *ſlaniſh dunghill-vice* eſchew;
I neither will excuſe ſexe nor degree,
Young folkes, nor ſuch as middle-aged be:
Nay, I perceiue them giuen moſt to craue,
When they had need to dig themſelues a graue:
Like Earth-bred Moles, ſtill ſcrambling in the duſt.
Not for the treaſure that ſhall neuer ruſt,
But for vile cankred droſſe is all their care;
As if the ſame their *Summum bonum* were:
When all that they haue with their labour bought
(If well conſider'd) is not worth a thought.
I haue knowne Chuffes, that hauing well to liue,
Sufficient alſo, both to lend and giue,

Yet natheleſſe, toyle, moyle, and take more paine
Than a Iewes bond-ſlaue, or a Moore in Spaine.
All day they brooke the raine, haile, froſt, and ſnow,
And then, as if they had not drudg'd enough,
They lie and thinke all night with care and ſorrow,
How they may take as little reſt to morrow.
'Tis ſtrange their mindes ſo much for gold doth itch
And being gotten, that it ſhould bewitch:
For 'tis by nature in a priſon pent,
Vnder our feet i'th baſeſt Element:
And ſhould we pluck't from dungeon, filth and mire,
To giue't the chiefeſt ſeat in our deſire;
'Twere want of iudgement: which braue ſpirits know,
Counting it baſe, with thoſe that prize it ſo.
I've heard thoſe ſay that trauell to the Weſt
Whence this beloued mettall is encreaſt
That in the places where ſuch Minerals be,
Is neither graſſe, nor hearbe, nor plant, nor tree.
And like enough; for this at home I finde,
Thoſe who too earneſtly imploy the minde
About that traſh, haue hearts (I dare vphold)
As barraine as the place where men dig gold.
This humour hath no bounds; 'tis a deſire.
(Or diſeaſe rather) nothing can expire:
'Tis Hell, for had it all the world, why yet
'Twould long as much as if 't had ne'er a whit;
And I with pity doe lament their paine
Who haue this *neuer-quenched thirſt* of gaine;
This *euer-gaping-whirle-poole*, that receiues
Still, yet the ſelfe-ſame roome ſtill empty leaues,

Her

Hee's mad that food to ſuch a Vulture giues
That's neuer full: and e'en as good fill liues,
Or veſſels bottomleſſe, as ſtill endeauor
To gorge a Monſter that will hunger euer.
All that man can performe will be in vaine,
And longing will for euermore remaine:
Like thoſe foule iſſues that muſt ſtill haue vent,
Till ſtrength of nature and the life be ſpent.
It makes men tyre themſelues, like him that drinks
Brine, or ſalt-water; and ſtill thereby thinks
To ſlake his thirſt, although he feele it more
Augmented, at each draught then 'twas before.
Yea, wealth doth as much leſſen this deſire
Of *Auarice* in men, as flames of fire
Alay the heat. Beſides, though they haue ſtore,
This makes them to themſelues exceeding poore,
And howſoeuer they may ſeeme, yet ſuch
Vntill their *dying day* are neuer rich.
They very ſeldome haue reſpect or care
To Promiſe or Religion: they'l not ſpare
To wrong their neighbour, friend, or God himſelfe,
Thereby to adde vnto their curſed pelfe.
They neither reuerence the right of lawes;
Nor are they touched with the poore mans cauſe.
They could be well content to ſhed their bloods,
Loſe Soule and Heauen, but to ſaue their goods.
To talke to them of better things 'twere vaine,
For they are onely capable of gaine.
They neuer liue in true *ſociety*,
Nor know they *friendſhip*, *loue*, or *pietie*.

And in a word, thoſe that are thereby led,
Neuer doe good till they be *ſicke* or *dead*.
And therefore with thoſe vermine we may place them
That ſerue vs to no vſe, till we vncaſe them.
And I'ue obſerv'd, that ſuch mens children be
Borne many times to greateſt miſery.
For they haue neither *meanes* nor *education*,
According to their Kindred, State or Nation;
Whereby we ſee that they doe often run
Into vile actions, and are quite vndone.
And then perhaps the Parent grieues at this,
But ne'er conſiders that his fault it is.
'Tis greedineſſe that makes a man a ſlaue
To that which for his ſeruant he ſhould haue:
And teaches him oft to eſteeme of more
The *vicious Rich-man*, then the *honeſt poore*.
How many in the world now could I name,
Iniurious villaines; that but to defame
Or ſpight their neighbour, would their God forſweare,
As if they thought that no damnation were?
(Prouided, when they thus their conſcience ſtraine,)
It be out of a hatred, or for gaine.
Yea, there be idle theeuing Drones a many,
That haue no Vertue (nor will ne'er haue any)
That for their wealth ſhall highly be reſpected,
When honeſt men (their betters) are neglected:
And then we alſo ſee that moſt men do
Impoſe ſuch worthy titles on them too,
That ſuch baſe ſcummes ſhall oft intreated be
With *Good your worſhip*, and with cap and knee.

But ſure the World is now become a Gull,
To thinke ſuch ſcoundrels can be worſhipfull.
For, in theſe dayes, if men haue gotten riches,
Though they be Hangmen, Vſurers, or Witches,
Diuels incarnate, ſuch as haue no ſhame,
To act the thing that I ſhould bluſh to name;
Doth that diſgrace them any whit? Fie no,
The World ne'er meant to vſe her Minions ſo.
There is no ſhame for Rich-men in theſe times,
For wealth will ſerue to couer any crimes.
Were thou a crooke-backt dwarfe, deform'd in ſhape,
Therſites like, condition'd like an Ape;
Didſt neuer doe a deed a good man ought,
Nor ſpake true word, nor hadſt an honeſt thought;
If thou be rich, and hap to diſagree
With one that's poore, although indeed he be
In euery part a man; and hath a Spirit
That's truely noble, worthy well to merit
Euen praiſe of Enuy; yet if thou wilt ſeeme
A man farre worthier, and of more eſteeme,
Although thou canſt inuent no meanes to blame him,
Yet I can tell a tricke how thou ſhalt ſhame him:
And that's but this; *Report that he is poore*,
And there is no way to diſgrace him more.
For, ſo this *Paſſion* doth mens iudgement blinde,
That him in whom they moſt perfection finde,
If-ſo he be not rich, they count him baſe;
And oft hee's faine to giue a Villaine place.
Moreouer, the deſire to gaine this pelfe,
Makes many a braue man to forget himſelfe.

Some I haue known that for their worthy parts,
Their vertue, and their skill in many Arts,
Deserued honour; and (if any can
Iudge by the outward looke, the inward man)
They to command men (you would think) were born,
And seem'd a slauish seruitude to scorne.
Yet haue I seene when such as these (alas!)
In hope of gaine haue croucht vnto an Asse;
Obseru'd a Dolt, and much debas't their merits
To men of vulgar and ignoble spirits.
How many of our finest wits haue spent
Their times and studies in meere complement;
Greasing with praises many a fat-fed Bore,
Of whom the world hath thought too well before?
How many now that follow'd *Mars* his troope,
Whom force of death could neuer make to stoope:
How many also of our graue Diuines,
That should seeke treasure not in earthly Mines,
Descend to baseneſſe, and *against the haire*;
(As goes the common prouerb) *can speake faire?*
Flatter for gaine, and humour such base groomes
As are not worthy of their horse-boyes roomes?
They wrong themselues: but those are counted wise
That now adayes know how to temporize.
Yet I abhorr'd it euer; and I vow;
Ere I to any golden Calfe will bow,
Flatter against my conscience, or else smother
What were to be reueal'd, to please another:
Ere I for gaine would fawne vpon a Clowne,
Or feed *Great fooles* with tales of the renowne

Of

Of their reputed fathers, when (*God mend them*)
Themselues haue nothing why we should commend
Or e're I'de coyne a lye, be't ne'er so small, (them:
For e're a bragging *Thraso* of them all
In hope of profit; I'de giue vp my play,
Begin to labour for a groat a day;
In no more clothing then a mantle goe;
And feed on *Sham-rootes*, as the *Irish* doe.
For what contentment can in riches be,
Vnlesse the body and the minde be free?
But tush: what's freedom? looke where gold beares
It takes all care of what is fit away; (sway,
Corrupts the iudgement, and can make the lawes
Oft-times to fauour an vngodly cause.
Moreouer, worldly men doe so affect,
Where wealth abounds, and beare so much respect
To those that haue it, that their vice they deeme
To be a vertue, and so make it seeme.
For, say they vse extortion, no men more,
Vndoe their Country, hurt and wrong the poore,
Be such damn'd Vsurers, they keepe a house
That yeelds not crummes enow to feed a Mouse;
Yet they'l not say they are couetous; oh no,
But thrifty and good wary men, or so.
Another, though in pride he doe excell;
Be more ambitious then the Prince of Hell;
If his apparell be in part like vs,
Italian, Spanish, French, and Barbarous;
Although it be of twenty seuerall fashions,
All borrowed from as many seuerall Nations;

Yet hee's not vaine, nor proud; What is he than?
Marry a propper, fine, neat Gentleman.
Or if he be a Ruffian than can ſwagger,
Make ſtrange Brauadoes, weare an Ale-houſe dagger,
Inſteed of Valour, quarrelling profeſſe,
Turne Hoſpitality to lewd exceſſe;
Quaffe Soule-ſicke-healths vntill his eyes doe ſtare,
Sing baudy Songs, and Rounds, and curſe and ſweare;
Though he vſe gaming, as the Cards and Dice,
So out of meaſure that he mak't a vice;
Conuert his houſe into a loathſome ſtewes,
Keepe Whores, and Knaues, and Baudes (and that's no newes)
Yet if he be a rich man, what is he?
A rude ranke Ruffian, if he aske of me.
A Ruffian? Gup Iack-ſauce-boxe with a wannion,
Nay, hee's a merry and a boone Companion.
This is the worlds milde Cenſure. Yet beſide,
Another quality I haue eſpide:
For that diſeaſe in which they ſhun the poore,
They doe abhorre a rich man nere the more.
Him I haue knowne that hath diſdain'd to ſup
Water, or Beere out of a poore mans cup,
For feare of poyſoning, or ſome thing as bad,
Although he knew no mallady he had;
Yet haue I often ſeene that curious Aſſe
Pledging a rich-man in the ſelfe-ſame glaſſe,
When he hath knowne the party ſweating lie
Of the abhorred *French* foule malady.
Which proues this Prouerbe true; *Birds of a feather*
Will ſeareleſſe vſe to flocke and feed together.

But

But I oft wonder and doe yet admire,
Men hunt for riches with ſuch ſtrange deſire.
For, being once poſſeſt thereof, it fils
The owners of it with a thouſand ils,
More than they can conceiue. For firſt we finde
It choakes and marr's the vertue of the minde.
Then (by much buſineſſe) it brings annoyes
Vnto the minde; and hinders truer ioyes
From ſeating there: and though ſome ſtormes it cleare,
It driues men into flouds of greater feare:
That oft the Rich are more in ſorrow toſt,
Then thoſe that haue no riches to be loſt.
But further; ouer and aboue all this,
Hence a much greater diſaduantage is.
It makes vs to growe Arrogant, Vniuſt;
Drawes vnto pleaſure, and prouokes to luſt;
More powerfull in a deed of villanie,
Than helpfull in a worke of honeſty.
It nere contents the owners that enioy it;
And thoſe that haue it, many times imploy it
To corrupt Iuſtice; or elſe to allure
Matrons, or Virgins, to an act impure.
It hireth murtherers, makes men ſeditious.
Full of ſuſpect and enuy, or ambitious:
It breedeth *claw-backs, pick-thanks, flattery,*
Makes many theeues, and cauſeth *periury.*
It hinders knowledge; for moſt that haue lands,
Liue neither by their wiſedome nor their hands;
But following ſloth and pleaſure, hate the ſchooles,
To leaue much wealth vnto a race of fooles.

Such

This is the fruit of riches, which alone
Is now the faire reward, that euery one
Endeauours for; and that which to attaine,
(Or keepe once gotten) none refuseth paine,
Labour, nor danger, nay all men expresse
In the pursute thereof, such earnestnesse;
As if, that onely, did indeed appeare
The speciall end that they were plac't for heere.
Oh Gold, what mortall god is so diuine!
What beauty is there so ador'd as thine?
The faireſt creature neuer so much moou'd,
As that it was of euery one belou'd.
The little Infant in his cradle lying,
On promise of a penny stayes his crying.
Those that in youth for nothing seem to care,
To keep thee still their friend, respective are.
Old dotards almost dropt into the graue,
That neither sense of sight nor hearing haue,
Are by their touching thee preseru'd aliue,
And will maintaine thou art restoratiue.
Fooles that know nothing, know the vse of thee,
And for thy sake will oft perswaded be.
The wise men of the world that disapproue
Young mens affections, and make scoffes at loue,
He, who out of his iudgement calls him Asse,
That dotes vpon the beauty of a face,
Can play the Idiot twice as much himselfe,
By doting on a heape of durty pelfe.
Nay further, to their conscience I appeale
That seeme nought else almost but *faith* and *zeale*,

Whether

Whether with all their show of *sanctitie*,
They doe not oft commit *Idolatrie*,
And this great *Mammon* secretly adore:
I feare they doe, and more his helpe implore
Then their Creator's. For this cursed *Riches*
So much the Soule of euery man bewitches,
That very oft times they forgetfull be
Of what beseemes profession and degree.
What Hee, on earth, so great or mighty is,
(Or who so proud) that will not bow to this?
Where's he though Noble that will now disdaine
To be a suter for his priuate gaine?
See we not those that seem'd to looke more hie,
Turne all their worship to this *Deitie*?
It is apparant, Great-men that were wont
For honour onely, in times past to hunt,
Both pawne and forfeit it for *Riches* sake:
And they whose glory 'twas to vndertake
Such things as might their Country benefit,
Seeke rather now how they may begger it.
What *Monopolies*, what new tricks can they
Finde to encrease their profit euery day?
What *Rascall* poling sutes doe they deuise,
To adde new Summes vnto their Treasuries?
Which had their nobler Predecessors sought,
Such meanes of gaine for euer had been thought
Dishonour, and a staine of *Infamie*,
Enough to taint their whole Posteritie.
And then, beside their euer shameleſſe craving,
They oft times also are as basely saying:

And

And ſo much doth their *Auarice* abate
Of that becomming and commended ſtate (them
Which their forefathers kept; they would not knowe
(If they were liuing) or for ſhame not owe them.
Thoſe, that haue much on Ancient gentry ſtood,
And will to this day glory in their bloud,
Doe not diſdaine (if there be wealth) to grace
With their dear'ſt iſſue, ſome rank peaſants race.
Or take himſelfe (if there be wealth to wed)
An old *Mechanick* widdow to his bed.
The childe for this, the parent will vndoe:
And parents ſelf the childs contentment too.
It is of power ſufficient to prefer
The vntaught ſonne of a rude Scauenger,
To ſome Lords daughter, & in twelue-months can
Make a known peaſant deem'd a Gentleman:
Beare Armes confirm'd, and ſhew a pedegree
Shall from before the *Norman* Conqueſt be.
And in his pride, ſome one for gentry braue,
Vnto whoſe father, his, was ſworne a ſlaue.
Nay ſo much ſway the loue of gold doth beare,
He that but ſonne vnto the Hangman were,
A noted villaine of as falſe a heart;
As euer rode to *Tiburne* in a Cart,
One whom that place had long time groaned for,
And all men as earth's ſcum did moſt abhor;
Yet if this Rake-hell could but thriue ſo much
By any villanie, as to be rich,
One yeare or two would not alone agen
Get him more credit then three honeſt men;

But great ones would ſalute and ſpeak him faire,
Labour how they might be inſcrib'd his heire,
And ſtill obſerue him ſo obſequiouſly,
As if the world within his gift did lie.
Or which is more, he that once ſcorn'd to ſee
Himſelfe attended, by ſuch groomes as he,
Will yeeld this beaſt his onely child ſhould wed,
And force her peraduenture to his bed.
Where, ſpight of Vertue, this damn'd Ruffian ſhall
Vnworthily, enioy a bliſſe, which all
The moſt deſeruing of the Land would wooe.
(And, when he hath her once, deſpiſe her too)
But doubtleſſe, if he can but at his death,
When he is fore't to leaue the world, bequeath
A petty legacy vnto the poore,
Somewhat to ſtay the rayling of his whore;
And leaue rich heires behind: why then the Aſſe,
On a faire pile of Marble, leat, and Braſſe,
Shall haue a Table, faire engrau'd, to ſhew
A Catalogue of Vertues he nere knew.
Thus much can gold performe, and ſuch you ſee
The goodly fruits of this foule *Paſſion* be:
That were there not a greater power which ſtill
A ſecret iudgement heaped on this ill;
It were enough to make all men deſpiſe
The loue of Vertue, and nought elſe deuiſe
Saue to be rich: which way, they ſoone may find,
That thereto onely, do apply the mind.
But as herein men often doe amiſſe,
So erre they in the oppoſite to this;

The

The Prodigall runnes out as farre astray
From this absurdity another way.
And e'en as greedy men are set on fire
With an vnquenched and a foule desire
Of hourding *Riches* (*God in heauen amend them*)
So doth he striue and hie as fast to spend them.
And as the first in elder folkes is stronger,
This raignes most violently in the younger.
Their humor's diuerse. Some vaine-glorious Asses,
Consum't in gawdy cloathes, and Looking-glasses;
Others blowne vp'ene with the selfe-same bellowes,
Seeke to obtaine the loue of all good-fellowes;
These at the Ale-house haue their daily pots,
Though they be there or no: And looke what shots
Are in their presence spent, though ne'er so many,
He doth them wrong that thinks to pay a penny.
These feast at Tauernes their supposed friends,
That pay with *Thanks, We ne'er shall make amends*,
Yea, and in more things they haue lauish bin;
But those are paths I'ue no experience in.
Yet such no doubt ere many yeeres be past,
Will wish that they had held their purses fast,
When for their kindnesse and their former cheere,
They hardly shall procure a cup of Beere.
But there must needs be some men borne thereto,
Or how the Diuell shall our sharkers doe?

Yet can I not say rightly that these be
From *Auarice* and greedinesse quite free:
For though they doe consume it knauishly,
And spend it on vaine pleasures lauishly,

They

They gladly would their euill course maintaine,
And therefore ouer-slip no meanes of gaine.
Some haue bin forc't to (through this indiscretion)
Secret and open Robberies; Oppression;
And diuers tricks: which, show the Spending vice
May haue a reference to *Auarice*.
Others there are (but few) who hauing store,
Neglect their wealth, and rather would be poore;
And why? It stops the way to heauen they say:
Sure beeing misimployed, so it may:
And therefore, rather then they should abuse it,
'Twere good they had it that know how to vse it.
For such are lightly weake in resolution,
And men but of a simple constitution;
Or else by some seducing Villaine taught,
That their *goods* rather then their *good* haue sought.
Now I suppose the man that well obtaines
His wealth, and in an honest calling gaines,
More wisedome shewes in vsing it aright,
Than such a *Cynicke* that contemnes it quite.
Men will be in extreames; but sure the lesse
Is to neglect wealth: for much greedinesse
Makes not the body onely leane and foule,
But also spreads infection to his soule,
And clogs her so with things of no account,
That she is ouer-poyz'd too much to mount:
But those men that to goe astray are loth,
Must vse endeauours to auoid them both.

OF

OF AMBITION.

SATYR. 9.

HEere next to be arraign'd a Monſter ſtands,
Worſe then the Giant with the hundred hands:
Stay you that ſeeke or loue the peace of man,
And I'le deſcribe his nature if I can.
This is the ſame which we doe call *Ambition*,
The principalleſt ſtirrer of ſedition.
'Tis a proud humour, which doth euer ſearch
The *ſtout-high-minded*, and attempts, to pearch
In men of ſpirit. It doth farre ſurmount
The force of Loue, and makes but ſmall account
Of nature or Religion. Tis not law,
Nor Conſcience, that can keepe this fiend in awe.
It is ſuppoſed that it hath no bound;
For neuer was there limit in it found.
And ſuch are thoſe in whom it ouer-ſwayes,
No ſtrength of reaſon their aſpiring ſtayes,
Till like the fire, whoſe fuell quite is ſpent,
They flaſh and die for want of nouriſhment.
There's no eſtate contents them; peace and ſtriſe
Are both alike to them: yea, death, and life.

Winch,

Liues, children, friends; no, none but such as may
Be vnto their *Ambitious* plots a stay
Shall be respected; and so they may reape
What they desire, they will not sticke to heape
Murther on murthers. Yea, and think't no sinne,
Be it of strangers, or their neerest kinne:
They haue such flinty breasts they can out-beard
Danger it selfe and be no whit afeard.
Yet, (maugre all their daring) iust *Confusion*
Of such proud spirits proues the sad *Conclusion*.
And he that first was ruin'd by this euill,
Was he that first was guilty of't, the *Diuell*:
Who did aspire so high, that higher *Powers*
Wrought his iust fall; and now he seeketh ours.
Eu'n he first shed this ill into our breasts,
Thereby to hinder and disturbe our rests.
This most *vnreasonable, strong desire,*
And too excessiue longing to aspire
To honour and promotion (which indeed
Doth from a sottish ignorance proceed)
Is both a wild and a disordred *Passion*,
And a great enemy to Contentation.
For, whatsoeuer state man hath attain'd,
'Tis e'en as if that he had nothing gain'd;
With he thereby hath still a farther scope,
And neuer reaches to the end of's hope.
That which he doth possesse he nought respecteth,
But altogether things vnknowne affecteth,
And counts them best; which whatsoe'er they seem'd,
Seeing once gotten too, are not esteem'd.

Now, what's the reaſon that they doe abhor
The things poſſeſt that they haue labour'd for?
What may the cauſe be that they doe contemne
(Or cannot vſe things) hauing gained them?
Sure hence it is; They doe not truely know
What the things are that they doe long for ſo,
And they obtaine them oft, ere they haue might
Or knowledge how to gouerne them aright.
Had many of our reaching Yeomanry,
That haue growne wealthy through good Husbandry,
(And ſome of our proud Gentry that haue ſought
Titles, and vndeſerued *Honours* bought)
But knowne before-hand what diſgracefull ſhame
And beggery would follow on the ſame,
In knowing not, to what they did aſpire;
Thoſe *Dignities* had yet been to deſire:
And ſo indeed they might haue walkt the ſtreet,
And not haue fear'd the *Counters*, nor the *Fleet*;
Or might with *Good-man* haue contented bin,
Where now there's ſcarce a good man of the kin.
Ambitious men will euer enuious be,
Regarding neither loue nor amitie;
And though that they may make a goodly ſhow,
With reaſon it can neuer ſtand I know
They ſhould be faithfull, or with Iuſtice deale,
Either for Prince, or Friend, or Common weale.
For why? this humour makes them to attend,
Yea, all their labours, and beſt counſels ſpend
In their owne plots: And, ſo they haue no loſſe,
They care not whoſe proceedings they doe croſſe.

Vertuous

Vertuous endeauours this doth also let;
Yea, makes men many a good thing to forget.
And though I'me loath to speake it, I protest
I thinke it raignes not in the *Clergie* least.
For you at first great humblenesse shall see,
While their estates and fortunes meaner be.
They are industrious, and take paines to teach,
And twice a weeke shall be the least they'l preach:
Or in their pouerty they will not sticke,
For *Catechising, visiting the sicke*,
With such like sacred works of *Piety*,
As doe belong to that fraternity.
But if they once atchieue a *Vicarage*,
Or be inducted to some *Parsonage*,
Men must content themselues, and thinke it well
If once a Month they heare the Sermon bell.
And if to any higher place they reach;
Once in a twelue-month is enough to preach.
Alas! we must consider, that *Deuotion*
Is but a busie thing that lets *Promotion*;
And if that they should giue their mindes to't all,
Who should haue greater places when they fall?
No, no, 'twere fitter they their ease did take,
And see what friends and Patrons they can make
For the next Bishopricke; or study how
To humour, and to please the *Great-ones* now:
And if they can in that aduenture speed,
They'l be more painefull. Yes; 'tis like indeed,
If in their climing they so high can wex,
To gaine the title of a *Pontifex*,

'Tis very like (perhaps) that we shall heare
They vse the Pulpit once in twice a yeare.
Nay, 'tis well if it be done so oft.
For this *Ambition* beares men so aloft,
They from performance of their duties slide.
But of all others, this same *Clergy-pride*,
I hold not onely to be odious
To God and men; but most pernicious
To Prince, to Church, and to the Common-good.
Witnesse the beast of *Rome*, and his foule brood
Of climing *Cardinals*; who, from base *states*,
Are gotten to be Kings, and Princes *mates*;
Yea, their *Superiors* too; and all by this,
A painted show of *Humble holinesse*.
Euen this is it of which the Diuell makes
That cruell Engine, where-withall he shakes
Religions soundnesse: and rends in it chinks,
Which he dawbes vp againe, with what he thinks
Shall ruine all in time. And ist not hence
He had his meanes to marre the innocence
Of *Romes* first Bishops? Godlinesse grew strong,
And flourisht while it was suppresst with wrong.
But when the worthy Emperors embrac't
The *Sacred Truth*, and with their fauours grac't
Their good proceedings, they soone gan to leaue
Their humble nature off; and closely weaue
Vnder *Religions* shewes (not a bare *Miter*:
It fits not the Successors of Saint *Peter*)
A triple *Diadem*, and such a state,
As neuer any earthly Potentate

Enioy'd

Enioy'd a greater (*all with humble preaching*)
A long degree I tak't, beyond the reaching
Of temporall *Ambition*. Heau'n I pray,
Ere the first Beast his time be done away,
There rise not vp another Monster heere
'Mongst our ambitious Church-men. I should feare
A second Antichrist, but that I hope
They either shall be kept within their scope;
Or the last iudgement, whose nigh time vnknowne,
Shall cut him off ere he be wholly growne.
Thus much some reason makes me bold to speake:
And there is no mans sight I thinke so weake,
But sees the same. Which though (I know full well)
'Twould better others fit than me to tell;
Sith all neglect it, I haue thus begun
To Satyrize, and o'er their follies runne.
Yet by my former words let none suppose,
That I th'opinion doe maintaine of those
That doe our Bishops disallow,
Let them that can; for sure I know not how.
Nor would I haue the world to vnderstand
That I taxe all the *Clergy* in the Land,
Or the whole *Hierarchy*: Thinke not so;
For why? this present Age doth yeeld I know
Men that are truely worthy: and so many,
That I beleeue few times (since Christ) had any
More knowing, or more painfull then some few.
And whatsoeuer men thinke, yet here to shew,
Though I Satyrically carpe at those
That follow Vice, and are true Vertues foes;

I haue not ſuch a ſpightfull cankerd ſpirit,
As to conceale or ſmother *Worth* aud *Merit*,
For I'le in *Canterburies* praiſe be bold
This on my owne experience to vphold,
The Sea was neuer gouerned as yet,
By any one more Reu'rend or more fit.
For ouer and aboue his Country cares,
Wherein he neither *time* nor *counſell* ſpares;
Beſides *Church-buſineſſe*, whereto he applies
His minde to further it, what in him lies,
Beſides all this, his publique care at large,
Few Miniſters haue in their priuate charge
Tooke greater paine: That now the truth I tell,
London and *Lambeth* both can witneſſe well.
And thou vnhappy wert, O *London* then,
When thou didſt loſe this rare *One* amongſt men:
Yet thou wert bleſt againe, thy fate did bring
In place of ſuch a *Father*, ſuch a *King*;
So vigilent a Watch-man in his place,
That were it not my purpoſe heere to trace
The worlds mad humours, I from theſe had matter
To make a *Panegyrick* of a *Satyr*.
Yet is my *Muſe* ſo conſtant in her frowne,
She ſhall not ſooth a King for halfe his Crowne:
Nor would ſhe thus much here haue ſung their praiſe,
Had ſhe not thought them to be what ſhe ſayes.
But peraduenture ſome will now condemne
This my particular commending them:
As if my ſetting of their Vertues forth,
Would be detraction from anothers worth.

Which cannot be. For as this addes no more
Vnto that reall worth theſe had before:
So neither can I leſſen, blot, nor ſmoother
The good that is apparant in another.
Nor doe I wiſh it ſhould: for might I here
Stand to make bead-rolls of who worthy were,
I could adde diuers that may claime this day
As much to be extold, by me, as they.
Heere I could name ſome other of their place
That cannot baſely fawne to winne them grace;
Nor picke a *Thanke* by ſeeking to condemne
Thoſe that are not in place to anſwer them.
I know there's ſome who ſeeke the Churches good,
And neuer at their Princes elbow ſtood
With their lowd whiſperings to ſtop his eare,
Leſt he ſhould what did more concerne him heare.
I know there's ſuch, and they will praiſed be,
Though neuer knowne, not mentioned by me.
But let this paſſe; whilſt I ſo buſie am
About the *Clergie*, ſome are much to blame.
The Court is factious growne through the deſire
That euery one hath gotten to aſpire.
None doe eſteeme their owne, but by compare;
All would be ſome-what more then others are.
Yet he that's great'ſt, 'mong thoſe that greateſt ſeeme,
Is onely great in other mens eſteeme.
And therefore ſure hee's vaine who for ſuch winde
Can feed a reſtleſſe humour in his minde,
That's ſo vnprofitable, as at beſt
It makes him onely in appearance bleſt.

But when I weigh it, then I wonder much,
Mans loue vnto this *Passion* should be such,
As without vnderstanding to let lie
A reall good for an vncertainety.
Those I haue seene, that haue had riches store,
Great Offices, and fauours, no men more;
Honour and credit; yea, and wisedome too:
But (loe what an ambitious head will doe)
Climing too high, they got so lowe a fall,
They forfeited their honours, liues and all.
Me thinkes ere they in such an act should stur,
'Twere not amisse to thinke on *Æsop*; Cur,
Who catching but to get a *shadow* more,
Did lose the *substance* that he had before.
I might a while vpon examples stand
Of former times; but that within this Land,
The present Age which I will onely view,
Can yeeld enow to proue my sayings true:
And here, of many in this Kingdome showne,
I at this present will remember one:
And that shall be the late Ambitious plot,
The like whereof the world sure yeeldeth not;
I meane the *Powder-Treason*; an *Inuention*,
Brought (had not God assisted) past preuention.
And yet, ere they could clime to their desire,
Eu'n when they were to mount but one step higher
(*Let God be honour'd for't*) downe tumbled all,
And gaue these Monsters a deserued fall.
Which blest deliuerance, if no happier song
Tune in our too-forgetfull eares, ere long
(If

(If heauen aſſiſt my purpoſe, and the Times
Be but auſpicious to my homely *Rimes*)
I meane to ſing thereof, that after-dayes,
Seeing Gods loue to vs, may tell his praiſe;
And in ſuch colours paint that helliſh plot,
It ſhall not for ſome Ages be forgot:
But vnto men vnborne a *Treaſon* ſhow
More vile then euer any Age did know.
And let them ſee that Ruine and Perdition
Are the laſt Periods to conclude Ambition.
But to that purpoſe I may labour ſpend,
And peraduenture all to little end:
Men will not thinke thereon, but ſtill we ſee
So lofty minded in their actions be,
And with ſuch thirſt of titles haue they ſought them,
As at deare rates they many times haue bought them.
Some haue Ambitious heads, but cannot riſe,
Becauſe the want of meanes and friends denies
What they aſpire vnto: whereat they vex,
And their vnquiet ſoules oft times perplex
Beyond all reaſon. Oh ſtrange humour'd men!
Leaue off this folly and growe wiſe agen.
Be with your ſtates content: for who doth know
If his deſire be for his good or no?
Yes ſure, one thinks; If I could but attaine
Such offices; or ſo much wealth to gaine
As this or that man hath, my wiſh were ended;
And ſuch or ſuch a fault ſhould be amended.
With that thou haſt not yet, how doſt thou know
Whether thou canſt be well content or no?

I tell thee this, though thou maist thinke it strange,
With the estate the minde doth also change:
And when in one thing thou hast thy delier,
Thou wilt not stay there, but mount som-what higher,
And higher still, vntill thou doost attaine
Vnto the top, or tumble downe againe.
Be wary then, you that ambitious are,
And to restraine this madnes haue a care:
Else at the last 'twill certainly deceiue you:
But you must haue your *Wills*, to which I leaue you.

OF

OF FEARE.

SATYR. 10.

SEe you this *Passion* heere that followes next,
That shakes and lookes as with a feuer vext?
This is the pale and trembling caitife, *Feare*,
Whose dastard humors I will make appeare.
Note him and know him; This is he that mars
All our delights on earth: 'tis he that bars
Man the right vse of pleasure, and 'tis hee
That was at first ordain'd our plague to be.
Come not too near him, you that looke for rest,
Lest he insinuate into your breast:
For entred once, it doth the body num,
Makes it distemp'red, or deform'd become,
And sometime with illusions grim and foule,
Doth startle and affright the very soule:
The cause of it (if I may trust my skill)
Is but a false opinion of some ill,
That's present or to come. It only stings,
And for companions euer with it brings
Both *Paine* and *Shame*: And diuerse haue I seen
That with this *Passion* much abus'd haue been.

Some

Some men there are, whose feare so fooliſh proues,
It many vnto game and laughter moues,
One came in lately almoſt out of breath;
As if he hardly had eſcaped death,
What was his feare? Alas, I tell you He
Tooke a white poaſt ſome walking ſprite to be;
Which ſtrong ſurmiſe doth ſuch impreſſion take,
That though he ſince hath ſeen 'twas but a ſtake,
If on occaſion, he be there be-nighted,
Hee's yet with preſence of the place affrighted.
Another once I knew halfe ſtaring mad,
And he had ſeene the Diuell, that he had,
In an old houſe, ſit cowring on a block,
When all at laſt proou'd but a Turky-cock.
Thus men oft feare when cauſe of feare is none,
Making themſelues a ieſt for euery one;
Yea, feare hath made a number ſo affraid,
That they haue oft their deareſt friends betraid:
For which cauſe onely I doe here intend
To chuſe a Coward to become my friend.
And if that Women will aduiſed be,
To make in this a Counſellor of me,
Let them admit no Coward in their loue,
Leaſt their concluſions doe as hopeleſſe proue,
As that poore Laſſes vnto whom befell
This ſad aduenture which I meane to tell.
Not farre from hence there dwelt not long ago,
As blithe a Girle as any one I know,
A Gentlewoman of ſo good a ranke,
Her fauour ſeem'd t'haue well deſerued thanke.

And

And cauſe in face and dowry few did match her,
Many a Gallant tride his wit to catch her;
While beeing kept but narrowly at home,
She car'd not ſo ſhe might be gone, with whom.
And ſo, blind Fortune (that will ſildome part
Her ſauours vnto men of more deſart)
Brings to the houſe a fellow that in ſhow
Seem'd worthy of the prize, but was not ſo.
Yet hauing opportunitie hee tries,
Gets her good will, and with his purchaſe flies.
But ere 'twas long, the Parents miſt their daughter,
Raiſd all the towne, and following cloſely after,
Were by meere chance vnto an old houſe led,
Where this young couple were new gone to bed.
You that haue euer in ſuch taking bin,
Iudge what a eaſe theſe naked folkes were in.
But what was done? The gallant left his prey,
And like a fearefull Coward ſlunke away.
Out on ſuch Aſſes; How could he for ſhame
So leaue a woman to beare all the blame?
And for the griefe ſhe ſuffers with her friends,
How can the villaine make the whore amends?
I know not: but for playing ſuch a part,
'Tis certaine he hath loſt the wenches hart:
And ſhe for climing to a Cowards bed,
Hath loſt her Credit with her Mayden-head.
Heer's one effect of feare. And yet, from hence
Springs alſo *Cruelty, Impatience,*
Breach of our promiſes, with much Enuying,
That hurtfull and abhorred vice of *Lying*.

Mar.

Murthers and *Treasons*: nay there's nought so base,
So full of *villanie*, *shame* or *disgrace*,
The fearefull would not act with all his heart,
To free himselfe from feare of death, or smart.
Yea, some would be contented very well
So they might scape Death, to goe quick to hell.
Such is the nature of it that I've seen,
Feare cause those euills that had else not been.
To some it sickness brings, and some beside
E'en with the very feare of death haue dide:
And, many of them haue so carefull bin
To rid themselues from feares that they were in,
That, as the ship which doth *Charybdis* shun,
They ranne on *Scylla*, and were quite vndone.
The reason is, they so amazed be
With apprehending dangers which they see
Pursuing of them, as they thinke not on
The other mischiefes they may runne vpon.
And euermore it is the Cowards error,
To think the present danger full'st of terror.
The feare of euill more tormenteth some,
Than doth the thing they fear'd, when once 'tis come.
Men dread what is, what will be, and (alas!)
Many a thing that nere shall come to passe:
For if they onely fear'd apparant things
(That likely-hood of some affrighting brings)
As troopes of enemies, or theeues, or treason,
Pirats, or stormes at Sea, there were some reason,
Or colour for it then: but they will quake
At fictions: at meer nothings: their hearts ako

At their owne fancies, Superſtitions,
At tales of *Fairies*, or of Viſions:
Yea, I haue ſeene one melancholy ſad
Vpon ſome fooliſh dreame that he hath had.
Oh what meanes man, that hauing miſchifes ſtore,
Muſt in his owne conceit needs make them more?
Thinks he thoſe will not grim enough appeare,
Vnleſſe he apprehend them firſt by feare?
Sure tis a plague the Diuell did inuent,
To worke in man a laſting diſcontent,
And taught it *Adam*; whereupon he ſaid,
I ſaw my nakednes and was afraid.
It is our weakeneſſe: yet I cannot ſee
A reaſon why we ſhould ſo fearfull be.
May we not ioy and be as merry ſtill
With hope of good, as ſad with feare of ill?
Sure I thinke yes; and will on hope ſo feed,
No ill ſhall feare me till 'tis come indeed:
For that which ſeemeth likelieſt to betide me,
God in his mercy yet may put beſide me.
And though much proofe hath bred within my breſt
That reſolution, yet of all the reſt
This laſt confirm'd it moſt: for th'other day,
When the hard froſt had ſtopt the Scullers way,
And left faire *Thames* with Ice ſo ſtrongly archt,
That on the melting pauement people marcht:
Amongſt the reſt one bolder then was fit,
All heedleſſe of his way fell out of it,
Vpon a peece of Ice, which with a cracke,
Rent from the maine, and ſtopt his going back:

This

This ycie fragment from the reſt did ſwim,
And to the Bridge a priſoner carried him,
Where the ſpectators ſignes of pitty gaue,
And had a will, but not a power to ſaue.
Which in his *Paſſion* then conceiuing well
Downe on his knees in that poore Arke he fell,
And lifting vp his hands did him implore
That ſau'd old *Ionas* without Saile or Oare.
And ſee Gods mercy: when he drew ſo neare,
No hope of ſafeguard ſeemed to appeare;
When he had there iuſt three times whirled bin,
And that the Arch was like to ſucke him in;
Then quite beyond all hope, e'ne in a trice,
There thruſt between a greater peece of Ice,
Which comming down as if it ſcorn'd to ſtay,
Beat by the leſſer peece to giue it way.
A while that ſtaid it: yet he had beene faine,
When that was gone to take his turne againe,
But that, next God, the people ſtood his friend,
And ſau'd him by a rope, that's ſome mans end.
Whereby, I gather, we may ſometime now,
Eſcape a miſchiefe though we ſee not how.
And in my minde this argument is cleare,
That we haue as much cauſe to hope, as feare.
More trembling Humors I might heere vnfold,
Which ſome will be vnwilling ſhould be told,
And therefore paſſe them. But I doe proteſt
This hurtfull Monſter I ſo much deteſt,
That I am much vnwilling to omit
The leaſt occaſion of diſgracing it.

Yet doe I not allow their reſolution,
Who meerely of a helliſh conſtitution,
Haue hearts obdurate, and ſo hard in euill,
They neither ſeeme affraid of God, nor Diuell.
Such I haue noted too; but truely they
Are in as bad though in another way.
They prate, and ſweare, as if they could affright,
Or make Hobgoblin run away by night;
When queſtionleſſe as bold as they appeare,
They are perplexed with an inward feare:
Yea, I haue knowne a trifle or a blaſt,
Hath made ſuch *Champions* oftentimes agaſt,
There is an honeſt *Feare* that hinders ſin,
Which hath of all good men allowed bin:
And there's a *Feare* that keepes a Kingdomes ſtate
From Ruine, if it be not tane too late.
It is not *Seruile feare*, that ſlauiſh crime;
But, rather 'tis a prouidence betime,
That makes men very heedfull to fore-thinke
Danger to come; and not (as we doe) winke
At our owne nakednesſe; as without care
Who ſpide it; ſo our ſelues we ſee not bare.
This *Feare* it is, that makes men to prouide
Againſt a ſtorme, they may the better bide
The fury of it: this 'tis keepes off wrong,
And makes a City or a Kingdome ſtrong.
And I much doubt, the wanting of theſe feares
Will make vs ſmart for't yet ere many yeares.
For ſince we are become a pretty number,
Although we can but one another cumber,

Or ſerue to make a *Hubbub*; we ſuppoſe
There are no Nations dare to be our foes.
We thinke a wondrous *policie* we ſhew,
If once in foure yeares we doe take a *view*
Or count the number of our able men,
Flattering our ſelues therewith; as if that then
(Hauing ſo great and huge a multitude,
Though we were ne'er ſo inexpert and rude)
There were no cauſe of feare. But, a Realmes might
Conſiſts not in the number that muſt fight;
As in their skill: and of good Souldiers, ten
Will foyle an hundred vnexperienc't men,
Such as are we. For, 'tis a ſhame to ſpeake
How wonderfull vnfitly, and how weake
This ignorance makes moſt of vs; except
Whom braue *South hamptons* gouernment hath kept
In warlike order; I doe meane indeed
Our *Hampſhire Ilanders*; of whom for need,
A hundred boyes that ne'er had haire on chin,
Shall from fiue hundred of vp-landiſh, win
Both field and towne. Whereby it may appeare,
Good gouernment, with profitable feare,
Within a few ſhort yeeres ſo well will thriue,
One ſhall become to haue the ods of fiue.
Thoſe therefore that are wiſe enough to tell,
When they doe any thing amiſſe or well,
Still in this *Paſſion* doe obſerue a meane;
And not to *Feare*, or to *Preſumption* leane.

Of

OF DESPAIRE.

SATYR. II.

NO more of *Feare*, for loe, his impious brat
Lookes now to be admitted. This is that
We call *Despaire*: with gastly looke he stands,
And *poysons*, *ropes*, or *poyn-yards* fill his hands,
Still ready to doe hurt: one step (no more)
Reaches from hence vnto Damnations dore.
This is that *Passion* giueth man instruction
To wrest the *Scripture* to his own destruction:
And makes him thinke, while he on earth doth dwell
He feeles the tortures and the plagues of Hell.
It makes men raue like Furies, *screech* and *houle*,
With *exclamations* horrible and foule,
More Monster-like than men. Onely Damnation,
Is in their mouthes; no mercy, no saluation
Can they haue hope of, but possesse a feare,
Whence monstrous shapes and visions doe appeare
To their imaginations: and the paine
That they in soule and conscience doe sustaine,
All earthly tortures doth so much exceed,
As if they had within them, Hell indeed.

This is that last-worst instrument of Feare,
Which our graund foe (and Hels great Ingenere,)
Raiseth against the fortresse of the hart:
But many times God frustrates quite his Art.
For when he doth assaile the same (with trust
He from their fortresse *Faith* and *Hope* shall thrust)
It makes them vnto *Christ* their Captaine flie;
Leaue to be too secure, and fortifie.
God also makes this *Passion*, now and than,
His scourge to lash the proud presumptuous man,
And tame the Reprobate; who by this Rod
Is made sometime to feele there is a God,
By this; strange wonders brought to passe I'ue seene,
Those humbled that haue once the proudest beene:
Yea, some I'ue knowne, whose hearts haue beene so hard,
They with no feare of iudgement could be fear'd;
Yet after this hath seiz'd them, it hath made
These daring spirits tremble at their shade.
Shake at meere Apparitions; nay, at nought
But what hath Beeing onely in their thought.
And in respect of what they were, no change
That euer I obserued seemes so strange.
Those friends and pleasures that once seem'd most deare,
Most odious to them, in such fits appeare:
And greatest comfort they doe finde in them;
Whose wayes, and persons, they did most condemne.
Oh what repentant liues some vow to liue,
If God would but once more, vouchsafe to giue
Them health and hope againe! then they would spend
Their liues and goods, vnto no other end

Sauc

Saue wholly for his glory: yet there's now
Some liuing that haue quite forgot that Vow.
God giue them grace to looke into their error,
Or they will one day feele a double terror.
But many in this agony, haue nought
More then the way vnto their ruine sought;
And still our busie enemy the Diuell,
Author and chiefe procurer of this euill
(Vnlesse Gods mercy his blacke plots preuents)
Is ready to prouide him *Instruments*.
But I cu'n quake to thinke what humours be
Attending on this hellish malady;
Which I will rather labour to eschew,
Than to be ouer-curious heere to shew.
Now, some doe thinke this *Passion* being taken,
Can very hardly be againe forsaken:
For (farre aboue all mischiefes raging) *This*,
The cursed Traitor to our safety is;
And will not meanes permit vs to apply
Ought that may bring vs ease or remedy.
But there are courses to preuent this sinne;
And (though it be insinuated in)
God, that doth euer pitty our distresse,
Will not forsake vs in our heauinesse.
Nor can we say, that he hath left vs voyde
Of helpe, for ought where-with we are annoyd
Through Sathans guile. He pittieth our case,
And daily makes vs offers of his grace,
If wee'l lay hold on't. For, how truely deare
We to the Father of all mercy are,

He show'd, in giuing for a Sacrifice
His Sonne, to pay for our *iniquities*.
In whom (if vnbeleeuing make not blinde)
For euery griefe of body and of minde,
There is a *Salue*. And euery *Christian* knowes
(Or should at least) a *Sacred Spring*, whence flowes
A precious liquor; whose rare vertue can
Cure euery griefe of minde that tortures *Man*.
But we must be aduis'd how to apply
This med'cine rightly to our malady:
For some that haue presumed on their skill,
Out of things good, haue drawne effects as ill.
And so the *sacred Truth* is now and then,
So wrested, by the false conceits of men;
As thence they gather meanes to sooth their *Passion*,
And make more obstinate their *Desparation*:
Which from your soules pray heau'n to keepe as farre,
As is earths center from the highest starre.

But there's a two-fold *Desparation* raignes;
One sort is that, which a distrust constraines
In things that doe concerne the Soules *Saluation*:
The horriblest and fearefull'st *Desparation*:
But th'other is alone of earthly things,
And nothing so much disaduantage brings;
Yet like enough in little time to grow
Vertues maine let; or vtter ouer-throw.
For where it entrance gets, it makes men loth
To vndertake great matters, cause through sloth
They doe despaire to reach them. Yea, it breeds
A careles nesse in Man, and thence proceeds

Not

Not a few *Treasons*; for one breach of Law
Brings many times offenders in such awe,
That in despaire of pardon for their ill,
They not alone hold out their error still;
But being guilty of one crime before,
To scape the lash for that, adde twenty more:
And cause at first they thought themselues vndone,
At last, to desperate *Rebellion* runne.
Besides; there's some despairing of their cause,
Who being brought to tryall by the Lawes
For their offence, are obstinately mute:
And vnto these (forsooth) some doe impute
A manly resolution; 'cause thereby
They carefull seeme of their posterity.
But sure there is no wise man will commend
Him that so desperately seekes his end,
Or thorow wilfulnesse vndoes himselfe
(Body and soule perhaps) to saue his pelfe
To some *Survivors*; whereas, if he bide
On hope, and stand contented to be tride
According to the Lawes, he may be clear'd
And quitted of the danger he so fear'd,
As some haue beene. Besides; when we endure
Any small paine, if we despaire of cure,
Ease, or amends, 'twill make it seeme to be
Almost vnsufferable. But if wee
Haue any Hope; the rest we looke to win,
Whil mitigate the torture we are in.
His Winter-toyle what Plough man could sustaine
If he despaired of his Harueſt-gaine?

And the ſtrong'ſt army needs muſt faint and flie,
If it diſtruſt before of victory.
But to conclude, be't vnderſtood,
Deſpaires a thing that doth ſo little good,
As to this day I cannot yet obſerue
That purpoſe whereto man might make it ſerue,
Vnleſſe to helpe a troope of cowards fight.
For, could a man lead them paſt hope of flight,
Where they ſhould ſee there were no remedy,
But they muſt die or get the victory;
Deſpaire in that caſe, might giue them the day,
Who would haue loſt it, to haue runne away.

OF HOPE.

SATYR. 12.

THrice welcome *Hope*; the Diuell keep home the
Deſpaire & *Feare* are fitting for no other. (rother:
This is the *Paſſion* that of all the reſt
We haue moſt reaſon to eſteeme of beſt.
For if it be with good aduice applyde,
A ſalue it is God did himſelfe prouide
To eaſe not onely euery outward griefe:
But when the ſoule wants comfort or reliefe
It will redreſſe her paine; although it were
The ſhaking of that hideous Monſter, *Feare*.
This is a *Balme* ſo precious, had we power
To take it to our ſelues at ſuch an howre
When blacke *Deſpaire* doth pinch vs; this indeed,
Would ſo expell it, as we ſhould not need
The drugges of *Rome*: But what (alas!) can we
Rightly apply, and not inſtructed be?
Vnleſſe ſome power aſſiſt vs, it is true
Our Nature ſo vnapt is to purſue
The way it ſhould, that we doe follow ſtill
The crooked'ſt paths, and loſe our ſelues in ill.

Hope

Hope is a bleſſing but we ſo abuſe it,
As to our hurt more than our good we vſe it.
Yea this, that was of all the *Paſſions* beſt,
We haue as much corrupted as the reſt;
Eu'n that, on which our chiefeſt good depends,
And to our higheſt of contentment tends.
For we muſt note well that this *Paſſion*'s double,
One *Hope* is certaine; th'other full of trouble,
And moſt vncertaine. Now the firſt attends
Things meere immortall, and alone depends
On th'expectation of the certain'ſt things,
With that perfection of true ioy, which brings
No trouble with it. This, through *Faith* we gaine;
And 'tis ſufficient to make any paine
Seeme ſhort and eaſie. 'Tis the life of Man,
And ſuch a comfort, as no mortall can
Liue if he want it. And yet ſometime this,
Each way as idle as the other is.
For oftentimes we ſee the ſame is found
To be erected on no other ground
But ignorance, or meere ſecuritie,
Which ruine all who doe on them relye.
Some praiſe their owne deſerts; and on that ſand
Would faine haue the diuineſt *Hope* to ſtand.
Which no contentment, doubtleſſe, can aſſure,
Nor without wau'ring to the end endure.
And if it doe not, to ſmall end will be
That idle truſt and confidence which we
Can haue elſewhere; ſince euery other kinde
Of *Hope*, which I amongſt vs men doe finde,

Is of vncertaine earthly things; and such,
As neither long endure, nor please vs much
Then, the best likelihoods that may be showne,
And the strong'st humane reasons that are knowne,
Are nothing worth to ground a hope vpon;
But in the turning of a hand, all's gone.
Were all the men on earth procured to
Some thing that lay in one mans power to doe;
And all were well resolu'd to see it done:
(Yea, were't but one dayes worke, and that begun)
Well might we hope, that they would bring to passe
So small a thing as that: But yet (alas!)
None can assure so much, because none know
A warrant from aboue it shall be so.
And therefore, though I wish that euery man
Should take vpon him the best hope he can,
In all his outward actions; yet should he
Take care, on honest grounds, it builded be.
And there-with be so well prepared still,
That if his doubtfull *Hope* do fall out ill,
He ne'er repine; but take't as if the same
Had been expected long before it came.
And, sith that *fickle trust* did nought auaile him,
Depend on the *true hope* shall neuer faile him.
For what is plac't on humane wit or strength
Is vaine, and most vncertaine; 'cause at length,
How-ere it may seeme sure, it may deceiue him,
And when he hath most need of comfort leaue him.
This *Hope* is now become the Patronesse,
And chiefe maintainer of mans wickednesse:

There's

There's not a villany man doth intend,
Vnleſſe that he haue this to be his friend.
Hope egges him on; and with a thouſand wiles
His much abuſed confidence beguiles.
Hope tells the theefe, if he wil rob, he may
Haue twenty meanes to hide himſelfe away.
Hope doth entiſe the prodigall to ſpend,
And will not let him think vpon his end;
But doth perſwade him ſome good booty ſhall
Hap at the laſt, to make a-mends for all.
And neuer ceaſeth thus to beare him faire,
Till ſhe vndoes, and leaues him to deſpaire.
Shee ſoothes the Gamſter in his trifles vaine,
And drawes the Pirat on with hope of gaine.
Shee makes the Courtier into treaſons run,
Our Great-mens Followers ſerue, till they're vndone.
And for the preſent (hauing nought to giue)
Vpon reuerſions all her ſeruants liue.

Now euery man vnto this *hope* is led,
By ſundry other *Paſſions* in him bred;
As Loue, Ambition, Auarice, or ſuch:
And true it is, in theſe our *hope* is much.

But oftentimes we into errors run
So blindly on, that we are quite vndone,
Becauſe indeed, we hopefully expect
Many ſuch things as we can nere effect.
And giue to our deſires a larger ſcope,
Than will admit of any likely *hope*.
So we our ſelues abuſe, and are diſgrac't
Oft-times by that, which were't with *Reaſon* plac't

Vpon

Vpon an honeſt, and a certaine ground,
Would ſildome be ſo vainely fruſtrate found.
But Louers *hopes*, and ſuch as are ſo bold,
On euery paultry trifle to lay hold;
Neither laſt long, nor for the time indeed
Can they one iot of true contentment breed.
Ambitious men, what-ere they doe intend,
Haue ſtill new hopes to bring their plots to end.
But they are alſo built on ſuch weake props,
That ere they be poſſeſſed of their *hopes*,
All ouerthrowne we in a moment ſpy,
And they with their inuentions ruin'd lie.
Into which miſchiefe he yet neuer fell,
That knew but how to vſe this *Paſſion* well.

OF

OF COMPASSION.

SATYR. 13.

BVt as the former *Paſſion* was abus'd,
So this that followes is but hardly vs'd.
Yet it is known a kinde and tender *Paſſion*,
In it owne nature worthy commendation:
And if Diſcretion guide it, well may be
Of neere alliance vnto *Charitie*.
If not; it with the reſt from Vertue ſwerues,
And ſo with them alike reproofe deſerues.
Which, ſome will wonder at; ſuch as ſuppoſe
A man through *pitty* cannot erre: yet thoſe,
If they haue any iudgement of their owne,
Shall ſay *Compaſſion* may amiſſe be ſhowne.
Or if you put no confidence in me,
Come to our Courts of *Iuſtice*, and there ſee
How ſhee's abus'd: there marke, and you ſhall finde,
It makes the Iuror many times ſo blinde,
They ſee, but ſtumbling by doe tread,
Beſide the way their Euidences lead
There you may ſpy the reuerend Iudge compeld
Through an effeminate tenderneſſe, to yeeld

Vnto

Vnto this melting *Paſſion*: Sometime by
A *perſonall* reſpect tane by the eye:
Sometime becauſe th'offendor (it may be)
Already hath ſuſtain'd much miſery.
And this thinke they is *Charitie* aright;
(Through ignorance indeed) forgetting quite,
Whil'ſt they an ill deſerued life prolong,
Therein they doe not onely *Iuſtice* wrong;
But by their indiſcreet and fond Compaſſion,
Vnwiſely hazzard e'en their owne diſcretion.
Some through this pittie (when they much implore,)
Though they vniuſtly fauour him that's poore,
Deeme they doe not amiſſe, and why? they truſt,
(Becauſe) their meaning's good, their doings iuſt.
Some there are alſo, who would faine be deem'd
Wiſe men, that haue through weaknes miſ-eſteem'd
Thoſe Orders which for wandring rogues are made,
As though that begging were a lawfull trade;
They pitty thoſe that iuſtly puniſht be:
And often erring in their Charitie,
They boldly haue accus'd the Lawes therefore,
As if their rigour iniured the poore.
But he I feare whoſe iudgement is ſo ſlender;
Or hath a yeelding heart ſo fondly tender
To ſtoope vnto this *Paſſion*; neither ſpares
The lawes of God nor man; but oft times dares
Peruert them both; ſuppoſing his intent
Shall free him from deſerued puniſhment.
And though that God himſelfe ſaies *Kill*, reply
With *No alas! tis pitty he ſhould die*:

And

And for their weaknes merit equall check
With him that ſpar'd the King of *Amaleck*,
For verily, as vertuous as it ſhowes,
A fooliſh pitty quickly ouerthrowes,
In warre an Army, and in peace a State:
And this I'le ſtand to, 'tis as bad as *Hate*:
For *That* and *Bribes*, to ſuch a power is growne,
Iuſtice and *Conſcience* are quite ouerthrowne.
Certaine it is (and cannot be withſtood,)
That *Pitty* ſometimes hurts the common good.
Yea God himſelfe it many wayes offends,
And therefore that man, who indeed intends
To beare himſelfe vprightly, ought to ſee
How farre this *Paſſion* may admitted be.
For ſeeme how 'twill, all pitty is vnfit,
Vnleſſe Gods lawes and Mans doe warrant it.
But I haue ſeene a tender-hearted Aſſe,
That's worth the laughing at, and doth ſurpaſſe
For fooliſh pitty (but he, he alone
Is hurtfull to himſelfe, or elſe to none)
To ſuch as he, read but ſome Tragedy,
Or any peece of mournfull Hiſtory;
And if the matter which you doe relate,
Be ſorrowfull or ſomething Paſſionate,
Though it were done a thouſand yeeres agoe,
And in a Country he did neuer know,
Yet will he weep (*kind-heart*) as if thoſe men
Were of his friends; and the miſchance but then
Before their eyes in action: nay, vnfold,
Some new made tale, that neuer yet was told,
So

So it be dolefull, and doe represent
A strange and lamentable accedent:
Although not onely (as I said before)
It be a matter meerely fain'd; but more,
Although he know it so, he cannot keepe
His melting eyes from teares, but he must weepe.
Which is a weakenes, whence more mischiefe growes,
Then any at first thinking would suppose.
I might touch Parents also (in the City,)
That marre their children by their cockring pitty,
If other *Passions* call'd me not away.
And yet before I leaue, thus much Ile say;
Want of rebuke elsewhere, and rods in schooles;
Hath almost fill'd the Land with *knaues* and *fooles*.
Then you that thinke we need no *pitty* shun,
Forsake the error whereinto you run
With those *Diuines* that admonitions spare,
Or in reproouing ouer-easie are;
With many more of different degree:
But vnto these I'le not ore-bitter be.
And you that are, or you that would at least,
Be counted men, and beare within your breast
That vertue which befitting manhood is,
Shun such base humours as fond *Pitty* is.
For why should you be there with ouer-borne,
When 'tis a *Passion* that now women scorne?

OF CRVELTIE.

SATYR. 14.

BVt here's another beares vs further wide,
(If we imbrace it) on the other side.
And therefore whilst we seeke how to beware
Of foolish *Pitty*; we must haue a care,
Least this doe ouer-runne vs: 'tis a thing
Whose very name doth seeme enough to bring
All men in their opinion to confesse,
'Tis an *inhumane hellish wickednesse*.
A monstrous *Passion*, so vnfit to rest,
Or harbour in a reasonable brest,
That beasts, in whom it rather should remaine,
Doe for the greatest part the same refraine.
And yet as odious as it doth appeare,
Vnlesse men looke to their affections neare
'Twill steale vpon them, and they shall begin
Not onely to be quickely snar'd therein:
But (though at first they do abhorre it much)
The nature of this *Passion* still is such,
It will become delightfuller, and make
So deepe impression in the heart, and take

So ſure a root, 'twill hardly be diſplac't,
Whilſt that the body by the ſoule is grac't,
Though many doe ſuppoſe it may with eaſe
Be left, or taken, as each man ſhall pleaſe:
Such men are wide; and they are ouer-bold
And too much truſting to themſelues that hold
We need not this ſame *Paſſion* diſcommend:
Since Nature of her ſelfe doth reprehend
So vile a fault. For, thus ſay they
Our *Reaſon* neuer can ſo much decay
To make vs, our humanity defile
With any *Paſſion* that it knowes ſo vile.
Indeed, it is a monſtrous villany,
And moſt I thinke can raile at *Cruelty*:
Yet let none be ſecure; for this is true,
Thoſe odious vices we doe moſt eſchew,
Grow pleaſing by degrees. When *Haſael*
Was told what he ſhould doe to *Iſrael*,
Full little thought he then his gentle heart
Should euer giue conſent to act a part
Of ſuch a *Tragicke Scene*; and yet we finde
He became after of another minde.
For mans intents and beſt affections be
Exceeding ſubiect to vncertaintie.
What leaſt we thinke to doe (vnleſſe each hower
We haue remembrances) ſuch ſtate is our,
We often minde not. For which cauſe, the Sire
Of that bold *Gratian King*, who did aſpire
To be the worlds third Monarch; knowing well
Himſelfe to be a Man, miſtruſted ſtill,

To what he might through humane frailty fall,
And therefore ſtill appointed one to call
Thus at his window (ere the day began)
PHILIP, *Remember that thou art a man.*
And ſure as hateſull as this *Paſſion* is,
To haue ſome *Caueat* is not much amiſſe.
For, though no ſuch things in our ſelues we ſpie,
In ſecret oftentimes 'twill lurking lie.
And when it breakes forth into any act,
With colour of ſome vertue hides the fact,
As Iuſtice, or the like: and then it will
So harden by degrees the heart in ill;
As that we ſhall not thinke we doe amiſſe,
When as our *Cruelty* extreameſt is.
He deemes himſelfe no ſuch, that without ſhame
Doth rob another of his honeſt name
By raiſing falſe reports; nor that hard Lord,
Who to his Tenant grudges to afford
What *Law* and *Conſcience* giues: nor he that takes
The common profit to himſelfe, and makes
His owne good of it, when he knowes thereby
Many a poore man's brought to beggery.
Theſe thinke with cruelty they doe not deale,
What wrongs ſo ere they doe the Common-weale.
This vice ſo hardens them. The damn'd Vſurers,
And cut-throat Brokers, *Mammons* Treaſurers
(Who by the ſmall vſe they of riches make,
Doe for another ſeeme their care to take)
Though not content with *Statute vſury*,
A thouſand other polling trickes they try;

Inuere-

Increasing their lewd gaines by *bribes* and *gifts*,
And many viler or more lawlesse shifts:
Though they doe make no conscience what they doe,
So they may act it, and scape Iustice too,
Pinching poore Debtors, till their greedy hands
Haue got possession both of goods and lands,
Would not be *cruell* thought, although that this
Be as true *Cruelty* as any is.
And, what are *Lawyers*? that can brooke to see
Christians like Beasts that still at variance be;
And when it lyeth in their power to part them,
Doe for their owne gaine vnto discord hart them?
Or nourish still the strife by adding fuell
To discords flame? Trust me I thinke them cruell
What-ere they deeme themselues: and not alone
The merciless offender; but each one,
Who when he doth perceiue that there is need,
Is slacke to doe a charitable deed.
What may be thought of them, whose chiefest care
Is pampering the flesh with curious fare;
Largely prouiding for the bodies good,
Whilst the poore soule is hunger-staru'd for food?
Are not they cruell? Is it like that such,
Who can neglect their dearest soules so much,
Are mercifull to others? You will say
Murder is cruelty. Then what are they
That by false doctrine, fraught with errors foule,
Doe murder, or doe worse then kill the soule?
Them to be guilty, none can well deny.
But you will say 'tis not that *Cruelty*

You vnderstood: As if you did suppose,
None through this *Passion* did offend but those
That seeke for bloud. Indeed that is the worst,
And of all cruelty the most accurst;
Which for no other purpos'd end is vs'd,
But a meere longing to see things abus'd.
Then 'tis at highest, when men vse to see,
Or act some deed that's full of *Cruelty*;
Onely for that 'tis so; or 'cause their will
Findes diuellish contentments in their ill.
Such was his humour who (out of desire
To see how *Troy* burnt when it was on fire)
Caus'd *Rome* in many a place at once to flame;
And longing to behold from whence he came,
Ript vp his mothers wombe. So in the height
Was also his, that tooke so much delight
In seeing men extreamely tortured,
That he out of his bounty promised
A large reward to him that could inuent
The cruell'st and vnusuall'st punishment.
Which *Phalaris* demaunding, was therefore
The first that made his brazen Bull to roare.
Such is theirs also, whose vnmanly natures
Can be the needlesse death of any creatures:
Or torture, or behold them pleasingly,
While they abused and tormented die.
Trust me; bee't but a dogge, Nature denies,
And God forbids that we should tyrannize.
Much more on man: yet there is many a one
That to this hellish *Passion* is so prone,

With

With boasts he glories in his mischiefes to,
And vncompell'd would make no more adoe
To murther till a Countrey were vnmand,
Than doth a Schoole-boy with a walking wand
To lop downe Thistles. But all such men be
Extreamely cruell in the high'st degree.
And though the first rehearsed be not so,
Yet thereto they may very quickly grow:
(Vnlesse they haue oft warning to beware)
Sith they already halfe-way entred are.
Especially the greedy hungry Elfe,
That would for profit gladly damne himselfe.
For *Auarice* doth harden so the heart,
In any mischiefe he may beare a part:
No cruelty the *Couetous* refraines,
Murther, nor Treason, so he may haue gaines.
More I could say against this *Passion* yet:
But would men of themselues well ponder it,
A little Meditation of their owne,
Might profit more then all that I haue showne.
And therefore I will heere conclude with this,
As he is blessed that meeke-hearted is:
So on the Cruell *lightly doth attend*
A heauy curse, and a most fearefull end.

OF IOY.

SATYR. 15.

OF all the *Passions* handled hitherto,
With this that followes I had leaſt to doe,
By ſome ſmall trials tho, that I haue had,
I finde 'tis better farre then beeing ſad:
And that no greater good on earth might be,
If it would laſt, and were from cumbrance free,
But that can neuer be, our ſtate is ſuch;
And *Deſtiny* moreouer ſeemes to grutch
Ought ſhould be perfect in mortality,
Leſt we ſhould leaue to ſeeke Eternitie.
Neuer could any yet that *Ioy* obtaine
On which there follow'd neither ſhame nor paine:
For he (no queſtion) that's allowed moſt,
Doth deerely pay for what is quickly loſt.
But ſure the reaſon why mans *Ioy* ſo ſoone
Is chang'd to ſorrow, is becauſe there's none,
Or very few, that doe their gladneſſe found
Vpon a ſolid, firme, ſubſtantiall ground:
But on ſuch ſubiects, as no maruaile tho,
It doth receiue ſo quicke an ouerthrow.

And

And brings ſo ſharp a farewell. For, one ioyes
In Dogs, Apes, Monkeis, or ſome ſuch like toyes;
And when they faile (as how can they laſt long?)
Their mirth is finiſht, they muſt change their ſong.
Some in their *Honour* all their *ioy* doe place;
And then, if but a frowne or ſome diſgrace
Adde the leaſt motion vnto *Fortunes* wheele,
Sorrow takes place, and little *ioy* they feele.
Take but away his ſubſtance, you deſtroy
The miſerable Rich-mans onely *ioy*,
And ſoone by ſickneſs that delight's defac't,
Which man in beauty, or in ſtrength hath plac't.
Yea, the beſt *ioy* in tranſitory things,
They beeing loſt, at laſt a ſorrow brings.
All men ſhould therefore make a carefull choice
Of that, wherein their meaning's to reioyce,
And not affect things ſo extreamely vaine,
As make them to repent their *ioy* againe.
Yet many doe ſo ſettle their delight
On things vnworthy, that they are e'en quite
Bereft of vnderſtanding, when they ſee
They muſt of them againe depriued be.
One foole hath loſt his Hawke to day, and he
Can neither eate nor drinke, nor merry be:
There was his onely *ioy*; and now 'tis gone,
Without all doubt the Gentleman's vndone.
Young Miſtris *Vanity* is alſo ſad,
Becauſe the Parrat's dead ſhe lately had.
Alas! and blame her not if that ſhe houle,
That Parrat was (I warrant) halfe her ſoule.

But

But weigh this you that haue your better parts
Of an immortall fame: awake your harts,
And from delighting droſſe and clay remoue
Your *Ioyes*, to place them on the things aboue.
So ſhall you ſtill haue reaſon to *reioyce*;
And not with ſorrow thus repent your choyce,
This that you ſo much dote on, is a toy,
So farre from meriting the name of *Ioy*,
That either tis not thoroughly obtained,
Or if it be in ſuch a meaſure gained
As you would wiſh it, then you are no leſſe
Endanger'd by an Ouer-ioyfulneſſe.
For had you ſeene Men that were calm'd at Sea,
And forc't the leyſure of the windes to ſtay,
Halfe ſtarv'd for food, brought to ſome happy ſhore,
Where is of victualling, with all things ſtore,
And there through hunger greedily begin
To glut their ſtomacks that haue faſting bin,
With the long-wiſht-for cates; Lo while they eate,
They growe extreamly faint with wholſome meate:
And thorough weakenes, by diſuſe of food,
That which was for their comfort and their good
Turnes to their bane. Right ſo it fares in this:
For he that long time in ſome ſorrow is,
And toſt vpon the boyſtrous Seas of care,
If for his comfort he be landed there
Where *ioy* abounds: his hart (where none hath bin
Full many a day before) receiues it in
So out of meaſure, that it euen makes
The Soule vnquiet; and thereby he takes

A ſurfeit: whoſe ſtrong violence is ſuch,
The body faints, or is indanger'd much.
Some of mine owne acquaintance I haue ſeene
That with this *Paſſion* haue o'er-charged been,
And at relating of ſome newes that's good,
Haue almoſt ſenſeleſſe and amazed ſtood:
Yea, been ſo rauiſh't with the *Ioy* they tooke,
That they haue for a time their liues forſooke.
But neither can nor will I ere commend
Such *ioy* as this; for when we apprehend
That we delight in, with too deepe content,
God layes that on vs for a puniſhment;
To ſhow what danger and vncertainty
Is in the beſt of Earths felicity:
And that no *Ioy* can ſweet or laſting proue,
Which from his ſpeciall fauour doth not moue.
Some-what ſtill followes euery other *Ioy*,
That doth with bitterneſſe the ſweet deſtroy:
And ſure, this may ſome reaſon of it be;
Men in their mirth are careleſſe to fore-ſee
What ill may follow, and (beyond all meaſure)
Giue way vnto their falſe conceiued pleaſure.
Which hurtfull liberty they muſt reſtraine,
If they will any true contentment gaine.
And I am of this minde, If euery man
Would curbe rebellious thoughts but what he can,
Armes of reſiſtance he might better weeld;
And not ſo baſely to this *Paſſion* yeeld.
Neither befits it Man, that ought to be
At all times fenc't with magnanimitie,

To

To ſuffer any miſchiefe to annoy
His minde, through either too much *Care* or *Ioy*:
But ſo the one ſhould of the other borrow,
He might be ſad with Mirth, and glad with ſorrow.
Thus I aduiſe. And heere my pen ſhall ſtay;
The reaſon is, I haue no more to ſay:
But when with *ioy* I am acquainted better,
I'le tell you more, or elſe remaine your debter.

OF

OF SORROW.

SATYR. 16.

OF this ſad *Paſſion* I may knowledge take.
And well ſay ſome-what for acquaintance ſake.
Tis a diſeaſe that doth poſſeſſe ſo many,
It neither doth forbeare nor fauour any.
Come when it will, an ill report it gaines,
And euery one of his hard vſage, plaines.
Then tis beſide ſo troubleſome a gueſt:
None that doe harbour it haue any reſt:
And which is worſe, though he his hoſt diſeaſes,
'Tis thought he cannot rid him when he pleaſes.
And yet, me thinks, if man would vſe his might,
He may aſſwage if not out-weare it quite:
It is at leaſt his dutie; For ſhould he
That muſt on earth th' Almighties Viceroy be?
Should he to whom the Soueraigne Lord hath giuen
A countenance that ſhould behold the heauen?
With *Sorrowes* viſage hide his manly grace,
And groueling turne to earth his blubber'd face?
Is't not a ſhame to ſee the man who ſaith
That he a Chriſtian is, and ſeemes t' haue faith,

Should

Should for misfortune without remedy,
Be passionate in such extremitie,
That childish teares not onely staine his face,
(Which may be borne withall in many a case)
But also raues, growes furious; and extends
His griefe past Reasons limits? who commends
A man for that? Say, is it any lesse
Than to deny by deed what words professe?
For who would think which sees how he bewailes
The losse of breath that in a moment failes
That he believes, but rather thinks 'tis vaine,
To hope or trust, the flesh shall rise againe?
Or that there were, as holy Scripture saith,
Any *reward for them that die in faith*,
It's a plaine token of a misbeliefe,
When *Christians* so ore-whelme themselues with griefe:
And therefore, though I doe not discommend
The moderate bewailing of a friend;
I wish the Extreame hereof men might despise,
Least their profession they doe Scandalize.
Beside (though as I seem'd to say before)
Vnles't be common, 'tis no common sore,
Because it hurts but those that entertaine it,
Yet good it were if all men could refraine it.
For it not onely makes mans visage be
Wried, Deform'd, and Wrinkled as we see;
Himselfe exiling from the common eye,
To vexe and grieue alone, he knowes not why:
But also brings diseases, with his death,
By the vntimely stopping of his breath.

It makes his friends to loath his company,
And greatly hinders his commoditie.
For, who to deale in his affaires is fit,
Vnleſſe with good will he attendeth it?
And howſoere it ſeeme; yet ſurely, this,
As farre from vertue as bad pleaſure is:
For as through th'one we to much euill run,
So many good things th'other leaues vndone,
I wonder that this *Paſſion* ſhould touch
The hearts of men, to make them grieue ſo much
As many doe, for preſent miſeries?
Haue they no feeling of felicities
That are to come? If that they be in paine,
Let hope giue eaſe; It will not alwaies raine.
Calmes doe the rougheſt ſtormes that are attend,
And th'longeſt night that is, will haue an end.
But 'tis ſtill bad thou ſayſt: take't patiently,
An Age is nothing to Eternitie.
Thy tim's not here; Enuy not, though that ſome
Seeme to thee happy; their bad day's to come:
And if thou knew'ſt the griefe they muſt ſuſtaine,
Thou would'ſt not thinke ſo hardly of thy paine.
I muſt confeſſe, 'twas once a fault of mine
At euery miſaduenture to repine.
I ſought Preferment, and it fled me ſtill,
Whereat I grieu'd, and thought my fortune ill.
I vext to ſee ſome in proſperitie,
Deride and ſcoffe at my aduerſity.
But ſince, aduis'd, and weighing in my minde
The courſe of things, I ſoone began to finde

The

The vaineneſſe of them. Thoſe I ſaw of late
In bliſſe (as I thought) ſcorning my eſtate,
I ſee now ebbing, and the once full tide
That ouer-flow'd the lofty bancks of pride,
Hath left them like the ſand-ſhoare, bare and dry,
And almoſt in as poore a caſe as I.
Beſides, I view'd my dayes now gone and paſt,
And how my fortunes from the firſt to th'laſt
Were linkt together: I obſeru'd, I ſay,
Each Chance and Deed of mine, from day to day,
That memory could keepe; yet found I none,
Not one thing in my life that was alone,
But ſtill it either did depend on ſome
That was already paſſed or to come.
Yea, the moſt childiſh, idle, trifling thing,
That ſeemed no neceſſity to bring,
In that, hath the beginnings oft bin hid,
Of ſome the waightieſt things that ere I did.
But chiefely, to abate th'exceſſiue ioying
In worldly things, and to preuent th'annoying
Of any ſorrow; this I noted thence,
(And euer-ſince haue made it a defence
For both theſe Paſſions) I haue truely ſeene,
That thoſe things where-with I haue ioyed been,
Highly delighted, and the deareſt lou'd;
Eu'n thoſe ſame very things, haue often prou'd
My chiefeſt Care. And I haue found againe,
That which I deem'd my greateſt loſſe, or paine,
And wherewithall I haue been moſt annoyd,
And ſhould haue deem'd a bleſſing to auoyd;
That

That, which my heart hath ak't for: and wherein
I thought me moſt vnhappy; that, hath bin
The ground of my beſt ioyes. For, which cauſe, I
Aduiſe all men that are in miſery
To ſtand vnmou'd. For why, they doe not know
Whether it be to them for good or no.
They ought not for to murmure, or to pine
At any thing, ſhall pleaſe the Power Diuine
To lay vpon them; for my minde is this,
Each ſorrow is an entrance into bliſſe.
And that the greateſt pleaſure we attaine,
Is but a ſigne of ſome enſuing paine.
But to be plainer, this our life's a toy,
That hath nought in it worth our *griefe* or *ioy*.
But there are ſome baſe-minded dunghill Elues,
That ſorrow not for any but themſelues.
Or if they doe, 'tis onely for the loſſe
Of ſome old creſt-falne Iade: but that's a croſſe
Paſt bearing; be it but a rotten ſheepe,
Or two ſtale egges, they will ſuch yelling keepe
As if thereby had periſhed a Brood
In which conſiſted halfe the Kingdomes good.
But I intreat them (ſince cares muſt befall)
They would be patient; Who can doe withall?
And alſo let them of much griefe beware:
For they haue heard what dangers therein, are,
And euery one almoſt can tell them, that
'Tis an old ſaying, *Care will kill a Cat*.
Then let them take heart; chiefely, ſith they ſee
None liue but ſometime they muſt looſers be.

Which is an eaſe: for I haue heard them tell,
With mates they care not if they goe to hell.
But in good earneſt now; let vs not run
Willingly hereinto as we haue done.
Auoyde it rather, as a hurtfull foe,
That can effect nought but our ouer-throw.
And for the ſame receiue into our breaſt
An *honeſt mirth*, which is a better gueſt.
And whatſoe're our former griefe hath bin,
Let vs ne're ſorrow more, but for our *Sin*.
So, with this *Paſſion*, end the reſt will I,
Becauſe it ends not till our end is nigh.

THE

The Concluſion.

(***)

THus haue I labour'd ſome Effects to ſhow,
That doe from mens abuſed *Paſſions* flow:
Which, with examples of old ages paſt,
And wiſe mens Sayings, I might more haue grac't.
But that I am reſolu'd to tie my *Rimes*
As much as may be to the preſent *times*.
I alſo might, amongſt theſe here, haue told,
The Bodie's Paſſions; as *Hunger*, *Cold*,
Heat, *Thirſt*, and ſuch like: but their force is ſeene,
And moſt men haue ſufficient carefull been
How to preuent them. They, laſt not ſo long,
Nor are by much ſo violent and ſtrong,
Or dangerous as theſe. But if men knew,
Or with the eye of *Reaſon* would o're-view
Theſe Soule-bred maladies (as ſure they ought)
They would with greater diligence haue ſought
The cure of them, before the worſt diſeaſe,
That doth the body and no more diſpleaſe.
But now the reaſon men diſturbed are
For the moſt part with ſuch prepoſterous Care,
Is this; Through their corrupted iudgement they
Doe onely on things ſeene depend and ſtay.
Which being moſt apparant to the ſence,
So muffles vp the weake Intelligence,

And blinds her, that ſhe hath no power to ſee
The better things that more ſubſiſting be.
When if they could, conceiue but halfe ſo well
The Soules eſtate, they'd labour to expell
All thoſe corruptions, that may cauſe her woe,
And thoſe fell *Paſſions* that moleſt her ſo.
But ſome men haue in this opinion ſtood,
That euery Paſſion's naturall and good.
Indeed Philoſophers the ſame doe call,
A motion of the ſoule that's naturall.
And in ſome ſort, we may not be afraid
To hold for truth, as much as they haue ſaid.
But we muſt make a difference of it then;
And grant that two-fold Paſſions are in men:
One ſort vnto the nobleſt things aſpiring
And ſuch as what is meerely good, deſiring
Therein reioyceth: moderate, and weake
In operation. And the truth to ſpeake,
We haue it rather by Gods inſpiration,
Than bred within vs at our Generation.
The other (as th'effects thereof doe ſhow)
Doth by our owne corrupted nature grow;
For, it is head-ſtrong, raſh, inſatiate,
Wondrous diſordred, and immoderate.
Of which kinde theſe are, whereof I haue ſpoken,
And they are oft the cauſe mens ſleepes are broken.
'Tis that, which makes them raue, or grieue, or ioy
So out of meaſure for a trifling toy.
Yea, that 'tis onely makes them oft ſo teaſie;
Their friends ſeeme troubleſome, their beds vneaſie.

And

CONCLVSION.

And laſtly, theſe are the occaſions ſtill
Of all misfortunes, and of euery ill.
Th'effects they doe produce, we alſo ſee,
Contrary to our expectations be.
For, he that hopes, or lookes for to attaine
Great ioy and pleaſure, haps on griefe and paine.
But by what meanes may men theſe Paſſions kill?
Sure, not by the procuring of their will,
As ſome imagine. For, firſt it may be
A thing that's not in poſſibilitie
For them to reach vnto. But ſay it were,
Will the Ambitious-minded-man forbeare
To be Ambitious, if he once fulfill
His longing thoughts? No, he will rather ſtill
Increaſe that Paſſion which at firſt he had,
Or fall into ſome other that's as bad.
For, altering the Condition, or Eſtate,
The ſoules vexation doth no more abate,
Than changing roomes or beds doth eaſe his paines
That hath a Feuer: ſith, the Cauſe remaines
Still in himſelfe. But how and which way then
May theſe diſeaſes be recur'd in men?
Why, by Philoſophy, Counſell, and Reaſon:
Theſe being well apply'd in their due ſeaſon,
May doe much good. Elſe ſeeke the Cauſe whence riſe,
Theſe hurtfull and pernicious maladies,
Let them conſider that, and ſo they may
Cut off th'effect, by taking it away.
But if they cannot the occaſions finde,
Ile tell them: 'tis a baſeneſſe of the minde;

Or elſe a falſe Opinion that's in ſome,
Of good or euill preſent or to come.
Reſpecting good things thus: They doe deſire
And are too vehemently ſet on fire
With coueting what ſeemes ſo; or annoying
Themſelues with an exceſſiue Ouer-ioying
In the obtaining. In regard of ill,
They are oppreſſed with ſome ſorrow ſtill.
So that we ſee, if men would goe about
To change their mindes, and driue that baſeneſſe out
Through Magnanimity (And note well this,
That Paſſion but ſome falſe Opinion is,
Fram'd by the Will, and drawne by the direction
Of Iudgement that's corrupted by affection)
Me thinks they might by Reaſons helpe confound
The former errors that haue tane ſuch ground
In their weake hearts, and learne for to eſteeme
That which doth neither good nor euill ſeeme
(And in their ſoules ſuch perturbation wrought)
As things nor good, nor ill; and that which ought
(Being vnworthy) neither to moleſt,
Nor breed no Paſſions in their careſull breaſt.
By theſe, and other ſuch like meanes as theſe,
The wiſe Philoſophers in elder dayes
Kept out thoſe Furies. And 'twere now a ſhame
If that we *Chriſtians* could not doe the ſame;
Hauing beſides thoſe helpes whereon they ſtayd,
A certaine promiſe of a better ayde,
If wee'l but aske it. Let's demaund it then,
To rid theſe euils from our ſoules agen.

CONCLVSION.

If that we feele them yet not ſtirring in vs,
Let vs preuent them ere by force they win vs.
For,'tis more eaſie (eu'ry one doth know)
To keepe him out, than to expell a foe,
If any thinke I from my purpoſe ſwerue,
Cauſe my intent was chiefly to *Obſerue*,
And not to *Teach*: let them not blame me tho;
For who can ſee his friends lie ſicke, and know
Which way to cure them? But you'l ſay my skill
Cannot inſtruct you: yet may my good will
Be worth accepting: and that howſoeuer
Is not to be reiected altogether.
For, I haue ſeene when in a knowne diſeaſe,
Doctors with all their Art could giue no eaſe
To their weake Patient; a poore Countrey Dame
Hath with a home-made med'cine cur'd the ſame:
And why not I, in this? Yes, Ile abide it;
Being well vs'd, it helpes, for I haue tride it.
Thus much for that; but ſtill there doe remaine
Some other Obſeruations to explaine.
I haue not done; for I am further taskt,
And there's more Humors yet to be vnmaskt,
Wherein becauſe I will not ſtep aſtray,
Nor ſwarue from *Truth* a iot beſide the way,
I'le ſay no more, (leſt men ſhould ſeeme beſide)
Than what my owne experience hath eſpide:
And then, if any frowne (as ſure they dare not)
So I ſpeake *Truth*, let them frowne ſtill, I care not.
But if my *Muſe* you ſhould ſo ſawcy finde,
Sometime to leaue her notes, and ſpeake her minde

CONCLVSION.

As oft ſhe will, when ſhe perchance doth ſee
How *vaine*, or *weake*, or *fickle*, moſt men be.
Yet blame me not, 'tis out of much good will
I beare to you, and hatred vnto ill.
Which when I ſee, my purpos'd courſe I breake,
Becauſe indeed, I am compell'd to ſpeake.
Yet thinke not, though I ſome-where bitter be,
I count my ſelfe from all thoſe vices free:
Rather imagine 'tis to me well knowne,
That heere with others faults I tell mine owne.

The end of the firſt Booke.



THE SECOND BOOKE.

OF THE VANITIE, Inconſtancie, Weakenes, *and preſumption* of Men.

PRECATIO.

THou that Created'ſt all things in a Weeke,
Great GOD (whoſe fauour I doe onely ſeeke,)
Eene thou by whoſe deſired inſpirations
I vndertooke to make theſe Obſeruations;
Oh grant I pray, ſith thou haſt daign'd to ſhow
Thy ſeruant that which thouſands doe not know,
That this my noting of mans hum'rous Paſſion,
May worke within me ſome good Alteration,
And make me ſo for mine owne follies ſorry,
That I may lead a life vnto thy glory.
Let not Ambition, nor a foule Deſire,
Nor Hate, nor Enuy ſet my heart on fire:
Reuenge, nor Choller, no nor Iealouſie;
And keepe me from Deſpaire and Cruelty,
Fond Hope expell; and I beſeech thee bleſſe
My ſoule from Feare and too much Heauineſſe.
But giue me ſpeciall grace to ſhunne the vice
That is ſo common; beaſtly Auarice:
And grant me power I not onely know,
But flye thoſe euils that from Paſſion flow.
Moreouer, now inſpire my ſoule with Art,
And grant me thy aſſiſtance to impart

PRECATIO.

Thereſt of mens ill Cuſtomes yet remaining,
And their vaine humours; that by my explaining,
They may perceiue how odious I can make them,
Bluſh at the reading, and at laſt forſake them.
Yea, let my muſe in this, and things to come,
Sing to thy glory, Lord, or elſe be dumbe.

THE

THE SECOND *Booke.*

Of the Vanitie, Inconſtancie, Weakeneſſe, and Preſumption of Men.

OF VANITIE.

SATYR. I.

MY *Muſe*, that now hath done the beſt ſhe can
To blaze corrupted *Paſſion* bred in man,
Goes further heere, and meaneth to vndoe
Another knot of ills he's prone vnto.
From which, as out of the maine roote there growes
All whatſoeuer euill, *Mankind* knowes.
With thouſands of bad Humors; of which ſome
(Such as to minde by obſeruation come;
As alſo, ſuch as are the proper crimes
Of theſe vngodly, and diſorder'd *times*)
She meanes to treat of. The chiefe heads be theſe,
(Conſider of them Reader if thou pleaſe.)

First,

First, *wanton and light-headed Vanitie*;
Next that, *Chamelion-like Inconstancie*;
Then, *miserable Weakenesse*; lastly this,
Damned Presumption, that so daring is.
But ere I doe begin this worke, that I
May speake to purpose with sinceritie,
Lord I beseech thee helpe me to explaine,
And teach me to contemne the thing that's vaine.
I haue begun in thee this my endeuour,
And Constancy vouchsafe me to perseuer:
My knowledge I confesse to be but weake,
Yet through thy Strength and Truth I hope to breake
These mires of sin, from which mankind (kept vnder)
Must be let lose, like beds of Eeles by Thunder.
Then that I may mans pride the better see,
From all Presumption Lord deliuer mee.
Likewise dispierce those foggie mists of sin,
That to my purpose haue a hinderance bin:
And th'euill by thy wisedome I perceiue,
Lord let thy mercy giue me grace to leaue:
That being free my selfe, I may not coldly
Taxe others faults, but reprehend them boldly.
So hauing for this good assistance pray'd,
My *Muse* goes forward, trusting to thine ayde
To guide me through the wildernesse of sin,
Great Vanities Surucy: for being in,
I see now 'tis an intricate Mæander,
In which (I feare) I shall confus'dly wander.
It is a Labyrinth so full of wayes,
And seemes so endlesse if my pen once strayes,

As

As doth the Fisherman amazed stand,
That knoweth not which way to row to land,
When all alone in some close misty day,
Farre from the *Haven* he hath lost his way;
Knowing he may as well strike vp the *Maine*,
As turne vnto the wished Shore againe:
So I doe feare lest this may carry me
Into an *Ocean* where no Sea-markes be.
Because what way so ere my course I bend,
There *Vanitie* I see without all end.
Which hath not vnder her subiection gaind
Such things alone as are on earth containd,
Or vnderneath the Orbs of Aire and Fire,
But reaches farther, and encroches higher:
According to his meaning, who said plaine,
That all things vnderneath the Sun were vaine.
But now I thinke it may a question be,
Whether the *Sunne*, the *Moone*, and *Starres* be free:
For sometimes false predictions they impart,
Or are belyed by abused Art.
But of *Man* onely heere my *Muse* must tel's,
Who is by much more vaine then all things else.
For, *Vanitie* his Reason ouer-swayes;
Not onely on some certaine Months and Dayes,
But is at all times in him resident,
As if it were his proper accident.
Neither doth age, in which he groweth on,
Any thing lessen the proportion
Of *Vanity* he had. But in the steed
Of some reiected follies, there succeed

Others

Others as bad. For we perceiue when boyes
Begin to Man (asham'd of childish toyes)
They then leaue off their former idle chat,
And foolish games; but what's the cause of that?
For being ill? No; rather they contemne
Those bad things, as not bad enough for them.
And as one poore, plaies first for poynts and pins;
Once waxing rich, leaues that game and begins
To venter crownes, and so from day to day
Growes more and more asham'd of slender play
As he growes abler: So, young men forsake
The rope-ripe tricks, that their first age did take
Chiefe pleasure in; not cause they wicked deem them,
But being men, they thinke 'twill not beseem them.
Then Hounds & Hawkes, and Whores are their delight;
Quarrels and Brawles, doe fit their humours right,
Disordred meetings, Drunken Reuellings,
Consuming Dice; and lauish Banquetings,
Proud costly Robes. This is the youngmans vaine:
Which hee that Elder is dislikes againe.
Not since ill neither: but because his yeeres
Him, vnto other *Vanities* endeares.
As selfe-conceit, much care for worldly pelfe,
Heaping vp what he nere enioyes himselfe.
Prone to Contentions, much desiring still,
Bee it his weale or woe, to haue his will.
Extreamly louing lyes, and giuen to prate,
Yet making shew as if he both did hate.
Yea, old men boast of what they did in youth,
Which none disprooving, we must take for truth:

And

And thousands more (or else they are belyde)
Each age is pester'd with; And yet beside,
Vanities proper vnto each degree,
Millions of thousands I suppose there be.
Princes haue these; They very basely can
Suffer themselues that haue the rule of Man,
To be ore-borne by Villaines: so insteed
Of Kings they stand, when they are slaues indeed.
By bloud and wrong a heauenly Crowne they'l danger
T'assure their State heere (often to a stranger.)
They quickly yeeld vnto the Batteries
Of sly insinuating flatteries;
Most bountifull to fooles, too full of feare,
And farre too credulous of what they heare;
So giuen to pleasure, as if in that thing
Consisted all the Office of a King.
But if herein my harmelesse halting Rimes,
Were onely ty'd vnto this Place and Times,
And should of none but of my Soueraigne tell,
Spight of her heart she could not speake but well.
For I suppose (the Truth I must confesse)
That *Vanity* no Prince ere harbor'd lesse
Then he hath done; vnlesse corrupted Stories
Rob former Ages of deserued Glories.
If any say, to sooth I now deuise,
His heart I know, will tell his tongue he lies:
And did not I, thinke true what here I sing,
Iustice I would not wrong to please the King.
Great men are vaine too, In much seeking Fames.
With *Nimrod* and his mates; they raise their *Names*

By building Babels. Yea and they ſuppoſe,
Honour conſiſts in Tables and in ſhowes.
They *Thraſo*-like in Paraſites delight,
That doe in preſence claw, in abſence bite.
They vſe their pleaſures not as pleaſures now,
Or Recreations as 'twere fit: but how?
'Tis all their care; their chiefe and onely ioy;
In ſatisfying which, they doe imploy
Both wealth, and wit, and all. If they would take
Something in hand for recreations ſake,
They are with pleaſures ſo o're cloid we ſee,
It muſt be that which their affaires ſhould be:
A wondrous Vanity! And all their Care
Is for rich raiment and the curious fare;
Pampring their fleſh, when all is but in vaine,
For Duſt it was, and ſhall to Duſt againe.
Then ſith their euils we ſeeme not to ſee,
(In vaine) they thinke that they well-thought-of be.
Tuſh; men doe ſpare their lewdneſſe to repeat;
Why? cauſe th'are faultleſſe? No, becauſe th'are great.
But for their vices, though now none dare ſhow them;
Vnleſſe they mend, another Age ſhall know them:
And therefore if they count their Honours deare,
Let them be *Good* as well as *Great-men* heere.
Let them leaue *Vanitie* and not ſuppoſe
The world will euer blinded be with ſhowes.
For that great mighty *Peere* that dyed lately,
Ere while was mighty, powerfull and ſtately:
He was much croucht vnto, and much implor'd;
Yea, almoſt, like a Demi-god ador'd.

He

He onely (as my ſelfe haue heard ſome prate)
Was the vpholder of the *Britaine* State.
And all the wit this Kingdome did containe,
Some thought was harbor'd in his little braine:
And had he liu'd (if all be true men ſay)
He might haue well been *Pater Patriæ*.
But now (alas) hee's gone; and all his Fame
You ſee not able to preſerue his Name
From foule *Reproch*: but each one breakes his mind:
Which ſhewes that though they winkt they were not blind.
In ſpight of all his *Greatneſſe*, 'tis well knowne
That ſtore of Rimes and Libels now are ſowne
In his diſgrace. But I heare diuers ſay,
That they are ſlanders. (Then the more knaues they
That were the Authors) but if ſo it be
He were from thoſe vile imputations free;
If that his Vertue's paid with ſuch a curſe,
What ſhall they looke for, that are tenne-times worſe?
Well Nobles; I'le the Court ere-long ſuruay:
And if I find among you ſuch as ſtray
Through Vanity or Pride (vnleſſe they be
Offences flowing from infirmitie)
If there be no man that dare taxe you for't,
My *Muſe* ſhall doe it; e'ne to make me ſport.
For, though ſhe keepe but a plaine hobbling forme,
She ſhall haue wit enough to make you ſtorme.
I will not ſpare you thus till Death doe fet yee;
But rub you whilſt you are aliue to fret yee.
Yet doe not thinke I meane to blaze your ſhame
In ſcattered Libels that ſhall want a name:

No, I hate that: I'le tell the ils you doe,
And put my name for witneſſe thereunto.
Then 'tis but fetching me *ad Magiſtratum*,
And laying to me *Scandalum Magnatum*:
Which though you proue not, rather yet then faile,
You were beſt hang, or clap me into Iaile
To ſtay my tongue; ſo much you may doe to me,
And that's the worſt I know that you can doe me.
But whither runnes my ouer-ſawcy Pen?
There's *Vanitie*, beſides in Noblemen.
The Gentleman, for ſome repute but vaine,
Beyond his power oftentimes doth ſtraine.
Our Yeoman too, that neuer Armes haue borne.
To Gentlelize it make themſelues a ſcorne:
But their Gaine's enuy, with a greater charge;
Yet of theſe fooles the Catalogue is large.
Then ere that leſſon be halfe taken forth,
They muſt adde Knight-hood, or 'tis nothing worth.
Mony may get it, therefore many ſue it,
Although with ſhame and beggery they rue it.
And credit they expect in vaine thereby,
For it turnes rather to their infamy;
Becauſe it is beſtowed without deſerts:
And yet in troth our Knights haue done their parts:
For moſt haue well d[illegible]ru'd it; but as how?
Brauely in field, e[illegible]n in a field at Plow.
But why looke we in meere Humanitie,
For that which ſauours not of *Vanitie*;
Sith Diuine matters cannot quite be free,
But with the ſame muſt oft corrupted be?

Diuines

Diuines ſtriue not ſo much how to impart
The trueſt Doctrines; as to ſhew their Art. (ſound,
They grace their ſpeech, more with vaine words for
Than with graue ſayings, needfull and profound.
But 'tis a vaine thing, wondrous full of ſhame,
And in my iudgement highly merits blame,
To paint o're that, whoſe beautie's neuer fuller
Than when it ſhines forth in it proper Colour.
Againe, on *Accidents* they arguing ſit,
And doe meane while the ſubſtance oft omit
Of moſt eſſentiall matters. And ſo, they ſtand
(With many wrangling ſpirits in this Land)
Vpon ſuch idle Queſtions as they know
'Tis no great matter on which ſide they goe:
And ſuch as beſt (in my conceit) befits
None but vnquiet and ſeditious wits.
Here's my Opinion: Be they not the chiefe
Grounds of Religion, or the ſame *Beliefe*
Saluation comes by, that men goe about
By their new-fangledneſſe to bring in doubt.
So't be not That they touch (as ſure they dare not)
Let all the reſt goe which way 'twill; I care not.
Haue not our Lawyers many vaine delayes,
Vnneceſſary *Writs*, and idle ſtayes,
To lengthen out mens ſutes, when they might foyle
The party faulty e'ne with halfe that quoyle?
They'l for their Fee relate ſome pretty Tale,
Like the wiſe ſtory of old *Iacke o'th vale*,
Which (if they once haue thorowly begun)
Vndoes them quite that tarry til't be done.

Iack-Doe, Dicke Roe, with whom y'ad ne're to do,
They'l bring to help your Cauſe and God knowes who:
And for your benefit they can afford
Many a fooliſh, ſenſeleſſe, idle word.
Which they I know will not account as vaine,
Sith That 'tis with a *Vengeance* brings them gaine.
Beſides, as I ſuppoſe, their Lawes are pend
In their old *Pedlers French*, vnto this end
The Vulgar ſhould no farther knowledge reach,
Than what ſhall pleaſe their Maſterſhips to teach:
Or elſe they haue the ſelfe-ſame policie
That mou'd thoſe Parrons of the Papacy
Who *Sacred Writ* in forraine tongues conceal'd,
Leſt that their knauiſh tricks ſhould be reueal'd.
But, can they not in our owne language finde
Words of ſufficient force t'expreſſe their minde?
That cannot be denied: but 'tis a trouble,
So eaſily to counterfeit and double
In a knowne tongue; when th'other, but a few
Can vnderſtand, but that obſtreperous Crew.
Theſe make the Lawes almoſt to none effect;
Their Courſes are ſo wondrous indirect.
To them they fauour, they Delayes can grant,
Though *Iuſtice* her due expedition want.
Sometimes vpon one matter we may ſee,
That ſundry Iudgements ſhall pronounced be:
Now, there's a *Motion* granted, next day croſt,
So *fee* and *labour's* to no purpoſe loſt:
And ſtill the Client ſhall be ſo deluded,
That when he hopes all's done, there's nought concluded.
Nay,

Nay, though we heare the vtmoſt ſentence paſt,
Which by all courſe of Law ſhould be the laſt,
Why then, I ſay (though all ſeeme wholly ended)
Yet may the *Execution* be ſuſpended:
And for ſome trifle, to the poore mans terror,
Be cald in queſtion by a *Writ of Error*.
So that the Right oft yeelds vnto the ſtronger,
When poore mens purſes can hold out no longer.
Oh miſerable ſtate! What ſhould we ſay?
May not the *Countrey* thinke themſelues a prey
Theſe *Rauens* liue on? May we not ſuppoſe
By their *Delayes*, and ſome ſuch tricks as thoſe,
They practiſe onely how to cheat and gull;
And on our ruines fill Their gorges full?
Yes queſtionleſſe; for they, Themſelues doe raiſe
Vnto this height, on other mens decayes;
Not their owne Vertues. Oh, though't be too late,
Yet let me wiſh that we had kept the ſtate
And ſimple *Innocence* we once retain'd.
For, then we had not of this ill complain'd;
Nor yet thoſe mouers of ſedition known
(Now to a many-headed monſter-growne.)
But ſith that time is paſt, we may complaine,
Yet muſt ne're looke to ſee thoſe dayes againe.
We haue good *Lawes*, but they (too) ſeeme in vaine:
Sith they according to each Lawyers braine
May be now wreſted to and fro, to make
The matter good that he doth vndertake.
I'le ſay it plainely, and yet not belie them;
There's few but *Rich men* can haue *iuſtice* by them.

And pray you iudge, if that Law be not vaine,
Which when it is enacted (to restraine
Some Priuiledge or Custome that hath stood
As a great hindrance to the publique *good*)
Should of it Vertue be so slightly gull'd,
As by a *Licence* to be disanull'd?
Moreouer there be some too much to blame,
Or *Pœnall Lawes* are onely made in vaine;
Made in *terrorem tantum*, to affright,
And not for execution of the right.
And I may liken them vnto those *logs*
That *Iupiter* threw downe to rule the *Frogs*:
At first they come forth with such thundring terror,
That we doe tremble to commit an error:
But in a day or two they are so still,
For ought I see we may doe what we will:
Vnlesse that we be *poore*, or some despight vs.
Then, peraduenture, they'l goe neere to fright vs
A twelue-month after. If so long they last,
Twenty to one, then all the furie's past.
Did you but note it, you would much admire
To see how strictly *Iustices* enquire
On dayes of sitting, what Abuses raigne:
How those they threat, that slackely doe complaine;
How they will raile, and fume, and chafe, and storme,
As if all euills they will quite reforme
Within a moment. But things *violent*
Cannot you know be long time *permanent*.
Nor is their *zeale*: for surely (God amend it)
One twise-twelue houres will both begin and end it.

But

But why are they ſo earneſt then? Oh know,
That the ſmall Springs within the dales below,
Glide gently on; vntill a Land-floud fils
Their empty channels from the higher hils
And then they'l ſwell vntill they can diſcharge
Their Burthens in ſome Plaine to runne at large:
So theſe *lowe Maieſtrates* would gladly ſleepe,
And their owne eaſie crooked Channels keepe;
But when that any ſtreame of *Iuſtice* ſhowers,
And comes downe to them from the Higher Powers,
Then peraduenture they'l grow *big* a day,
And *Iuſtice* ſhall haue courſe the neereſt way:
Then in a little ſpace ſhe muſt be faine
To runne within their winding *banks* againe.
Some falſely haue affirmed *Iuſtice* blinde,
Yet I am ſure ſhee knoweth where to finde
(If that ſhe be diſpoſed their to looke)
Who giues her day-works, by her Counting-booke.
Nay, ſhee knowes Capon, Turkey, Gooſe, & Swan,
And thee, I warrant, from another man
What ere thou be. But whilſt ſhe ſees ſo plaine,
It is no wonder we haue Lawes in vaine.
Alſo when *Officers* doe vndertake
Their charge at firſt, Lord what a quoyle they make
A *Drunkard* cannot with his capring feet
Cut out Indentures as he walkes the ſtreet,
But he's ſtraight ſtockt for't; or for his offence,
By fining to the poore he muſt diſpence.
Then thoſe perhaps that ſlackly doe frequent
Gods diuine ſeruice, ſomewhat ſhall be ſhent;

And

And many other goodly deedes they'l do,
But these growe quickly weary of them to.
Againe, sometimes comes out a *Proclamation*,
Which threatens on the paine of Confiscation,
That no *Recusant* doe presume to stay
Within ten miles oth'Court, from such a day.
Yet sure 'tis notwithstanding meant that some
Should dayly to the *Presence-Chamber* come;
And shrowd within a furlong on't or two.
Some *Great-ones* may: and so I hope they doe.
And by their owne *Authority* no doubt
May keepe the rest from danger there-about.
Pish; they at such a matter will but scoffe,
Cause they know surely how to put it off.
Yet I'le not say it is in vaine, for why,
The peoples heads are set on worke thereby:
And tis moreouer for our satisfaction,
Who else might thinke the *State* were out of action.
But oh you noble *English Senators*,
Our Kingdomes Guard, and Princes Counsellors,
How can you see your labours so misus'd?
Or brooke to haue your Soueraigne so abus'd?
Doe you suppose that it deserues no blame,
To make a Scar-crow of the *Regall Name*?
And to erect it on some common stall?
There to be gaz'd on, to no end at all?
Respect it more; and vse it not for course
Or fashions sake, but shew it hath some force.
Pluck out those Vipers that for feare of harme
Their chilled spirits in your bosomes warme.

Perceiue

Perceiue ye not their ſlings? No danger feare yee?
Oh 'tis apparant, let them not ſhroud neere yee;
For if they doe, 'tis doubtleſſe, the Concluſion,
If God preuent not, will be your Confuſion.
Yet all (for ought I ſee) ſhould ſtill remaine,
Were there not ſome, who (out of *zeale* to Gaine
More than religion, or their Countries weale)
Their ſcuruie baſe conditions to reueale,
In begging and in rifling of ſome few.
But they their owne corruptions rather ſhew
Then redreſſe any. More I heere could vtter,
But I me thinks already heare ſome mutter,
As if I ſhould be ſure of *Romes great Curſe*:
But then I'me ſure I ſhall be ne're the worſe.
Yea, let them goe to *Rome*, curſe, ban, and ſpare not,
I'le ſit at home and laugh; becauſe I care not.
But why doe I of Lawes alone complaine,
Sith all Man deales in, is in ſome ſort vaine?
Religion is with *Ceremonies* ſtuft,
And with vaine glory and preſumption puft.
Now our Almes-deeds, and gifts of Charitie,
Are done for ſhew, and with Hypocriſie.
Yea, all's made *vaine*: for if you would but view
Our *Vniuerſities*; indeed 'tis true.
There you may yet ſee, how that heeretofore,
In better dayes, haue beene erected ſtore
Of *Palaces*; (whoſe curious build are ſtill
A faire remembrance of the work-mens skill)
Which, leſt that *knowledge* in the land ſhould fade,
Were by the *Patrons* of good learning made,
That

That there the *Muſes* (ſhelter'd from the rages
Of former, preſent, and ſucceeding ages)
Might ſafely liue, and not beholding be
To *Pyren* for his hoſpitality.
'Tis alſo true, there wants not to ſuſtaine
Their proper needs, nor yet to entertaine
Such as deſire *knowledge*. There's enough;
The worthy *Founders* haue prouided ſo.
But, of theſe profits why now make they ſtay?
Beſt ſell't, or let ſome Courtier beg't away.
For publique Gifts are turn'd to priuate vſes,
Faire Colledges are full of foule Abuſes.
And their Reuenues I account as vaine,
Becauſe they lazie *Dunces* do maintaine,
Who to themſelues doe claime the profits, by
Nothing but witleſſe Senioritie.
Such as haue *Beard* (with reuerence be't ſpoken)
Of profound learning haue nor marke, nor token.
Good *Founders* dreaming not of theſe Abuſes,
Gaue them at firſt to charitable vſes:
But we finde now all alter'd, and the due
Which ſhould by right vpon deſert enſue,
Like Offices in Court, is bought and ſold:
And places may be had, but how? for Gold.
There, as elſewhere, they now are growne ſo bad,
Without *Quid dabis?* nothing can be had.
'Tis ſtrange to ſee what *Auarice* can doe.
But, are the *Muſes* taken with it too?
Oh no! for they eſteeme ſuch gaine a loſſe;
And their high ſpirits ſcorne ſuch earthly droſſe.

How

How then? There are ſome *Cormorants* crept in,
Who in their youth pretended to haue bin
Addicted vnto *knowledge*; when alas,
'Tis well ſeene ſince, that all their purpoſe was
To ſnort in eaſe; augmenting ſtill their ſtore,
Till they grew wealthy, and their houſes poore.
Foule *Droanes*, whoſe voyces muſt be hir'd with mony,
Staruing the *Bees*, while they deuoure the hony.
But oh you birds of *Athens*, cleare your Halls,
And driue thoſe lazie Hornets from your ſtalls.
Through them it is men thinke you couetous,
They make your groues and walks grow ſcandalous.
But how will you diſcerne them? Marry thus,
Sith they haue made themſelues notorious,
I'le point them out: And though their heads they ſhrowd
As *Venus* did *Æneas* in a cloud,
I'le ſo vnmaske them, if their eares they ſhow,
You ſhall be able to ſay, There they goe.
Firſt note them; There are ſome by Bribes and Fees
Can ſoone paſſe thorough two or three Degrees:
And if they ſue for ought, are not deny'd it,
When better *Students* muſt be put beſide it.
Then there be others, who their neſts to feather,
Can keepe an Office nine or tine yeeres together,
Enforcing many vnto penury,
To haue therewith to feed their *luxury*.
Note you not ſome at fifty Winters ſtudy,
That haue their wits ſo thin, and braines ſo muddy,
They muſt procure of other men to doe
Thoſe Exerciſes they were call'd vnto?

And

And ſit there not of Dunces pretty ſtore
From Sun to Sun at euery Tradeſmans dore?
Huge fat Curmudgeons? Tell me (I think no)
Doe *Commons* of three halfe-pence feed them ſo?
Or can ſuch Puffes ſo Humberkin-like ſet,
Into a Pulpit once in ſeauen yeere get?
Sure if they doe, their memorie's ſo weake,
When they come there, they know not what to ſpeake.
Nor are they halfe ſo fit if't came to proofe,
To ſerue for Paſtors as to hang at Roofe.
It is no marualle then that blockiſh rout
Retaine their places, and keepe better out;
For no good Patron that doth Conſcience make,
Will vnto them the charge of ſoules betake.
Becauſe if ſuch the flocke of *Chriſt* ſhould keepe,
No queſtion they would make but Carion ſheepe.
Then they muſt ſtay; yet in their ſtay they'l be
A plague vnto the *Vniuerſitie*.
For, ouer and aboue the miſchiefes nam'd,
The *vice* for which the younger ſort is blam'd
They are moſt guilty of. For forc't to tarry,
Through want, and by their Lawes forbid to marry:
Thence ſprings it that the Townesmen are reputed,
Thus by a common voice to be *Cornuted*.
For I haue known that ſuch haue dayly beene
Where younger ſcholers neuer durſt be ſeene.
And all (vnleſſe that they haue eyes like Moles)
May ſee thoſe Foxes vſe the Badgers holes.
Nor hath their lewdnes in that action ſtaid,
But on the place a fouler *blemiſh* laid.

Which

Which heere indeed I doe forbeare to name,
Leſt it be to the place I loue, a ſhame.
And for becauſe I feare ſome ſpightfull mate
May tax them with it who ſuch dealing hate,
Brought in by them; for who is ſo impure,
But he that liueth like an Epicure?
Oh *Muſes*, ſeeke in time to roote theſe weeds,
That marre your Gardens, and corrupt your ſeeds.
And you that are appointed Viſitors,
Who ought to haue bene ſtrict Inquiſitors,
To ſearch the foule abuſes of theſe Times
And ſee them puniſht: Oh! let theſe my Rimes
Moue you to help reforme this villanie;
Or let the hate of damned Periurie
Stirre vp your zeale theſe euils to reſtraine;
If not for loue of *good*, for feare of *paine*.
Which elſe (though you ſet light, as at your heele)
As ſure as *God* is iuſt, your ſoules ſhall feele.
Doe you not ſee now, all the wondrous Coſt
Of worthy *Benefactors* vainly loſt?
The Lands, Reuenues, Cuſtoms, Charters, Rents
Which they haue left for diuerſe good intents,
Vainly imployed? See, the *Student* poore
For whom it was ordain'd, ſtands at the doore
And may not enter; whilſt the golden *Aſſe*,
Is quietly admitted in to paſſe,
And ſhroud himſelfe within thoſe ſacred *gates*,
Which were't not for commoditie, he hates.
You ſacred *Genij* that did once attend
Thoſe well-deuoted *Patrons* to their end;

Although

Although your bodies be entomb'd in clay,
Since you ſurviue (becauſe you liue for aye)
Looke downe on your abuſed Gifts, and ſee
What odds twixt th'vſe and your good meanings be.
Come and behold, how the laborious ſits
Sharing ſome hungry Commons, ſcarce two bits;
(And that but when a double *gauday* haps,
Full glad alas at other times with ſcraps)
While that the *Lazie Dunce* on dainties feedes.
Oh come (I ſay) if you reſpect your deeds,
And fright them with ſome ghaſtly viſions thence,
They may haue more remorſe for their offence.
If I could take on me ſome hideous forme,
I'de either make them their bad liues reforme,
Or feare them quicke to hell. But I am vaine,
To call for your aſſiſtance, or complaine,
Becauſe I doubt this fault will neare be mended
Vntill all euill with the world be ended.
Learning is vaine too; or ſo made at leaſt,
Conſider it, I ſpeake it not in ieſt:
Doe we not ſee that thoſe who haue conſum'd
Halfe a mans age in Schooles, and haue aſſum'd
Degrees of Art, and hourely ouer-looke
Many a leafe, many a wiſe mans booke,
Still ſtudying to know? *fellowes* that can,
As they themſelues thinke, put downe any man
That dares of *Predicables* to diſpute,
Yea, ſuch as can to, if need be, refute
Knowne Truths; and that in *Metaphyſicall*,
Much more, I thinke, in matters *Naturall*

Seeme

Seeme greatly read? Doe we not see, I say,
That these from study being tane away
For some imployments in the Publique-weale,
Are such as it might shame them to reueale
Their simple carriage? Sooner they'l speake Treason,
Than any thing that shall be Law or Reason.
Aske their opinion but of this or that,
They'l tell a Tale, they scarcely know of what:
And at the last, you must be well apaid,
With *This the Poet*, or *This Tully said*.
So other mens opinions shall be showne,
But very seldome any of their owne.

What is't to heape vp a great multitude
Of words and sayings, like a *Chaos* rude?
To say a Latine Disticke out of *Cato*,
Cite *Aristotle*, or some peece of *Plato*,
And diuerse more; yet like a blockish Elfe,
Be able to say nought at all himselfe?
As if it were all well, and he had payd it,
If he can once say, *Such a man hath said it*.

Then by their actions, who gather can
They haue more knowledge than another man;
Sith they doe worse absurdities commit
Than those that seeme their *Iuniors* in wit?
As if they thought it were enough to know,
And not with knowledge vnto practise goe.
Those may be learned, and of learning prate;
But for affaires of Countrey or of State,
In my conceit they are as farre vnfit
As Fooles and Madmen, that haue lost their wit:

And notwithſtanding all their ſtudious paine,
I count their Learning and their Knowledge vaine.
But thinke not that I *Knowledge* fruitleſſe deem,
Or count thoſe men who in the *Academe*
Doe ſpend their times, vnfitting men to deale
About imployments of the Common-weale.
No; for I euer this account did make,
That there are thoſe know beſt to vndertake
Great Offices; and ſurely ſuch as haue
Both knowledge and deſert: yet ſhall they ſaue
But their owne credits. Th'other, who are knowne
To haue no gifts of nature of their owne,
For all their knowledge gotten in the Schooles,
Are worſe by much ods then vnlearned Fooles.
Now thou that would'ſt know rightly theſe mens ſtate,
Goe but a while and talke with *Coriate*,
And thou wilt ſoone be able to maintaine,
And ſay with me, that *Learning's ſome-where vaine*.
Then if there were ordain'd no other place,
Where *now-deſpiſed-Vertue* ſhould haue grace,
She were *vaine* too; and thoſe that lou'd her beſt,
Were to be counted *vaine* aboue the reſt.
For they be ſure of all theſe worldly Croſſes,
That whoſoere gaine, theirs muſt be the loſſes,
Iuſtice is wanting ſo: for if that men
Commit an ill, the Law giues ſmart; but when
They doe performe a vertuous deed ('tis hard)
There's no Law here that giues them a Reward.
Nay, if a man by wrong ſuſpicion be
Brought into any wofull miſery,

If

If he be rackt and tortur'd ſo, that Death
May pleaſure him by ſtopping of his breath:
And if at laſt by proofes it doth appeare,
That he of the ſuſpected crime is cleare,
Onely he may his life by that meanes ſaue,
But ſhall no other ſatisfaction haue.
Yea, and he muſt be glad and well content
He hath his life for being *Innocent*:
Whereof he would full glad haue ridden bin,
To ſcape the torments they had plung'd him in.
'Tis meere *Iniuſtice*. And I ſay againe,
In this Age to be good it were in vaine.
But that it one day ſhall rewarded be
By Heauens *Chiefe-Iuſtice*, with Eternity.
I will not here endeauour to reueale,
The vaine Trades crept into our common-weale:
Onely I ſay (and ſo I thinke will any,
Would leſſe there were, for ſuch there be too many.
But I muſt needs declare their vanity
Who build their treaſure and felicitie
On things meere friuolous, As *Honour*, *Strength*,
Pleaſure, and *Wealth*, and *Beauty*; which at length,
Yea, in ſhort time, muſt fade. High *Titles* plac't
Without deſert; are not alone diſgrac't,
And loſe that reputation of their owne;
But ſhame them too, on whom they are beſtowne.
What's *Nobleneſſe* of *Birth* but meerely *vaine*?
Vnleſſe that in the *linage* there remaine
Some noble *qualities* which in them bred,
They haue deriu'd from Predeceſſors dead?

What's *Honour*? but e'ne *smoake* and idle *fame*?
A thing consisting onely in a *name*?
Which if you take away, then you take all.
For *Alexanders* glory was not small:
Yet were he nameless, what would then remaine,
His honourable Titles to retaine,
Sith that his best part from the earth is fled,
And th'other, though remaining here, now dead?
Then if that *Honour* no aduantage bring
To Soule nor Body, but doth wholly cling
Vnto the name: who Care or Paines would take,
(If he be wise) a *Trophie* vaine to make
Vnto the same, which may enioyed be
By many thousand other men; whilst he
Rots. And which three mens *vertues* (I'le maintaine)
Grace not so much, as one mans *vice* shall staine?
Were't onely for a *name* that men did well,
And stroue in *vertues* others to excell,
What good had *Simon* the Apostle gain'd
More than the wicked *Sorcerer* obtain'd?
And how should we giue each of them his fame,
Who liuing, being two, had but one name?
Were outward Honour all that Vertue got,
He were a wise-man that esteem'd it not.
But shees the Bodies comfort till it die,
And Soules Companion to eternitie.
Vulgar Repute, what is thereby acquired?
Why is't so glorious, and so much desired?
But I doe chiefly maruell what they ment,
That haue prefer'd it before their Content.

1

I hold it *vaine* and wondrous friuolous,
Extreamely fooliſh and ridiculous,
That any man ſhould ſtand in greater feare
What he doth vnto other men appeare
Then to himſelfe; or ſtriue ſo much (poore Elues)
To ſeeme to other, *Gods*; when to themſelues,
Th'are worſe then *Diuels*. Why, I ſay, ſhould they
With vaine repute be ſo much borne away?
And why boaſt men of ſtrength that laſts no longer?
And ſeeing the bruit creatures are farre ſtronger.
A woman may binde *Sampſon* with her charmes,
And little *Dauid* ſlay a man at Armes;
For God doth make (as holy Scripture ſpeake,
Strong things to be confounded by the weake.
Then ſome are *vaine* in Pleaſures; like to him
Who for becauſe he in delights would ſwim,
(In theſe our dayes) to pleaſe his beſtiall ſences,
Made twenty hundred crownes one night expences.
I onely doe forbeare to tell his name,
Leſt he ſhould hap to vaunt vpon the ſame.
But why in *Beauty* ſhould men glory ſo;
As well we may perceiue there's many do;
Sith 'tis no better then a fading flower,
That flourithes, and withers in an howr?
It could not ſaue the good King *Dauids* ſonne,
From being iuſtly by his foes vndone:
Nay, there's ſcarce any that enioy the ſame
Can keepe vnto themſelues an honeſt Name.
We ſee moreouer men vaine-glorious grow,
In *building* and *apparell*; all's for ſhew;

And yet the *Prince* that's gorgiouſt in array,
Muſt lie as naked as his *Groome*, in clay.
And though that men to build ſo curious be,
How worthy of contempt it is we ſee,
In that th'*arch-King* of heauen, earth and all,
Was very well contented with a *Stall*.
What minde are they in, who ſuppoſe to raiſe
By ſuch a *vanitie* an endleſſe praiſe?
When as they daily ſee by obſeruation,
Time vtterly decayes the ſtrong'ſt *Foundation*.
Where are thoſe wondrous high *Pyramides*,
That were admired at in former dayes?
And of thoſe huge *Coloſſi* what remaines?
(Which to erect now were an endleſſe paines)
Nothing almoſt; no ſcarce his Name that ſpent
The paine and coſt of ſuch a *Monument*:
If that be ſo, how much more *vanity*
Is it to hope for fames eternity, (mending
By ſuch ſlight trifles whoſe ground-worke needs
Before the roofe be brought vnto an ending?
Againe, ſome thinke how ere their liues they ſpend,
Yet if they can attaine to in the end
A glorious *Funerall*, and be interd
With idle pompe and ſhow, or be preferd
In a bald *Sermon*, for ſome one good deed
They did the Common-wealth, for their owne need;
Or by their owne, or friends procurement haue
On their vnworthy ſcarce-deſerued *graue*
A goodly *Epitaph*; they thinke all's well.
Alas poore ſilly men! what can they tell

How

How long 'twill ſtand, before't be razed downe?
But ſay it bide a while; what faire renowne
Can in a peece of carued *Marble* be?
What can a gilded *Tombe* then profit thee?
Preſerue thy fame? I know it cannot paſſe
The wondrous *Heape* that once erected was,
And yet e'ne at this preſent doth remaine
Not farre from *Sarum*, on the *Weſterne* Plaine.
Yet, who can ſay directly, (or what ſtory
Doth abſolutely mention) for whoſe glory
That, firſt was founded? or by whom? or why?
And if a Deed of ſuch great wonder die,
Dooſt thou ſuppoſe, by a few carued ſtones,
(Scarcely enow to couer ore thy bones)
To be *immortall*? If thou long to liue
After thy death; let noble *Vertue* giue
And adde that liuing glory to thy name.
Let her ſound forth the trumpet of thy fame,
And it ſhall laſt. For, ſhe knowes how to place it:
Where *Time* nor *Enuy* ſhall haue power to race it.
I ſay, endeuour to be vertuous heere,
So ſhall thy Sacred *memory* be deere
To thoſe that liue; and whilſt thy Body lies
Entomb'd on earth, thy ſoule ſhall mount the skies,
But if in pleaſure thou haſt liued long,
And tooke delight in ſeeking bloud and wrong:
When that the *euill day* ſhall come to end thee,
The curſe of the oppreſſed ſhall attend thee.
Thy Soule ſhall pay for't, and the ſelfe-ſame *Graue*
Thou for thy *Honour* didſt ſuppoſe to haue

Shall be thy *shame*; for those that trauell by it
Shall often curse it, yea, deride, defie it;
And to each other say, *There doth he lye,*
That acted such, or such a villany.
Then why should gay clothes be delighted in,
Sith they are but a badge of our first sin?
And yet 'tis strange to know how many fashions
We borrow now adayes from other Nations.
Some we haue seene in Irish trouzes goe,
And they must make it with a codpeece too:
Some (as the fashion they best like) haue chose
The spruce diminutiue neat *French-mans* hose,
Another lik'd it once, but now hee chops
That fashion for the drunken *Switzers slops.*
And cause sometimes the fashions we disdaine
Of *Italy*, *France*, *Netherland*, and *Spaine*,
Weele fetch them farther off. For, by your leaues,
We haue *Morisco* gownes, *Barbarian* sleeues,
Polonian shooes, with diuers far-fecht trifles,
Such as the wandring *English* Gallant rifles
Strange Countries for. Besides, our Taylors know
How best to set apparell out for show.
It either shall be gathered, stitcht, or lac't,
Else plaited, printed, iagd, or cut and rac't,
Or any way according to your will,
For we haue now adayes learn'd much *vaine* skill.
But note you, when these gue-gawes, once be made,
And that this cunning Master of his Trade
Must bring it home. For, there lies all the iest,
To see when the poore slaue hath done his best

To

To mend what faults he can (for by his trade,
He can set right, what Nature crooked made)
When he hath fitted to his power, and tricke,
Whom he would please; when he hath brusht & picke
E'ne till he sweat againe: Yet (though he spies
Scarce any fault) *You rogue* the *Gallant* cries,
A plague confound thee; looke heere how this sits,
Zounds, 'tis a mile to wide; where were thy wits?
See, this is halfe too long, that halfe too short,
'Sblood I could finde in heart to knocke thee for't.
Then for the faults behinde he lookes in Glasse:
Straight raues againe; and calls his Taylor Asse,
Villaine, and all the Court-like names he can,
Why I'le be indg'd (saies he) *heere by my man*
If my left shoulder seeme yet, in his sight,
For all this bumbast, halfe so big's the right.
How is he seru'd? This day he should haue went
With such a Lord or Lady into *Kent*;
To *Hampton-Court* to morrow comes the Queene,
And there should he with certaine friends haue beene.
Villaine (he cryes) go instantly and mend it:
And see with all the speed you can, you send it:
Or by his sword the *Gallant* sweares he will
Make thee to wait twice twelue-months with thy *Bill*
If ere he pay thee. Then the other takes it,
Carries it home againe, turnes, rubs, and shakes it,
Lets it lie still an houre or so, and then
As if 'twere alter'd, beares it backe againe
Then, 'tis so fit, our *Gallant* cannot tell
That ere he had Apparell made so well.

Ere-

Ere-while, ſayes he, faith, I was angr'd ſore,
Why could'ſt thou not haue done it thus afore?
With many gentle ſpeeches in amends,
And ſo theſe two, *vaine fooles*, grow quickly friends.
What ſhall I ſay of our *ſuperfluous fare*?
Our beaſtly, *vaine*, and too exceſſiue care
To pleaſe the belly? We, that once did feed
On homely roots and hearbs, doe now exceed
The *Perſian* Kings for dainties. In thoſe Cotes
A man would thinke they liu'd with Hay & Oates:
The *Diet* they are growne vnto of late,
Excels the Feaſts that men of high eſtate
Had in times paſt. For, there's both fleſh and fiſh,
With many a dainty new deuiſed diſh.
For bread, they can compare with Lord or Knight,
They haue both raueld, manchet, browne and white,
Of fineſt Wheat. Their drinks, are good, and ſtale:
Of *Perry*, *Cider*, *Mead*, *Metheglin*, *Ale*,
Or *Beere*, they haue abundantly. But then,
This muſt not ſerue the richer ſort of men.
They with all ſorts of forraine *Wines* are ſped;
Their cellars are oft fraught with *White* and *Red*,
Be't *French*, *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, if they craue it:
Nay, *Grecian* or *Canarian*, they may haue it.
Cate Pument, *Veruage* (if they doe deſire)
Or *Romney*, *Baſtard*, *Capricke*, *Oſey*, *Tire*,
Muſcadell, *Malmſey*, *Clarey*, what they will,
Both head and belly, each may haue their fill.
Then if their ſtomacks doe diſdaine to eate
Beefe, *Mutton*, *Lambe*, or ſuch like Butchers meat:

If

If that they cannot feed of *Capon, Swan,*
Ducke, Goose, or common houſhould Poultry; than
Their ſtore-houſe will not very often faile,
To yeeld them *Partrich, Pheſant, Plouer, Quaile,*
Or any dainty fowle that may delight
Their gluttonous, and beaſtly appetite.
So they are pamperd whilſt the poore man ſtarues.
Yet, there's not all; for *Cuſtards, Tarts, Conſernes,*
Muſt follow too; And yet they are no let
For *Suckets, March-panes,* nor for *Marmalet;*
Fruite, Florentines, ſweet Sugar-meates, and ſpices,
(With many other idle fond deuices)
Such, as I cannot name, nor care to know.
And then beſides, the taſte, 'tis made for ſhow.
For, they muſt haue it colour'd, gilded, printed,
With ſhapes of beaſts and fowles: cut, pincht, indented,
So idely, that in my conceit 'tis plaine,
They are both fooliſh, and exceeding vaine.
And howſoe're they of Religion boaſt,
Their *belly* is the *God*, they honour moſt.
But ſee whereto this *daintineſſe* hath brought vs,
The time hath been, that if a *Famine* caught vs,
And left vs neither Sheepe, nor Oxe, nor Corne:
Yet vnto ſuch a dyet were we borne,
(Were we not in our Townes kept in by th'Foe)
The Woods and Fields had yeelded vs enough
To content Nature: And then in our needs,
Had we found either *leanes*, or *graſſe*, or *weeds*,
We could haue liu'd, as now there doth, and can
With good contentment, many an Iriſh-man.

But,

But, in this age, if onely *Wheat* doe riſe
To any extraordinary priſe:
Or if we haue but *Cheeſe* or *Butter* ſcant,
(Though almoſt nothing elſe that is, we want)
Lord how we murmur, grumble, fret, and pine,
As if we would vpbraid the powers Diuine?
Yea, daily to prouoke God, as the *Iewes*
Did in the wilderneſſe is now no newes.
But you, that are ſo like to ſterue in plenties,
Becauſe you are a little bard your dainties:
Leaue off your *Luxury*, let me entreat;
Or there will come a *Famine* ſhall be great;
When Soule nor Body neither, ſhall haue food,
Or any thing to comfort them that's good.
We talke of ſcarcitie: yet heere there came
No want this twentie ages worth the name
Of *Famine*; but our gentle God hath bin,
Exceeding mercifull vnto our ſin.
Wheat at ten ſhillings, makes no dearth of bread,
Like theirs, where once (we read) an Aſſes head
Coſt foure-ſcore ſiluer peeces: Doues dung
Was highly priz'd; and Mothers eate their young.
There *Famine* raign'd. Pray in the like we fall not.
If we can faſt with *Ninive*, we ſhall not.
But truly much I feare the ſame; vnleſſe,
We doe leaue off our gluttonous exceſſe.
For, though we quaffe and ſwill much time away,
Yet three let-meales will ſcarce ſuffice a day
To ſatisfie our luſt; whereas but one
Suffis'd our Predeceſſors: ſometime none

It

It were a worke too tedious here to quote
The ſundry *Vanities* that we may note
Sprung from this *Greedineſſe*. As our *Long ſitting*.
A cuſtome, rather, in my minde, befitting
Pagans and Epicures, than honeſt men,
But 'tis a vſe now common growne. And then,
This Foolery we haue: We nothing deeme
That merrits our deſiring, or eſteeme,
Saue that, which we haue either dearely bought,
Or far-away from forraine Kingdoms brought.
Yea notwithſtanding, heere in this our Land,
Thoſe things be better, and more neere at hand;
Yet we, out of an idle humour are
So much more pleaſed with all Forraine ware
Than with our owne; that we the ſame deteſt;
And this our vaineneſſe doth not onely reſt
In meats, and in apparrell; but 'tis ſhown
In many things: we leaſt affect our owne.
Our home-made Cloth, is now too courſe a ware,
For *Chyna*, and for *Indian* ſtuffs we are.
For *Turkey Grow-graines*, *Chamblets*, ſilken *Raſh*.
And ſuch like new deuiſed Forraine traſh.
Yea, though our native Country-men excell
In any Trade, we like them not ſo well
As we doe Strangers: and (in very deed)
I thinke for vaine inuentions they exceed.
And then moreouer; when we doe not want
Any good wholſom Hearb, or Fruit, or Plant,
That my be neceſſary, fit or good,
Either to ſerue for Phyſick or for food.

Yet

Yet, those we sleight, as if we did abhor them,
And send to seeke in other Kingdoms for them.
So, while we onely make our vse of them;
Our better home-bred *Simples* we contemne.
(Oh *Vanity*) our Country yeelds enough,
What need we *Grecian* or *Arabian* stuffe?
Why send we for them to those Countries thus?
'Twas planted there for them, and not for vs.
What though it helpe them of diseases there?
The Climate, yea, and our complexions are
So different, (for ought that I can gather,)
Heere't may not help our griefes, but poyson's rather,
That *Opium* which a *Turk* in safetie will,
Deuour at once two *Englishmen* would kill.
And as I've heard experienc'd men to say,
That which will salue their wounds within a day
Who of the fartheſt *Esterne Countries* be,
Will not recure an *Englishman* in three.
Then sure, if we should vse that med'cine heere,
It would not helpe nor cure vs in a yeere.
Trust me; I think, this ouer-much respecting
Of Forraine Druggs, and foolishly neglecting
Our native Simples, is the cause that we
So little better for out Physick be.
Some, in their writings praise *Tobacco* much:
Perhaps the vertue of it may be such
As they haue said; where first the Simple grew.
But, if it be re-planted heere a new,
From it owne soile where Natures hand did place it;
I dare not with those properties to grace it
Which

Which there it had: Nor can the *vertue* bide,
When 'tis transported to our Region, dri'd,
Yet, 'its almoſt a wonder to behold,
How generally now both young and old
Suck on that *Forraine weede*. For, ſo they vſe it,
Or rather (to ſpeake right) ſo they abuſe it,
In too oft taking; that a man would think
It were more needfull than their meat or drink:
But what's their reaſon? Doe not aske them why,
For neither can they tell you that, nor I:
Vnleſſe't be thus: So they haue ſeene ſome doe:
And therefore they forſooth muſt vſe it too.
Nay, wonder not: The Sun lights not a Nation
That more addicteth Apiſh imitation.
Than doe we Engliſh. Should we ſome man ſee
To weare his doublet where his hoſe ſhould be,
Pluck gloues on's feet, and put his hands in's ſhoes,
Or weare his Rings and Iewels on his toes;
And, come ſo tired to our Engliſh Court,
Attended in ſome ſtrange prepoſt'rous ſort.
Some of our Courtiers would make much adoo,
But they would get into that faſhion too.
For, they ſo idle are that if they ſee
Thoſe that with Rhume a little troubled be,
Weare on their faces a round Maſtick patch,
Their fondneſſe I perceiue is apt to catch
That for a faſhion. Nay; we cannot name
That thing ſo full of Barbariſme and ſhame
That they'l not imitate. VVitneſſe this *ſmoake*,
VVhich, though at firſt it was enough to *choake*

Or

Or ſtifle vp the ſenſe; though 'twere vnpleaſing
In taſt and ſauour; oftentimes diſeaſing
The takers bodies. Yet, like men halfe mad,
(Not knowing neither what effect it had)
Onely becauſe a *rude* and *ſauage Nation*
Took't for ſome vnknown need, they'l make't a faſhion.
Alas, what profit *England* at thy neede
Haſt thou attain'd to, by this *Indian weed?*
What, hath it lengthen'd life, or maintain'd health,
Or hath it brought thee more increaſe of wealth?
It dries ſuperfluous moiſture; Dooth't? indeed,
Tane with diſcreation it may ſtand inſteed:
And ſurely, it deſerues to be excus'd,
Beeing with honeſt moderation vs'd.
But I doe greatly wonder what they ment,
That firſt did tak't in way of *Complement.*
For, now it is as common at each meeting,
As *how d'yee*, or, *God ſaue yee*, for a greeting.
Hee's no good fellow that's without the *Pox*,
Burnt pipes, *Tobacco*, and his *Tinder-box.*
And therefore, there be ſome who ſcarce abide it,
Yet alwaies will for company prouide it:
With whom (though they alone the ſame eſchew)
They'l take it till they ſpet, and cough, and ſpue.
Me thinks they may as well, ſith this they'l do,
At all their meetings take *Purgations* too.
There's not a Tinker, Cobbler, Shepheard now,
Or Raſcall Ragamuffin that knowes how
In a blinde Alehouſe to carouſe a pot,
Or ſwagger kindly, if he haue it not.

You

You ſhall haue ſome among them will no. ſtick
To ſweare, that they are for *Tobacco* ſicke;
When by their ragged out-ſides you would gather
It were for want of bread, and victuals rather.
And ſo I take't. But now if you deny
Th'Affecting forraine drugs, a *vanity*,
Yet you, I hope will grant (becauſe 'tis plaine)
The vſing of *Tobacco* thus is vaine:
I meane in thoſe that daily ſit and ſmoake
Alehouſe and Tauerne, till the windowes roake.
And you muſt yeeld that we now iuſtly may
E'ne as the old verſe ſayes, *flos, fœnum, fumus.*
Some *vainly*, much *Acquaintance* ſeeke to get,
And often in a Strangers cauſe will ſweat:
Yet theſe, where their beſt ſeruices are due,
So much their charitie will ſcarcely ſhew.
The loue of *Men*, ſome labour to attaine,
And they haue iuſt their trauaile for their paine.
For what's the fauour or the loue of *Men*?
A thing long getting, and ſoone loſt agen.
Him, haue I knowne whoſe company hath ſeem'd
In the appearance to be ſo eſteem'd
By many, that in ſhow he hath appear'd
To be more neerly to their ſoules indear'd
Than their owne bloud. And ſurely for the time,
(But that *Inconſtancie*'s a humane crime)
He hath been ſo: For when he hath departed,
As if his *abſence* inwardly had ſmarted;
Out of their eyes full oft againſt their will,
I haue ſeene ſorrow looke, and teares to trill.

And yet againe hath my Experience ſeene
The ſelfe-ſame Man that hath ſo made-of beene,
Euen of thoſe Men he hath been ſo reſpected,
After ſome abſence, either much neglected,
Wholly forgotten; or they ſo eſtranged,
As if their Loue and good-conceit were changed.
Which hauing found, I weighed well the end,
And thought them *vaine* that on the like depend.
Alſo, me thinkes it makes me pretty ſport
To note the *vaineneſſe* of the Greater ſort:
How full of *Conges, curteſies*, and *greetings*,
Embracements, and kinde words they are at meetings,
And oft, what *Memorandums* paſſ between,
Of great good turnes, that nere perhaps haue been,
What *Commendations* and *Ioyes* there be,
For one anothers good proſperitie;
When howſoeuer they their malice ſmoother,
They care not what becomes of one another.
To ſee me well, hee's glad at hart one cryes,
When 'tis well known, that in his heart he lies.
Another bids me welcome to my face,
When he would leaue my preſence for my place.
Yea, and to ſweare it too, he will not tremble,
Although he knowes I know he doth diſſemble.
Which in my iudgement is a *vanitie*
Too full of ſhameleſſe groſſe abſurditie;
And I much wonder men delight to ſpend
Time that's ſo precious, to ſo little end,
As to Conſume't in idle Complement,
And not ſo much as to a good intent:

Crouching

Crouching and *kneeling*, when each *peasant* knowes,
Much curtesie, much craft, the Prouerbe goes.
A qualitie beseeming men I deeme't
Ay to be Courteous, and I much esteeme't:
Yet sure, without good meaning 'tis vnfit,
And extreame *vaine* when men are cloyd with it.
When some mans *Table's* furnished with store,
Of *Dainties* that a Prince can haue no more,
Hee'l bid you welcome, *though that by your cheare*
It doth not (as hee'l say himselfe) *appeare*:
And yet he sees and knowes well that his *Boords*,
Haue what the Water, Earth, and Ayre affords:
With *pray yee eate, I drinke t'yee, may be merry*,
And such like words; I oft haue been as weary
To *thanke*, to *pledge*, and say, *I doe not spare*,
As ere was *Sommers* of his trotting Mare.
I often haue obserued in our Feasts,
A vanity which each free minde detests,
And this it is; When any one intends
For merryment to entertaine his friends,
And for them all things needfull doth prepare,
That they may well perceiue they welcome are;
He marres the bounty of his louing feast
By his ill chusing some vntastefull guest.
For, so it often haps he doth inuite
Some lofty *States-man*, or proud neighboring-Knight
Who marres their freedome by his expectation
Of more then necessary obseruation.
And he must be a slaue vnto that guest,
Contenting him though he displease the rest.

This, folly is: Were I as he; my Bord
Should neuer entertaine that Knight or Lord
In way of feasting, that allow'd not *mee*
To be as merry and as blith as *hee*:
Or that through his disdaine would think amis
To beare some ieſts of mine, as I beare his:
For who but fooles would while their gueſt is baiting
Stand with bare-heads, like Ale-houſe-keepers waiting
(As if they were ſome ſtrangers wanted chearing)
In their own houſes? while they dominering
Say what they liſt. Be therefore rul'd by me,
Bid none but equalls if you'l merry be.
At leaſt let them be ſuch as can abide,
To lay *Superiority* aſide.
Moreouer (if they haue the prouidence
To bid their Friends, and keep their Mar-feaſts thence)
They are too lauiſh, and doe much deuiſe,
How they the appetite may beſt ſuffiſe.
But 'tis a ſigne their vnderſtanding's ſmall
That can afford them no diſcourſe at all,
It ſhowes a ſhallow Pate and muddy Braine,
When men haue nothing els to entertaine
Their Friends withall, but *whiffes of ſmoake, or drinke,*
Or *curious fare*; as if that they did thinke
They could not ſhew their honeſt loue, vnleſſe
They did abound in Gluttonous exceſſe.
But there be many Greedy-guts indeed,
That will finde fault vnleſſe their Cates exceed.
Such *Socrates* ſhewes how to anſwere beſt;
Who hauing for his friends prepar'd a feaſt,

And

And heareing one to diſcommend his ſtore,
Told him directly, Friend, there needs no more:
For be they vertuous, heere's enough for ſuch;
If otherwiſe (quoth he) there is too much.
A fitter anſwer we can neuer finde
For ſuch nice Gluttons; differing in minde
From certaine deare and learned Friends of mine;
Whom, when I late requeſted had to dine
Or ſup with me one night, would not agree,
Vnleſſe I dreſt what they appointed mee.
I will, ſayd I, and not a bit beſide:
Why then (quoth they) we charge thee to prouide
One diſh, no more. (We loue not him that crams:)
And let our *ſecond courſe* be *Epigrams*.
So much they found; with more good mirth & laughing,
Than thoſe that had their dainties and their quaffing.
Who can declare what *vanity* Man ſhewes
In hearing and reporting *idle newes*?
The fooliſh tales, and lyes that he doth faine,
Are more than any numbers can containe.
And now I think on that ſame *lying euill*,
(A miſchiefe firſt inuented by the *Diuell*)
I cannot choſe but greatly wonder why
Men ſhould delight ſo in that *Vanity*.
It is not onely vicious and baſe,
But alſo doth their credits quite deface,
And *Truth* out of their mouthes is miſ-eſteem'd,
Becauſe, oft lying, they are lyers deem'd.
I meane not any falſhoods to maintaine,
No though they be Officious or for gaine.

Yet worſe doe like them, who their wits doe bend
To Coyne new tales vnto no other end
But to prouide the company ſome talke,
And cauſe they loue to heare their owne tongues walke.
Some I haue knowne (iudge of their *vanity*)
That haue told tales to their owne infamy,
And yet vntrue 'tis like they haue ſmall care
Of others credits, when they will not ſpare
To wrong themſelues. Another crew beſide,
Among theſe Lyars I haue alſo ſpide,
Who (as it may appeare) did like ſo well
Strange newes, and matters paſt beliefe to tell,
That notwithſtanding they doe ſurely know
It makes not onely modeſt eares to glow,
But that 'tis knowne they lie, yet ſtill they dare
Gainſt *Truth*, *their owne*, and *all mens knowledge* ſweare:
Yea, when they may aſwell, and ſpeake as right,
Sweare that each man is blind, and all Crowes white.
Which is a daring and a lewd offence,
Sprung from a brazen, helliſh impudence.
Then there's a number to, that doe ſuppoſe,
All that beyond their *little reaſon* growes
Is ſurely falſe; And vainely doe vphold,
That all reports which *Trauellers* vnfold
Of Forraine Lands, are lies: becauſe they ſee
No ſuch ſtrange things in their owne Pariſh be;
If that I may not tearme ſuch fellowes *vaine*,
Ile ſay th'are *dull*, and of a *ſhallow braine*:
And him I count no wiſe man, that imparts
To men of ſuch baſe miſconceiuing hearts

Any

Any rare matter, for their brutish wit
Will very quickly wrong both him and it.
For thus the saying goes, and I hold so,
Ignorance onely is true wisedomes foe.
Then thou art *vaine* that wilt vouchsafe to spend
Thy breath, with witlesse people to contend
In weighty matters; when it is well known
They'l like of no opinions but their owne:
Euer disabling what thou dost recite,
Yea notwithstanding it be nere so right.
And be their owne case false, and all amisse,
They'l proue it true: How? Thus: *Because it is.*
So if there be no moe *wise men* in place,
Thou bear'st the shame, and they'l haue all the grace,
And yet the mischiefe hath not there an end:
For tell me, you that euer did contend
With such; is not their waiward disputation
A meere confusion, and a strong vexation?
I know 'tis so, for I my selfe haue tride it,
And since that time could neuer yet abide it.
But, let those follow *vanity* together
With *purblind ignorance*; and Ile send thither,
To keepe them company, those that take pleasure
In tedious discourse; they be at leasure:
And those that loue to heare their owne tongues walke,
Still seeking opportunity of talke,
Shall not stay from them. Yet I haue beheld
More *vanities* which must not be conceal'd:
As foolish *wishes*. Many a silly Asse
Couets those things that cannot come to passe.

Another, that in wishing is as heedlesse,
Desires some trifling bables which are needlesse.
Nay, I haue heard, without regard or shame,
Such beastly *wishes* as I blush to name.
What damn'd infernall Curses can each brother
In euery angry fit wish one another?
When such as these their iesting words they'l make ye,
A pox, a Pestilence, and *a Murraine* take ye.
Which if the Lord should in his iustice send them,
Their own *vaine wishes* would ere long time end them.

Some free-borne men I haue obserued toe
Who are thought wise, yet very *vainely* doe.
These, as if they lackt troubles of their owne,
For other men are slaues and drudges growne.
I tax not such as honestly haue stood
In the maintaining a poore neighbours good;
But rather those who are so out of measure
Enurde to be for other men at leasure,
That they can finde almost no time to be
Employd about their own commoditie.

Others there are, more knauish, and as *vaine*,
Who seeming carefull of anothers gaine,
Intrude themselues into their actions; When
'Tis not for any good they wish the men,
But for this cause, and sure for nothing more,
In each mans Boat they loue to haue an Oare.
'Tis good to looke to their affaires; but yet,
I hold it for a *vaine* thing and vnfit
We should be vexed with such extreame care
In following them, as many times we are:

For;

For, vnto me it ſeemes, the *greateſt part*,
Take buſineſſe not in hand now, but in hart.
What meane our wealthy *Vſurers* to hoord
More vp for others than they can affoord
Vnto themſelues? Whereas they doe not know
Whether it ſhall be for a friend or foe.
Sure ſuch me thinks ſhould be, deſeruedly,
Recorded for their ſottiſh *vanity*.
Now, as the moſt of wealth too well doe deeme,
So others make thereof too-ſmall eſteeme,
As of a thing whoſe vſe were of no weight:
But both are led away with vaine conceit.
Then ſome mans care is, that when this life ends,
He dying, may be buried with his Friends;
As if he fear'd his Foes had not forgotten
To do him miſchiefe though their bones were rotten.
Others, extreamly are diſtempered,
To thinke what men will doe when they are dead;
And vainly ſit (more wit God one day ſend)
Lamenting what they know not how to mend.
For worthleſſe matters ſome are wondrous ſad:
Whom if I call not *vaine*, I muſt terme mad.
If that their noſes bleed ſome certaine drops,
And then againe vpon the ſudden ſtops:
Or if the babbling fowle we call a *Iay*,
A *Squirrel*, or a *Hare*, but croſſe the way:
Or if the ſalt fall towards them at table,
Or any ſuch like ſuperſtitious bable,
Their mirth is ſpoyld, becauſe they hold it true
That ſome miſchance muſt thereupon enſue.

But

But I doe know no little numbers be
Seduced with this fooliſh *vanity*:
And queſtionleſſe, although I diſcommend it,
There want not ſome that ſtoutly will defend it:
But all their proofe is onely this I know;
By daily triall they doe finde it ſo,
Indeed 'tis true, God often by permiſſion,
To ſee if they will truſt to Superſtition
More than to him, doth willingly ſupply
What they ſo lookt for, by their *Augury*.
Then ſome to be eſteemed men of ſtate,
Of nothing but the *Court* affaires doe prate.
If they but come amongſt vs Countrey-men,
Lord, what *Magnificoes* they will be then!
Yea though they blow but the Kings *Organ-bellowes*,
We muſt ſuppoſe them Earles & Barrons fellowes,
Or elſe we wrong them. 'Twas my chance to light
In a friends houſe, where one of theſe that night
Tooke vp his lodging; At the firſt I deem'd him
A man of ſome great place, and ſo eſteem'd him;
And he tooke me for ſome ſoft *Country* gull,
Thinking my wit (as 'tis indeed) but dull.
But I perceiu'd his pride, I muſt confeſſe,
And ſeem'd as if I had a great deale leſſe.
I made him more fine *conges* by a ſcore,
Then ere he had at *Court* in's life before,
The *worſhip* and the *honour* too I gaue him,
But from the charge of either I dare ſaue him.
Yet my high tearms to pleas'd the *Courtiers* veine,
That vp he ripps the newes of *France* and *Spaine*,
Of

Of *Germany*, of *Denmark*, and of *Sweed*;
And he had French, ſtore, therefore I tooke heed.
Then next he tels me all their life at Court,
Relates S. *Georges* ſhowes, and *Chriſtmas* ſport,
With ſuch like talke; which I in ſhew deſir'd,
And (as I nere had ſeene't before) admir'd:
Which he perceiuing, falleth to deuiſe
More *ſtrange reports*, and tels me ſundry lies,
Which ſtill I wondred at; and in his talke
I noted though his tongue did euer walke,
He neuer ſpake of others than the beſt:
For Earles, and Lords, and Ladies were the leaſt
I heard him mentioning; when ſure the foole,
Is but ſome ſeruant to the Groome o'th ſtoole.
But howſoeuer, for this once he paſſes,
To ſhew the nature of his fellow-Aſſes.

I am affraid 'twill be to little end,
If I ſhould words and precious leaſure ſpend
To tell our *Gallants*, what *vaine*, friuolous
Diſcourſe they haue; and how ridiculous
They are at Meetings. I haue beene for laughter,
Often beholding to them a weeke after.
And truſt me, Ile not giue a *Cue* ſo ſoone
To ſee an Ape, a Monkey, or Baboone
Play his fore't tricks; as I would giue a *Teſter*,
To come and view them and their Apiſh geſture,
When they are either frolike in their Cans
Or courting of their light-heeld Curtezans.

They thinke themſelues fine men (I know they do)
What will they giue me, and Ile thinke ſo to?

And

And yet I ſhall not ſure doe what I can,
They haue ſo little in them that is man.
For my *few yeares*, haue noted many fruits
Producted in fine ſilks and ſatten ſutes
Worth obſeruation: I could now recite
Their braue behauiour in their Miſtreſſe ſight:
But ſure they'l nere endure't; they cannot do't;
Yet if I liſt now I could force them to't,
But loe I ſpare them; th'are beholding to me,
And may (perhaps) as great a fauour doe me.
But faith I may not, nor I cannot hold:
To keepe in all their *vanities* vntold:
At leaſt one humorous trick I muſt not miſſe,
Which lately I obſeru'd. And that was this:
Two *Lads* of late diſpoſed to be merry,
Met at a towne not farre from *Canterbury*,
Where, though their buſines ſcarce wold let them ſtay,
They'd frolicke out a night, and then away:
So, there they ſupt and ſlept, where I let paſſe
To tell their mirth in what good faſhion 'twas:
But (as I heard) the Pariſh-clock ſtrooke one,
Before their merry-mad-conceits were done:
And then they went to bed, where I dare ſay
They'd more deuotion to goe ſleepe than pray.
Next morne, th'one waking, ſuddenly vpſtatt,
And lightly gert out ſuch a boyſtrous ——
It wake't his fellow; who ſurpriz'd with wonder,
Leapt vp amaz'd, and ſwore he heard it thunder.
Now whether ſtorme there were or no, 'twas ſed,
The Chamber-pot ore-flow'd and drown'd the bed.

But

But, hauing pray'd a *Curse* or two, th'one riſes,
Then of his buſineſſe with himſelfe deuiſes,
And thereupon doth like a carefull *man*,
Sweare he will thence with all the ſpeed he can.
Come prethee riſe (quoth he) *and let's be gon*,
Yes yes, (quoth the other) *I will come anone.*
Zounds harke; I think the clocke ſtrikes eight, why when?
Oh ſoone enough to breake my faſt by ten.
Then *Chamberlaine* one calls aloud, *doeſt heare?*
Come bring vs vp a double lugge of Beere.
So either hauing drunke a good carouſe,
Downe come the *Gallants* to diſcharge the houſe.
But, taking leaue, oh what d'yee think they miſt?
Their *Hoſteſſe* (pretty woman muſt be kiſt).
Then vp ſhee's cald, and in her night attire,
Downe claps ſhe on a ſtoole before the fire;
Where hauing bid her welcome from her neſt,
Come ſay (quoth one) *what wine is't you like beſt?*
Truly (quoth ſhe) *I vſe to drinke no wine,*
Yet your beſt mornings draught is Muskadine.
With that the Drawer's call'd to fill a quart,
(Oh! 'tis a wholſome liquor next the hart.)
And hauing drunke it, whilſt their heads were ſteady,
They bad the Hoſtler make their Horſes ready:
Nay (quoth the Hoſteſſe) *what needs all this haſt?*
In faith you ſhall not goe till dinner's paſt?
I haue a diſh prepared for the nones,
A rich Potato Pie, and Marrow-bones;
Yea, and a bit, which Gallants, I proteſt,
I will not part with vnto euery gueſt.

W

With that the *Punies* lay aſide their cloakes,
The glaſſes walke, and the *Tobacco* ſmoakes,
Till dinner comes, with which when they are fraught,
To get on horſe-back by and by tis naught,
As hauing ſup't tis good to walke a mile,
So, after dinner men muſt ſit awhile.
But what? will they ſit idle? 'twere a ſhame,
Reach them the Tables, they muſt play a game.
Yet; ſet them by againe, for now I thinke
They know not when to leaue: they'l rather drink
A *health* or two, to ſome eſpeciall Friend,
And then ifaith they meane to make an end.
Then, one cals *Drawer*: he cries, *What d'yee lack?*
Rogue, bring vs vp a gallon more of Sacke.
When that's turn'd vp, *Zounds* one will drink no more,
But bids the Hoſtler bring his horſe to dore:
The fellow might performe it without ſtay,
For why? they had beene bridl'd vp all day.
Then like good husbands without any words,
Againe they buckled on their cloakes and ſwords;
But, ſtepping out of dore theire Hoſteſſe meets them,
And with a ful-fill'd boule demurely greets them.
This was Her *Pinte*, but they'l giue her the tother,
Which drew the third down, & the third another;
Vntill theſe *Gallants* felt their heads ſo addle,
Their bodies ſcarce could ſit vpright ith' ſaddle.
Then, more to ſettle their vnſteady braine,
They fell to their *Tobacco* once againe:
At which they ſuckt ſo long, they thought no more
Of the poore lades, wich they left ty'd at dore:

Till

Till that the Sun declin'd vnto the Weſt.
Then ſtarting vp, th'one ſwore he thought 'twere beſt
That they went thence; and to his fellow ſaid,
Come, We ſhall be be-nighted I'me affraid.
What if we be (quoth tother) *by this light,*
I know the time when I haue rid all night:
By twelue a cloeke Ile be at home I vow,
Yet Hoſteſſe, by this kiſſe, Ile ſup with you.
And ſo they did; but after ſupper, th'one
Haſtens the other, that they may be gone.
Nay be adviſed (quoth his copeſmate) *harke,*
Let's ſtay all night, for it growes peſtilence darke.
I marry (quoth the Hoſt) *perſwaded be,*
There's many Murthers now I promiſe yee.
Ile bid my ſeruants to ſhut vp the gate,
No gueſt ſhall goe out of my houſe ſo late.
No ſurely (quoth their Hoſteſſe) *by Saint ANN,*
You may be miſchiefte; ſtay and ſaue a man.
Well, they'l be rul'd for once; but ſweare they'l goe
The following morning ere the Cocks doe crow:
In troth at fartheſt, ere the day giues light,
Then, hauing kiſt their Hoſteſſe ouer-night,
To bed againe theſe royſtering yongſters went,
Forgetting whereto they before were bent.
But when the *Morne* her turne againe did take,
And that it grew high time for them to wake;
Then vp they buſtled, and began to lay
The fault from one to th'other of their ſtay.
For this (the firſt ſaid) *we may thanke your ſloth;*
(But I thinke therein they were guilty both)

Nay

Nay (quoth the other) *might you haue your will,*
You'd drinke Tobacco, and be quaffing ſtill.
Who I (quoth he) *I weigh it not two chips:*
I could not get you from mine Hoſteſſe lips.
You doe me wrong (ſaith th'other) *for I ſweare,*
I ſildome touch't them: but you ſtill hung there.
To beare the burthen he grew diſcontent,
And ſwore he would not drink before he went:
But call'd; *Our horſes Oſtler, and our wands;*
And ſirra Tapſter, water for our hands.
Yet (quoth the other) *thou'le be rul'd I thinke,*
Prethee let me intreat thee now to drinke
Before thou waſh; Our fathers that were wiſe,
Were wont to ſay, 'Twas wholeſome for the eyes.
Well, if he drinke, a draught ſhall be the moſt,
That muſt be ſpiced with a nut-browne toſt.
And then, 'twere good they had a bit beſide,
For they conſider'd they had far to ride.
So, he that would not drink, alate, for haſt,
Is now content to ſtay and breake his faſt.
Which, e're 'twere ended, vp their *Hoſt* was got;
And then the Drunkard needs muſt haue his pot,
And ſo he had: but I commend my Cozen,
The Cuckolds one Can, coſt the fooles a dozen.
But then, perceiuing they began to ſtay,
Quoth GVTS, *My bullies, harke ye, what d'yee ſay?*
Can you this morning on a raſher feed?
Oh yes, ſay they, that's kingly meat indeed.
They ask't it, and they had it; but this cheere
Quickly drew down a dozen more of Beere:

which

Which being drunke, they had got out of towne,
But that their Hoſteſſe newly was come downe;
With whom they ſpent ere they could get away,
In kiſſing and in quaffing halfe that day.
And fiue times, as I heard, they tooke the paine
To get on horſe-backe, and come off againe.
But at the laſt, iuſt as the clocke ſtrooke two,
They were the ſixt time hors't with much adoe.
But then (as 'tis the *Drunkards* vſe) they ſate
Tippling ſome hower and a halfe at gate:
So that the night drew on apace, and then,
Thither came riding other Gentlemen,
And ment to lodge there. They had friendſhip ſhowne,
Th'other were ſtale gueſts, and their mony flowne:
Their honeſt Hoſt for all their large expence,
And former kindneſſe, quickly got him thence.
Yea, their ſweet Hoſteſſe that ſo worthy deem'd them,
Slunke out of ſight, as if ſhe nought eſteem'd them.
And as moſt wil that meet with ſuch a crew,
Left them old *Guls*, to enter league with new;
Who at their parting purpos'd to haue kiſt her,
But were ſo drunken that they neuer miſt her.
For, there they quaft ſo long, they did not know
Which way, nor whither, nor yet when to goe;
That ſome ſuppoſe; yea, and they thinke ſo ſtill,
Their horſes brought them thence againſt their will.
For, if ſo be their beaſts had wanted wit
To come themſelues; the Fooles had been there yet.
If you 'twas made by, read with diſcontent,
You are too blame; none knowes by whom 'twas ment:

There is no cauſe you ſhould diſlike my *Rime*,
That learnes you wit againſt another time.
When others are thus vaine, could you forbeare it,
And note the follies in't you would forſweare it?
And ſo that thoſe, who thus you entertaine,
Will flout, and vſe the next as well, for gaine.
Now, what doe you vnto theſe Gallants ſay?
Were they not pretty witty ones I pray?
It may be they will frowne at this, to ſee't,
And I am very ſorry for't: but yet,
One *humour* more which I haue noted vaine,
Here to be told of, they muſt not diſdaine.
It may annoy them if they doe not mend it,
Yea notwithſtanding they ſo much defend it.
'Tis this: They too much of their valour vaunt,
And ſo extreamely for vaine-glory haunt,
That to procure themſelues a valiant name,
Or peraduenture one halfe houres fame,
They'l hazard life and limb; yea, ſoule and all,
Rather then in their brauery they'l let fall
A *vaine Repute*. Oh ſilly ſenſeleſſe men!
What will the breath of Fame auaile you, when
You lie in duſt and molded vp in clay?
Perhaps you ſhall be ſpoken of a day,
In ſome poore Village where your bodies lie:
To all the earth beſides, your fame ſhall die.
And it may be, whereas you looke for glory,
You ſhall but ſerue to make more long the ſtory (you)
Of haire-brain'd fooles; and ſuch (how-ere ſome deeme
Men, that haue vnderſtanding will eſteeme you.

But

But yet, there is a crew that much annoyes
The Common-weale, some call them *Roaring-boyes*;
London doth harbour many at this time,
And now I thinke their Order's in the Prime
And flourishing estate. Diuerse are proud
To be of that base Brotherhood allow'd.
And reason too: For why? they are indeed
No common fellowes, for they all exceed
They doe so, but in what things are they thinke ye?
In *villany*: for these be they will drinke ye
From morne till night, from night till morne againe,
Emptying themselues like Conduits, and remaine
Ready for more still. Earth drinkes not the showres
Faster then their infernall throats deuours
Wine and strong liquors. These be they will sweare
As if they would the veile of heauen teare,
And compell God to heare their blasphemy.
These are the Patrons of all *villany*;
Whores Champions: *deceit* and *treachery*,
With the most loathsome vice of *lechery*
Is all their practise. Thunder when it roares,
Ioyn'd with the raging waues that beat the shoares,
Together with the windes most rude intrusion,
Make not a noise more full of mad confusion
Than do these Hell-hounds, where they vse to houze
And make their most vnciuill *Rendeuouze*:
For a more godlesse crew there cannot well
Be pickt out of the boundlesse pit of Hell.
Yet these base slaues (whose lewdnesse I confesse
I cannot finde words able to expresse)

Are Great-mens darlings; (As ſome vnderſtand)
The abſoluteſt *Gallants* in this Land.
And onely men of ſpirit of our time,
But this opinion's but a vulgar crime.
For, they which vnderſtanding haue, ſee plaine,
That theſe and all their fauourites are vaine.
And ſure 'twere good if ſuch were forc'd to giue
A ſtrict account by whom, and how they liue.
Thus haue I brought to light as well's I can,
Some of the *Vanities* I find in Man.
But I doe feare in taking ſo much paine,
I haue but ſhowne my ſelfe to be moſt vaine;
Becauſe I haue ſpent time, and reprehended
That which will nere the ſooner be amended.
But yet there's hope it may; and therefore I
Say thus much more, that this foule *Vanity*
Conſiſteth not alone in *words* and *workes*,
It hath tane roote within, and alſo lurkes
About the heart: and if it there be ſought,
I know it alſo may be found in *thought*.
And that is it makes one man ſit and plot,
What is by trafficke with *Virginia* got:
What it may coſt to furniſh him a Fleet
That ſhall with all the Spaniſh Nauy meet;
Or how he may by Art or practice finde
A neerer paſſage to the *Eaſterne Inde*;
When as perhaps (poore foole) beſides his coat,
He is not worth a *Portſmouth* paſſage boat:
Nor neuer meanes to trauell ſo much Sea,
As from *Huth-ferry* to *South-hampton-key*.

Another

Another Woodcocke is as fondly vaine,
And to no purpoſe doth moleſt his braine,
To ſtudy if he were a Nobleman,
What kind of carriage would beſit him than.
How; and in what ſet words he would complaine,
Of the Abuſes that he now ſees raigne.
Where; he would make his place of Reſidence,
How, he would keepe his houſe with Prouidence,
And yet what plenty daily at his doore
Should be diſtributed vnto the poore.
What certaine Sheepe and Oxen ſhould be ſlaine,
And what prouiſion weekely to maintaine
His Lordly port. How many Seruingmen
He meant to keepe; and peraduenture then
What pleaſure he will haue, what hawkes, what hounds,
What game he will preſerue about his grounds.
Or elſe he falls to caſt what profits cleare,
His gifts and bribes will come to in a yeere:
How heele put off his hat, cauſe people than
Shall ſay, he is a curteous Noble-man.
Then vpon this againe he fals to plot,
How when that he the peoples loue hath got,
If that the King and all his kindred die,
And if none may be found that will ſupply
The Regall office, the reſpect they beare him,
Vnto that Princely dignity may reare him.
Then doth his thoughts on that eſtate ſo feed,
That he forgetteth what he is indeed.
And if a man could hit ſo iuſt a time
To come vpon him when his thought's in *Prime*,

And giue him vnawares a ſudden knocke,
Conceit his vnderſtanding ſo would locke,
That I ſuppoſe (becauſe it ſtands with reaſon)
He would goe neere to ſtart, and call out *Treaſon*:
For oftentimes mens hearts are ſo annoyd
With thoſe vaine thoughts whereon they are imploy'd
That for a time they ſo forgetfull grow,
As what they are, or where, they doe not know.
But now, ſith you may ſee there doth remaine
Nothing in Man but in ſome ſort is *vaine*;
And ſith I muſt be driuen to confeſſe,
His *vanities* are great, and numberleſſe,
I'le goe no farther in this large *Survay*,
For feare diſcourſe ſhould carry me away:
And peraduenture ſo I may become
Leſſe pleaſing, and more tedious vnto ſome.
Which to auoyd; though I no end eſpy,
Yet, here I end, to treat of *Vanity*.

OF INCONSTANCIE.

SATYR. 2.

YET, there's another property in Men
That meanes to set my *Muse* to worke agen
Inconstancy: and that no other is
(Vnlesse I vnderstand the same amisse)
But an vnsetled humour of the minde,
Which so vnstable is, it cannot finde
By any study, that Opinion
Which long it dares to be resolued on:
'Tis meere *Ir-resolution*, and *Estranging*
From what is purpos'd, by a fickle changing;
But sith this vice I threaten to detect,
Women I know will earnestly expect
To be sore rail'd on. But I'le gently vse them,
Because I see their consciences accuse them,
And notwithstanding they deserue much blame,
Yet I'le not speake of ought vnto their shame.
So they will thinke I meane them also, when
I treat of the inconstancy of *Men*:
And though their faults I seeme not to vpbraid,
(Cause nothing is directly of them said,

Yet they I hope will nere the more disdaine
To be thought fickle, proud, and weake, and vaine.
But now for Man; whereas I did complaine
He both in Deed and Word, and Thought, was vaine:
So I in this (I see) the like may doe,
Sith he in all these is *inconstant* too.
It is a wondrous thing me thinkes, to see
How variable all his actions be;
He labours now, and's altogether set
Vpon the world, how he much wealth may get;
Vpon a sudden (then he thinkes to mend it)
Hee's in an humour and a course to spend it:
Sometime, he is consenting with the Diuell,
And ready to doe any act that's euill.
Which he (perhaps) repenting, some diuine
Or heauenly matter doth his thoughts refine.
So that he is resolu'd to spend that day,
In reading what Gods holy Prophets say;
Which in his minde it may be worketh so,
He leaues it, and will to a Sermon goe;
But, by the way a Bill he doth espy,
Which showes there's acted some new Comedy;
Then thither he is full and wholly bent,
There's nothing that shall hinder his intent.
But ere he to the Theater can come,
He heares perhaps the sounding of a Drum:
Thereat he leaues both Stage-play and Deuotion,
And will (forsooth) goe see some idle motion.
Ere he gets in, his rowling wandring eyes
Behold some Fencer prest to play his prize,

Faith

Faith, then there is no remedy hee'l ſee't.
But,ere he can get halfe way o're the ſtreet
Some very neere acquaintance doth ſalute him,
Who for a miſer would perhaps repute him
Vnleſſe he kindly offer to beſtow
The Wine,or Beare at leaſt,before he goe.
Well then,he will; but while they doe deuiſe
What Wine to haue, perhaps they heare the cries
And howling which the eager Maſtiffes make,
When they behold a Bull or Beare at ſtake.
Oh,on a ſudden then they will be gone,
They'l ſee that firſt,and come and drinke anon.
But iuſt as he out of the Tauerne peepes,
Some gallant *Laſſe* along before him ſweepes:
Whoſe youthfull brow adorn'd with beauty trim
And louely making,doth ſo rauiſh him,
That as if he were bound her to attend,
He leaues Play,Fencer,Wine,Bull,Dogs,and Friend.
By which we ſee his minde is alwaies varying
And ſildome conſtant on one obiect tarrying.
But ſtill that thing with moſt deſire is ſought,
Which is preſented laſt vnto his *thought*.
One while,he likes beſt of the Country-ſport,
Anon prefers the pleaſure of the Court.
Another his mind is trauelling to *Spaine*,
Then vnto *France*,and hither ſtraight againe.
Now,he thinks highly of a *Single life*.
And hates the *Mariage* bed,as full of ſtrife:
And yet e'ne in the turning of a hand,
He's glad to make a *Ioynture* of his Land,

And

And woo with much intreaty to obtaine
That wife, which he did but of late disdaine.
One while he zealously professeth *Christ*,
Another while becomes an *Athe ist*.
In *Turkey* he will *Mahomet* adore,
Among the cursed Pagans can implore
A *Carued stone*; in *Rome* he hath profest
The worship of the *Antichristian beast*;
And yet in *England*, heere with vs, he grants
No sound *Religion* but the *Protestants*.
And not alone according to the place,
Can these Chamelions alter thus their case;
But for a shift themselues they doe apply,
To answer both the Time and Company.
Gallants shall finde them formall, young men wilde,
Plaine men shal think them simple, old men milde.
And for the time, with *Edward* they will be
(Ile warrant) *Protestants* as well as he.
And when his Sister *Mary* comes to raigne,
They can be *Papists* easily againe.
Nay, I do feare me, though we haue had teaching,
And almost threescore yeeres the *Gospels* preaching
(*Vnconstant* mankinde is so prone to ill,
And to be changing hath so good a will)
Too many both of old men and of youth
Might soone be drawne for lyes to leaue the Truth.
Lets note it and it will be strange to see
What contradictions in our actions be:
Sometime, that man we doe with *Trophies* raise,
Whom we did but awhile before dispraise:

Not

Nor can we alway in one Paſſion keep,
But often for one thing reioyce and weep.
Is't not a ſigne of humane fickleneſſe,
And a true note of our vnſetledneſſe,
When not alone ſome one, or two, or few
But a great number, a ſelected Crew,
Pickt out of all eſtates, and they the wiſeſt,
The vnderſtanding ſt, yea, and the preciſeſt
Of a whole Empire, that when theſe (I ſay)
Haue argu'd *pro & con*, from day to day,
From weeke to weeke, to haue (perhaps) enacted
One Law or Statute, yet when all's compacted.
And euery thing ſeems clearly done and ended,
Then to haue ſome thing in't to be amended?
Yea, and when this is done, and the Records
Fram'd in the plain'ſt and moſt effectuall words,
T'expreſſe their meaning, and they think it plaine;
Yet at next reading tis diſlik't againe?
This yeare they make a Law, repeal't the next,
Then re-inact it, and then change the text;
Either by taking from, or adding to.
And ſo they haue an endleſſe worke to do.
But ſome may tell me that thus ſtands the caſe,
They muſt haue both reſpect to *Time* and *Place*,
And that no Law deuis'd by humane wit,
Can be for euery place and ſeaſon fit:
All which I yeeld for truth indeed, but then,
We muſt confeſs't a miſery in men,
That they (Chamelion-like) muſt haue a mind,
With euery obiect vnto change enclin'd.

I might speake of the changes which I see
In mens Externall fortunes also bee:
For, this day he hath friends, to morrow none:
Now he hath wealth, and in an houre tis gone;
Some, in their youth there be, haue all things store,
And yet doe often liue till they are poore.
Againe, there's some in youth at beggers states,
Become in age to be great Potentates.
Some are of Kings made slaues, and Kings againe,
Whilst other with the contrary complaine.
For poore *Eumenes*, of a Potters sonne,
By fickle Fortunes helpe a kingdome wonne;
Who, for him, such a dyet did prouide.
That shortly after he of hunger dy'd.
I many such examples might inferre,
But that would waste more time and make me erre
From my intent, who purpose to relate,
The fickleneſſe of man, not his estate.
Moreouer, hee's a Creature knowes not how
To doe an act which he shall long allow,
Or well himselfe approue. He cannot tell,
What he would haue, nor what he would not, well.
For peraduenture he is now content
To doe what he will in an houre repent.
He does, and vndoes what he did before,
Is discontented, and with no man more
Than with himselfe. In word, hee's fickle too,
So he will promise what hee'l neuer doo.
If that he tell me he will be in *Paules*,
Ile goe looke for him in the *Temple-Hals*:

For

For ſooneſt to that place reſort doth he,
Whereas he ſaies or ſweares he will not be.
Oh! had there been in words a conſtant truſt,
I needed not t'haue done as now I muſt;
I ſhould haue had no cauſe to haue bewail'd
That which I once thought would haue neuer fail'd:
But ſith tis thus, at nothing more I grieue,
Than that *vnconſtant* words made me believe.
Were promiſes worth truſt, what needed than,
Such written contracts between Man and Man?
And wherefore ſhould they make ſo much adoo,
To haue *hands, ſeales, and witneſſe thereunto?*
Vnleſſe it be for proofes to make it plaine,
Their words are both inconſtant, falſe, and vaine.
To morrow he will earneſtly gaine-ſay
What ſtourly is affirm'd by him to day:
Yea, truly he's ſo wauering and vniuſt,
That ſcarce a word of his deſerueth truſt.
But as a creature of all good forlorne,
Swears what's deni'd, and ſtraight denies what's ſworne.
That I ſuppoſe, himſelfe he doth but mock,
And is more changing then a Weather-cock.
For e'ne the thought that's likelieſt to remaine,
Another that's vnlike puts out againe.
Meere Appetite (not Reaſon) guides him ſtill,
Which makes him ſo *inconſtant* in his *will*.
Had he a ſute at firſt made but of Leather,
And cloathes enow to keepe away the weather,
'Twere all his wiſh; well, ſo moch let vs grant,
And ten to one he ſomething elſe will want;

But

But ſweares, that he for more would neuer care,
Than to be able to haue cloth to weare;
Which if he get, then would he very faine
Reach to haue Silkes for cloth he thinks too plaine;
And ſo his wiſhes ſeldome would haue ſtay,
Vntill that he hath wiſht for all he may.
But though from this infirmitie there's no man
That I can well except, it is ſo common;
Yet ſurely I moſt properly may call't,
Or tearme't to be the common peoples fault.
Thinke not I wrong them, for if it may not be
A fault, ſo to digreſſe, you ſoone ſhould ſee
Their nature and condition; but I hate it:
And here in this place I will now relate it.
Let therefore none condemne me if I breake
My courſe awhile; for I of them will ſpeake;
Something, I ſay, my *Muſe* of them muſt tell,
She cannot beare it any farther well.
And yet expect not all, for Ile but ſhew,
Of many-hundred-thouſand-faults, a few.
And to be briefe: The vulgar are as rude,
A ſtrange-inconſtant-hare-braind multitude:
Boren to and fro with euery idle Paſſion;
And by Opinion led beſide all faſhion.
For nouelty they hunt, and to a Song,
Or idle Tale they'l liſten all day long.
Good things ſoone tyre them and they euer try
To all reports how they may adde alie;
Like that of *Scoggins Crowes*: and with them ſtill
Cuſtome hath borne moſt ſway, and euer will.

Or

Or good or bad what their fore-fathers doe,
They are reſolu'd to put in practice too.
They are ſeditious, and ſo giuen to range
In their opinions; that they thriſt for change.
For if their Country be turmoyl'd with warre,
They thinke that peace is more commodious farre:
If they be quiet they would very faine
Begin to ſet the warres abroach againe.
I well remember when an *Iriſh* preſſe,
Had made a Pariſh but a man the leſſe,
Lord what a hurly hurly there was than!
Theſe warres (ſay they) hath coſt vs many a man,
The Country is impoueriſht by't, and we
Robb'd of our Husbands and our Children be;
With many ſad complaynings: But, now peace
Hath made *Bellonaes* bloudy anger ceaſe,
Their euer-diſcontented natures grutch,
And think this happy peace wee haue too much,
Yea, and their wiſdomes beare vs now in hand,
That it is warre that doth enrich the Land,
But what are theſe? not men of any merit,
That ſpeake it from a bold and daring ſpirit,
But lightly ſome faint-harted brauing Momes,
That rather had be hangd at their owne homes
Than for the wel-fare of their Countrie ſtay
The brunt of one pitcht battell but a day:
Or ſuch, as would diſtract with feare become,
To heare the thundring of a martiall Drum.
They cannot keepe a meane (a naughty crime)
Nor neuer are contented with the time;

But

But better like the ſtate they haue beene in,
Although the preſent hath the better bin.
E'ne as the *Iewes*, that loathing *Manna*, faine
Would be in Egypt at their fleſh againe,
Though they were there in bondage. So doe theſe
Wiſh for the world as in *Queene Maries* dayes;
With all the blindneſſe and the trumperie,
That was expeld the Land with Popery.
Why? things were cheap, and t'was a goodly meny
When we had foure and twenty egges a penny.
But ſure they ate them ſtale for want of wit,
And that hath made them addle-headed yet.
Then this (moreouer) I haue in them ſeene,
They alwaies to the good haue enuious beene.
Milde men they reckon fooles, and doe vphold
Him to be valiant that is ouer-bold.
When, he with wiſe men is and euer was
Counted no better then a deſperate Aſſe.
He that doth truſt vnto their loue ſhall finde
Tis more vnconſtant then the wauering winde:
Which ſince my time a Man that many knew
Relying on it, at his death found true.
Then they haue oft vnthankefully withſtood
Thoſe that haue labour'd for the common-good.
And, beeing baſely minded, euermore,
Seeke leſſe the *publike* than their *priuate* ſtore.
Moreouer, ſuch a *Prince* as yet was neuer,
Of whom the *People* could ſpeake well of euer.
Nor can a man a *Gouernour* inuent them
How good ſoeuer, that ſhall long content them.

Their

Their *honestie* as I doe plainely finde
Is not the disposition of their minde:
But they are forc't vnto the same through feare:
As in those *villaines* it may well appeare,
Who hauing found some vile vngodly cause,
If there be any meanes to wrest the Lawes
By *trickes* or *shifts*, to make the matter goe
As they would haue it, all is well enow:
Although the wrong and iniury they proffer,
Be too apparant for a *Iew* to offer.
They know not *Iustice*; and of causelesse *hate*:
Or where they should not, are *compassionate*.
As at an Execution I haue seene,
Where Malefactors haue rewarded beene,
According to desert; before they know,
If the accused guilty be or no:
They on report, this hastie censure giue;
He is a villaine, and vnfit to liue:
But when that he is once arraign'd and found
Guilty by Law, and worthily led bound
Vnto the Scaffold, then they doe relent
And pitty his deserued punishment.
Those that will now braue gallant men be deem'd,
And with the Common people be esteem'd,
Let them turne Hacklers; as they walke the street,
Quarrell and fight with euery one they meet;
Learne a Welsh song, to scoffe the British blood,
Or breake a iest on Scotsmen, that's as good;
Or if they would that fooles should highly prize them,
They should be iugglers, if I might aduise them:

But if they want ſuch feates to make them glorious,
By making Ballets they ſhall grow notorious.
Yet this is nothing; If they looke for fame,
And meane to haue an euerlaſting name
Amongſt the Vulgar; let them ſeeke for gaine
With *Ward* the Pirat, on the boiſtrous Maine;
Or elſe well-mounted keepe themſelues on land,
And bid our wealthy Trauellers to ſtand
Emptying their full-cram'd-bags: for they'l not ſticke
To ſpeake in honour ſtill of *Cutting-Dicke*.
But ſome may tell me, though that it be ſuch,
It doth not goe againſt their conſcience much:
And though there's boldneſſe thowne in ſuch a caſe,
Yet Tiburne is a ſcurvy dying-place:
No, 'tis their credit; for the people then,
Will ſay, *'Tis pitty, they were proper men.*
And with a thouſand ſuch-like humours, naught,
I doe perceiue the *common-people* fraught.
Then by th'opinion of ſome it ſeemes,
How much the Vulgar ſort of men eſteemes
Of *Art* and *Learning*. Certaine neighbouring Swaines
(That thinke none wiſe men, but whoſe wiſdome gaines,
Where *knowledge*, be it morall or diuine,
Is valued as an Orient-Pearle with Swine)
Meeting me in an Euening in my walke,
Being gone paſt me, thus began to talke:
Firſt an old Chuffe, whoſe roofe I dare be bold,
Hath Bacon hangs in't aboue fiue yeeres old,
Said; That's his ſonne that's owner of the grounds
That on theſe pleaſant Beechy Mountaine bounds;
Dye

D'ye marke me neighbors? This ſame yong mans vather
(Had a bin my zon, chad a hang'd him rather)
Aſſoone as hee perceiu'd the little voole
Could creepe about the houſe, putten to ſchoole:
Whither he went not now and then a ſpurt,
As't had been good to keepe him from the durt;
Nor yet at leiſure times (that's my zonnes ſtint)
Vor then indeed there had bin reaſon in't:
But for continuance, and beyond all zeſſe
A held him too't ſixe dayes aweeke, no leſſe;
That, by *S. Anne*, it was a great preſumption
It brought him not his end with a Conſumption.
And then beſides, he was not ſo content,
To putten there whereas our childers went,
(To learne the Horne-booke and the Abcee through)
No, that he thought not learning halfe enough,
But he muſt ſeeke the Countrey all about,
Where he might finde a better Teacher out.
And then he buyes him (*vow a pips befall it*)
A vlapping booke: (I know not what they call it)
'Tis Latine all; and thus begins: *In ſpeech*,
And that's in Engliſh, *Boy, beware your breech*.
One day my *Dicke* a leafe on't with him brought,
(Which he out of his fellowes booke had raught)
And to his mother and my ſelfe did reade it:
But we indeed did ſo extreamely dread it,
We gaue him charge no more thereon to looke,
Vor veare, it had beene of a *coniuring Booke*.
But if you thinke I ieſt, goe aske my Wife,
If ere ſhe heard ſuch gibbriſh in her life.

But when he *yong* had cond the ſame by hart,
And of a meny moe the better part;
He went to *Oxford*, where he did remaine
Some certaine yeeres, whence hee's returnd againe.
Now who can tell (it in my ſtomacke ſtickes)
And I doe veare he hath ſome *Oxford* trickes:
But if 't be zo, would he had nere come hither,
Vor we ſhall ſtill be ſure of bluſtring weather.
To what end elſe is all his vathers coſt?
Th'ones charges, and the tothers labour's loſt.
I warrant hee ſo long a learning went,
That he almoſt a brothers portion ſpent;
And now it nought anailes him: By this Holly
I thinke all learning in the world a folly;
And them I take to be the verieſt vooles,
That all their life time doe frequent the Schooles.
Goe aske him now, and ſee if all his wits
Can tell you when a *Barley ſeaſon* hits;
When *Meddowes* muſt be left to ſpring, when mowne,
When *Wheat*, or *Tares*, or *Rye*, or *Peaſe* be ſowne:
He knowes it not; nor when 'tis meet to *fold*,
How to manure the ground that's *wet* and *cold*:
What Lands are fit for *Paſture*, what for *Corne*,
Or how to harten what is ouer-worne.
Nay, he ſcarce knowes a *Gelding* from a *Mare*,
A *Barrow* from a *Zow*, nor takes he care
Of ſuch like things as theſe. He knowes not whether
There be a difference twixt the *Ewe* and *Wether*,
Can he reſolue you (No, nor many more)
If *Cowes* doe want their vpper teeth before?

Nay,

Nay, I durſt pawne a groat hee cannot tell
How many legs a *Sheepe* hath very well.
Is't not a wiſe man thinke yee? By the Maſſe
Cham glad at hart my Zonne's not zuch an Aſſe:
Why he can tell already all this geare,
As well almoſt as any of vs heere.
And neighbours; yet I'le tell you more; my *Dick*
Hath very pretty skill in *Arſemetricke*:
Can caſt account, write's name, and *Dunces* daughter
Taught him to ſpell the hardeſt words ith' Zauter,
And yet the Boy I'le warrant you knowes how
As well as you or I, to hold the Plow:
And this I noted in the Vrchen euer,
Bid him to take a Booke, he had as lether
All day haue drawne a Harrow; truth is ſo,
I like't it well, although I made no ſhow;
Vor to my comfort I did plainely ſee,
That he hereafter would not bookiſh be.
Then when that hauing nought at home to doe,
I ſometime forc't him to the ſchoole to goe,
You would haue grieu'd in heart to heare him whine;
And then how glad he was to keepe the ſwine,
I yet remember: and what trickes the Mome
Would haue inuented to but ſtay at home,
You would haue wondred, But 'tis ſuch another,
A has a wit in all the world likes mother.
Yet once a month although it greeues him than,
Hee'l looke you in a booke doe what ye can;
That *Mother, Siſter, Brother*, all we foure
Can ſcarce perſwade him from't in halfe an houre.

But oft I thinke he does it more of ſpight
To anger vs, then any true delight:
Vor why? his mother thinkes as others doe,
(And I am halfe of that opinion too)
Although a little learning be not bad,
Thoſe that are bookiſh, are the ſooneſt mad.
And therefore, ſith much wit makes vooles of many,
Chill take an order, mine ſhall ne're haue any.
Byr Lady, you'r the wiſer (*quoth the reſt*)
The courſe you take, in our conceit's the beſt:
Your ſonne may liue in any place i'th land
By his induſtrious and laborious hand;
Whilſt he (but that his Parents are his ſtay)
Hath not the meanes to keepe himſelfe a day.
His ſtudy to our ſight no pleaſure giues,
Nor meanes, nor profit; and thereby he liues
So little thing the better, none needes doubt it,
He might haue beene a happier man without it:
For though he now can ſpeake a little better,
It is not words you know will free the debter.
Thus ſome, whoſe ſpeeches ſhew well what they be,
For want of matter fell to talke of me:
Of whom, though ſomething they haue ſaid be true,
Yet ſith in ſteed of giuing *Art* her due,
They haue diſgrac't it. Notwithſtanding, I
Haue not the knowledge that theſe Dolts enuy,
Or can ſo much without incurring blame,
As take vnto my ſelfe a Schollers name:
Yet now my reputation here to ſaue,
(Sith I muſt make account of what I haue)

I'le let you know, though they ſo lightly deeme it,
What gaine's in *knowledge*, and how I eſteeme it.
As often as I call to minde the Bliſs,
That in my little *Knowledge* heaped is;
The many comforts, of all which the leaſt
More ioyes my heart than can be well expreſt:
How happy then, thinke I, are they whoſe ſoules
More wiſedome by a thouſand part inroules;
Whoſe vnderſtanding harts are ſo diuine,
They can perceiue a *million* more than mine?
Such haue content indeed. And who that's Man,
And ſhould know reaſon, is ſo ſenſeleſſe than
To ſpurne at *Knowledge*, *Art*, or *Learning*, when,
That onely ſhowes they are the race of Men?
And what may I then of thoſe Peaſants deeme,
Which doe of wiſedome make ſo ſmall eſteeme;
But that, indeed, ſuch *blockiſh, ſenſeleſſe logs*,
Sprang from thoſe *Clownes Latona* turn'd to *frogs*?
Alas! Suppoſe they nothing can be got
By precious ſtones, 'cauſe Swine eſteeme them not?
Or doe they thinke, becauſe they cannot vſe it,
That thoſe that may haue *Knowledge*, will refuſe it?
Well, if their ſhallow coxcombes can containe
A reaſon when 'tis told them, I'le explaine
How that ſame little *knowledge* I haue got,
Much pleaſures me, (though they perceiue it not.
For firſt, thereby though none can here attaine
For to renew their firſt eſtate againe)
A part reuiues (although it be but ſmall)
Of that I loſt by my firſt Fathers fall.

And makes me *Man*; which was before (at leaſt)
As hapleſſe, if not more, than is the beaſt,
That reaſon wants: for his condition ſtill,
Remaines according to his Makers will.
They neuer dreame of that. And then by this,
I finde what *godly*, and what *euill* is:
That knowing both, I may the beſt enſue;
And, as I ought, the worſer part eſchew.
Then I haue learnt to count that droſſe but vaine,
For which ſuch *Boores* conſume themſelues with paine.
I can endure all diſcontentments, croſſes,
Be *Ioniall* in my want, and ſmile at loſſes;
Keepe vnder *Paſſions*, ſtop thoſe inſurrections,
Rais'd in my *Microcoſmus* by affections.
Be nothing grieued for Aduerſitie,
Nor ne're the prouder for Proſperity.
How to reſpect my Friends, I partly know,
And in like manner how to vſe my Foe.
I can ſee others lay their Soules to pawne,
Looke vpon Great-men, and yet ſcorne to fawne;
Am ſtill content; and dare, whilſt God giues grace,
E'ne looke my grimmeſt fortunes in the face.
I feare mens cenſures as the char-coale ſparks,
Or as I doe a toothleſſe dog that barkes;
The one frights children, th'other threats to burne:
But ſparkes will die, and brawling curres returne.
Yea, I haue learn't that ſtill my care ſhall be
A ruſh for him, that cares a ſtraw for me.
Now what wold men haue more? Are theſe no pleaſures;
Or doe they not deſerue the name of treaſures?

Sure

Sure yes; and he that hath good *learning* ſtore,
Shall finde theſe in't, beſides a thouſand more.
O! but our *Chuffs* thinke, theſe delights but courſe,
If we compare them to their Hobby-horſe:
And they believe not any pleaſure can
Make them ſo merry as Mayd-marian.
Nor is the Lawyer prouder of his fee,
Than theſe will of a Cuckooe Lordſhip bee:
Though their ſweet Ladies make them father that
Some other at their *Whitſun-Ales* begat.
But, he whoſe carriage is of ſo good note,
To be thought worthy of their Lords fooles coat,
That's a great credit, for becauſe that hee
Is euer thought the wiſeſt man to be.
But, as there's vertue where the Diuel's preciſeſt,
So there's much knowledge where a foole's the wiſeſt.
But what meane I? let earth content theſe Moles,
And their high'ſt pleaſure be their Sommer-poles;
Round which, I leaue their Maſterſhips to dance,
And much good doo't them, with their *ignorance*.
So this I hope will well enough declare
How rude theſe *vulgar* ſort of people are.
But hereupon there's ſome may queſtion make,
Whether I onely for the *vulgar* take
Such men as theſe. To whom I anſwer, no;
For let them heereby vnderſtand and know,
I doe not meane theſe meaner ſort alone,
Tradeſmen, or Labourers; but euery one,
Be he Eſquire, Knight, Baron, Earle, or more,
For if he haue not learn'd of Vertues lore.

But followes *vulgar* Paſſions; then e'ne he,
Amongſt the *vulgar* ſhall for one man be: (him,
And that poore Groome whom hee thinks ſhould adore
Shall for his *vertue* be preferd before him:
For though the world doth ſuch men much deſpiſe,
They ſeeme moſt noble, in a wiſe-mans eyes.
And notwithſtanding ſome doe nobleſt deeme
Such as are ſprung of great and high eſteeme,
And thoſe to whom the Country doth afford
The title of a Marquis, or a Lord,
Though 'twere atchieued by their Fathers merits,
And they themſelues men but of dunghill ſpirits;
Cowards, or Fooles; (And ſuch as euer be
Prating or boaſting of their Pedigree)
When they are nothing but a blot or ſhame,
Vnto the noble houſe from whence they came:
Yet theſe (I ſay) vnleſſe that they haue wit,
To guide the Common-wealth, as it is fit
They ſhould; And as their good fore-fathers did,
How-ere their faults may ſeeme by Greatnes hid,
They ſhall appeare; And that poore Yeomans ſonne,
Whoſe proper vertue hath true honour wonne,
Preferred be; for though Nobilitie
That comes by birth, hath moſt antiquity;
And though the greater ſort, befooled, ſhall
That new-enobled man an vpſtart call,
Yet, him moſt honor I, whoſe Noblenеſſe
By *Vertue* comes; yea ſuch mens worthyneſſe
Moſt ancient is. For, that is iuſt the ſame,
By which all Great men firſt obtain'd their Fame.

I therefore hope 'twill not offend the Court,
That I count some there with the Vulgar sort,
And out set others; though some thinke me bold,
That this opinion I presume to hold.
But shall I care what others thinke or say?
There is a path besides the beaten way;
Yea and a safer. For heere's *Christs Instruction*,
The broadest way leads soonest to *Destruction*.
And truly no opinions deceiue
Sooner than those, the Vulgar sort receiue:
And therefore, he that would indeed be wise,
Must learne their rude conditions to despise,
And shun their presence; for we haue been taught,
Diseases in a presse are quicklie caught.
Now *Satyr* leaue them till another time,
And spare to scourge the Vulgar with thy Rime:
If any thinke thou hast digrest too long,
They may passe ouer this, and doe no wrong.
But in my former matter to proceed;
Who (beeing of mans Race) is so much freed
From fickleneſſe, that he is sure to find
Himselfe to morrow in that very mind
Hee's in to day? though he not onely know
No reason wherefore he should not be so;
But also though he plainly doe perceiue
Much cause he should not that opinion leaue.
If no man find it so, who iustly can
Be forced to relye, or trust in Man;
Whose thoughts are changing, and so oft amisse,
That by himselfe, himselfe deceiued is?

Who

Who is so sottish as to build Saluation
On such a feeble tottering foundation
As Man? Who is't that hauing a respect
To his soules safety, will so much neglect
That precious assurance, as to lay
His confidence on that false peece of clay,
Which beeing fickle, merits farre lesse trust,
Than letters written in the sand or dust?
Doe they not see those they haue soundest deem'd,
And for their constantst Writers long esteem'd,
All wauering in assertions? yea, but looke,
And you shall finde in one and the same booke,
Such contradiction in Opinion,
As shewes their thoughts are scarce at Vnion.
Where finde you him that dares be absolute,
Or alwaies in his sayings resolute?
There's none; I by mine owne experience speake,
Who haue a feeling that we men are weake:
Whereon, much musing, makes me inly mourne,
And grieue almost that I a man was borne.
(Yet hereupon I doe desire that no man,
Would gather that I long to be a woman.)
Alas! how often had I good intendments
And with my whole hart vow'd and swore amendments;
Yea, purpos'd that, wherein I once thought neuer
Vnconstancy should let me to persever?
And yet for all my purpose and my vow,
I am oft altered ere my selfe knowes how.
But therefore, sith it is not I alone,
Or any certaine number that is knowne,

To

To be vnstable; but e'ne all that be;
Sith none (I say) is from this frailty free,
Let vs confesse it all, and all implore
Our *neverepenting God that euermore*
Remaines the same, we may be (as we ought)
More certaine both in *word*, and *deed*, and *thought*:
That he will keepe vs from *Inconstancie*,
Yea, from all damned, lewd *Apostacie*;
And howsoeuer our affections change
And we in slight opinions hap to range;
Yet, pray his *Truth* in vs be so ingraued,
That, biding to the end, we may be saued.

OF

OF WEAKNES.

SATYR. 3.

BVt, oh looke heere; for I haue ſurely found
The *maine* chiefe *roote*, the very ſpring and ground
Of our *Inconſtancie*. It is not *Chance*
That ſo diſables our perſeuerance;
But a baſe *Weakeneſſe*: which to tearme aright,
Is meerely a priuation of our might,
Or a detraction from that little power
Which ſhould be in thoſe limbs and mindes of our.
Wee boaſt of ſtrength; but tell me, can our dayes
Afford a *Milo*, or a *Hercules*?
Can all the world (and that is large enough)
A match for *Hector* or *Achilles* ſhow?
Haue we a Champion ſtrong enough to wield
His Buckler? or Sir *Aiax* ſeauen-fold Shield?
I thinke we haue not: (but I durſt ſo grant,
There be ſome liuing ſhall with *Aiax* vant.)
Nay, now in theſe dayes it is doubted much,
Whether that any former Age had ſuch
As theſe fore-nam'd; but indeed our faith
Binds vs to credit, that as Scripture ſaith;

There

There was a *Samſon*, who could fright whole hoſts,
And rent down *Azaths* barred gates and poſts,
Whoſe mighty Armes vnarm'd could bring to paſſe,
E'ne with the rotten Iaw-bone of an Aſſe,
A thouſands ruine; and yet 'twill be long
E're he ſhall thereby prooue that man is ſtrong.
For firſt, the ſtrength he ſeem'd to haue, was known
To be the *Spirit of God*, and not his own:
And then his proper weaknes did appeare.
When after his braue act he had wel-neare
Beene dead for thirſt, whereas if he in ſpight
Of Nature had been able, by his might
Out of that little Bony-rocke to wring,
To quench his preſent thirſt, ſome flowing Spring,
As did *a ſtronger one*: or if his power
Could haue compeld the melting *clouds* to ſhowre
For preſent need, ſuch plentious drops of raine
He might haue had no Reaſon to complaine,
Or craue more aide; Sure, then we might at length,
Suppoſe that Men had in themſelues a ſtrength.
But nere till then. He's mighty that can make
The *Heauens*, *Earth*, and *Hell*, with a breath to ſhake;
That in his Spheare the Suns ſwift courſe can ſtop,
And *Atlas* with his burthen vnder-prop.
He that with eaſe this maſſie Globe can rowle,
And wrap vp Heauen like a parchment ſcrowle;
He that for no Diſeaſe or Paine will droope,
Nor vnto any plague Infernall ſtoope:
He that can Meat, and Drinke, and Sleepe refraine,
Or hath the power to Die, and Riſe againe.

He's

Hee's ſtrong indeed; but he that can but teare
Or rent in two a Lion or a Beare,
Or doe ſome ſuch like act, and then goe lie
Himſelfe ore-come by ſome infirmitie,
How-ere with vants he ſeemes his deedes to grace,
He is both miſerable, weake, and baſe.
What Creature is there borne ſo weake as Man,
And ſo vnable? tell me, he that can.
Or (if that they could numbred be by any)
Count his diſeaſes, and what hath ſo many?
Or elſe what Creature is there, if he be
In bone and fleſh of the ſame quantity,
So fraile as Man? or that can worſe ſuſtaine
Hunger, or thirſt, or cold, or heate, or paine?
Sure none; and yet in Hiſtories we finde,
Till *Luxurie* had weakened thus mankinde,
They were much ſtronger; could endure the heat,
Trauell a long time without drinke or meat:
And their beſt daintie was no coſtlier thing,
Than a wilde roote, or water from the ſpring.
With which ſmall commons Nature was content;
Yea, in our Climate, people naked went;
And yet no queſtion felt as little cold,
As we, wrapt vp in halfe a dozen fold.
They had no waſt-coats, night-caps for their heads,
Nor downy pillowes, nor ſoft feather-beds:
They ſcornd as much, to haue ſuch things about them,
As we in this Age ſcorne to be without them.
Their heads ſome ſtone bare vp: their brawny ſides,
With eaſe the hardneſſe of the earth abides.

Gluttonous fare that ſo the palat pleaſes;
Nere fild their bodies full of foule diſeaſes;
Nor any pleaſing liquors with exceſſe,
Made them grow weake through beaſtly drunkenneſſe.
No luſt-prouoking meats made them vnchaſte,
Nor vnto carnall copulation haſte.
For I am in the minde they nere requir'd it,
Till Nature, come to her full ſtrength, deſir'd it:
And that is it alone which made them be
More ſtout, more ſtrong, and brauer men then we:
It was a noble care in them indeed. But how
Are we become ſuch Dwarfes and Pigmies now?
How are our limbes ſo weake and feeble growne?
I thinke I need not tell it, 'tis well knowne;
Nice tender breeding, which we well might ſpare,
Much drunkenneſſe, and our *luxurious fare*?
Which addes not ſtrength, as ſome doe vainely ſay,
But rather takes both ſtrength and health away.
Yet chiefly this ſame *imbecillity*,
Comes by too ſoone and frequent *venery*.
A beardleſſe Boy now cannot keepe his bed,
Vnleſſe that he be of his Night-geere ſped,
And many Giglets I haue married ſeene,
Ere they (forſooth) could reach *eleuenteene*.
Nay 'tis no wonder we are growne ſo weake,
For now they'r matching brats ere they can ſpeake;
And though we yet ſay that the men are ſtronger,
Yet he (I thinke) that liues but ſo much longer,
The reuolution of an Age to ſee,
Will ſay that men the weaker veſſels be.

But now our ſtrength of body, which indeed,
Deſerues no more reſpect then doth a Reed,
Is not the ſtrength of which I meant to ſpeake,
For we are yet another way too *weake*.
Our minds haue loſt their Magnanimity,
And are ſo feeble through infirmitie;
That either to be reſolute we care not,
Or elſe becauſe of ſome baſe *feare* we dare not.
Where can we almoſt finde a man ſo hardy,
Who through his *weakues* is not ſometime tardy
To ſpeake the truth? or to declare his minde,
Though he doe many iuſt occaſions finde?
Hee'l winke at's friends offence, and paſſe it blindly,
Leſt (peraduenture) he ſhould take't vnkindly.
And if it be a Great man that offends,
Shew me but him that boldly reprehends,
And Ile admire him. Nay, wee'l rather now
Bend our endeauour, and our ſtudy how
To ſooth and fawne; or to their lewdnes tell
That all they doe (be't ne're ſo bad) is well.
Their very lookes and preſence we ſo feare,
As if that they ſome monſtrous *Cyclops* were;
Which makes them worſe. But howſoere they truſt
Vnto their *might*, Ile tell them (for I muſt)
Although they threaten, and can ſlanders make
Of iuſt reproofes, my heart ſhall neuer quake
T'informe their Honors, thus 'tis cenſur'd by men;
If they be Great-ones, *Tanto maius crimen*:
One knowes the *Truth*, but dares not to defend it,
Becauſe he heares another diſcommend it;

Yet

Yea diuers follow Vertues wayes but coldly,
Becauſe they dare not doe a good thing boldly:
And doe we not perceiue that many a man
Fearing to be entitled *Puritan*,
Simply neglects the meanes of his ſaluation,
Much hazarding thereby his Soules damnation?
Some cannot well enduer this or that;
Others diſtemperd with I know not what
Shew an exceeding frailty: Few can brooke
With any patience, that men ſhould looke
Into their actions; and though they ſhould loue them,
They rather hate them for't that doe reprooue them.
Is there a man ſo ſtrong, that he forbeares
Choller or Enuy, when by chance he heares
Himſelfe reuil'd, reproached and diſgrac't?
If there be ſuch a one, he ſhall be plac't
Amongſt the *Worthies*, with the formoſt three
For in my iudgement none more worthy be
To haue renowne for ſtrength, than thoſe that can
On their rebellious Paſſions play the man.
This *Weaknes* I doe alſo finde in men,
They know not their owne happineſſe till then
When they haue loſt it: And they doe eſteeme
Men for their Wealth, and doe them bleſſed deeme
That are moſt Rich; ſuppoſing no man more
Accurſed or vnhappy than the poore.
Some baſely doe condemn each ſtrange report
To be vntrue, becauſe it doth not ſort
With their weake reaſons. Some againe will be
Aſtoniſhed at euery nouelty:

But too much wondring doth diſcouer plaine,
Where ignorance and frailtie doth remaine.
Is it not *Weakenes*, when ſome petty loſſes,
Some hinderance in preferment, or ſuch croſſes,
Shall make men grieue? Is it not *weakenes*, when
Aduerſity ſhall ſo diſquiet men,
That they ſhould not with patience ſuſtaine,
Or vnder-goe a little croſſe and paine?
Yes queſtionleſſe it is; for were they ſtrong,
They would ſo arme themſelues gainſt griefe & wrong.
That no diſaſtrous or ill hap ſhould fright them,
Though Fortune did the worſt ſhe can to ſlight them:
Nor would they thoſe, as the vnworthieſt deeme,
To whom Dame Fortune doth moſt froward ſeem
But rather ſuch as all their life-time be
In quiet ſtate, and from diſturbance free:
For ſhe oft giues what their baſe longing craues,
Becauſe ſhe ſcornes to vexe deiected ſlaues.
I haue knowne *braue-men*, braue at leaſt in ſhow
(And in this Age now that is braue enow)
That in appearance for braue Champions paſt,
And yet haue baſely yeelded at the laſt.
Beſides, there's many who thought ſcorne to droope
By Fortunes power, haue beene made to ſtoope,
And with diſcredit ſhamefully left vndone
What they with honour at the firſt begun:
And their weake hearts (which frailty I much hate)
Deiected, haue growne baſe with their eſtate:
Whereas (me thinkes) the minde ſhould neuer be
Subiect to Fortunes frownes nor tyrannie.

But

But heere, through *weakenes*, ſome offence may take,
That I of Fortune ſhould recitall make:
For they by Fortune ſay there's nothing done;
But all things are both ended and begun
By Gods appointment. I confeſſe indeed
That he knowes all, and all hath fore-decreed.
In the reſpect of whom, I cannot ſay
Ought comes by Chance: reſpecting vs, I may.
So they are anſwer'd: But how can men be
So ouer-borne with this infirmitie;
As thoſe who are in eu'ry matter led
By Paraſites and Apes: *Where is their head?*
I meane their will, their reaſon, and their ſenſe?
What is become of their intelligence?
How iſt that they haue ſuch a partiall eare,
They can iudge nothing true, but what they heare
Come from the tongue of ſome ſlie Sycophant:
But for becauſe they ſtrength of iudgement want?
Thoſe that themſelues to Flatteries inure,
I haue perceiued baſely to endure
Too plainely to be ſoothed, mockt, and flouted,
Made coxcombs to their faces; yet not doubted
That they were highly reuerenc't, reſpected,
And by thoſe fawning Paraſites affected.
And why forſooth? they often here them prate
In commendation of their happy ſtate:
Yes, and they tell them that they vertuous be,
Wiſe, courteous, ſtrong, and beautifull to ſee:
When if the eye of reaſon were not lockt,
They plainly might perceiue that they were mockt.

For what is't elſe, when they are prais'd for many
Goodly conditions, that had neuer any?
This frailty alſo merits to be blam'd,
When fearfull of reproach we are aſham'd
Our Ignorance in thoſe things to explaine,
Wherein 'twere fit more knowledge to attaine.
'Tis weaknes alſo, when a Bargaine's bought,
Then to diſpraiſe the penniworth, as nought,
And tell what might haue been, or fondly prate
Of counſell, when he ſees it is too late.
Nor is it any leſſe, to ſeeke to ſtay
Him that we know doth haſten on his way;
Or be importunate for that which will
Be nothing for our good, yet others ill,
Alſo to be affraide for to gaine-ſay
What men doe know vntrue: or to delay
The right of any matter to declare;
Becauſe they feare they vnbeleeued are:
For notwithſtanding *Truth* doth oft bring blame,
It may be freely ſpoken without ſhame.
Diuers more wayes, of which I needs muſt ſpeak,
There's many men doe ſhew themſelues but weake.
In ſome but lately I obſerued this,
And muſt needs ſay, their nature euill is;
If friends to them haue any kindneſſe ſhowne,
Or entertainments willingly beſtowne,
That they confeſſe they are indebted for it:
Yet ſuch is their condition (I abhor it)
If then thoſe friends doe hap to take the paine,
To come ſometime and viſite them againe
In

In meere good will, becauſe theſe great ones ſee
They cannot then ſo well prouided be
To bid them welcome as their loues require,
(Though more than loue, their loues did nere deſire)
A fooliſh ſhame ſo blinds them, that they ſhall
(For giuing them too much) haue nought at all:
Yea, for becauſe they want exceſſiue fare,
Or ſome ſuch things, for which their friends nere care,
(Though by their will it otherwiſe had been)
They neither will be knowne at home, nor ſeene:
Which doth not onely ſhew impiety,
But hindereth loue, and barres ſocietie.
Yet now the greateſt weakeneſſe that I finde
To be in man, is ignorance of minde:
It makes a poore man he's ſcarce good for ought;
If rich men haue it, they are worſe then nought.
For hauing riches ſtore, and wanting might
Or ſtrength of mind to vſe the ſame aright,
'Tis Arogancies and Ambitions fuell,
It makes them Couetous, Inconſtant, Cruell,
Intemperate, Vniuſt, and wondrous heady:
Yea, in their actions rude, and ſo vnſteady
They cannot follow any ſound direction,
But are ſtill carried with a wild affection:
This is their nature; (It is quickely noted)
If they to honour be by hap promoted,
Then they grow inſolent, beyond all reaſon,
Apt for Ambition, Quarrels, Murthers, Treaſon;
Or any villanie that followes thoſe
Who doe the ſumme of happineſſe repoſe

In worldly glory. But if Fortune frowne,
And from her fickle wheele once caſt them downe;
Then their deiected hearts againe grow baſe,
They are impatient of their preſent caſe,
Raue or run mad, and can doe naught poore Elues,
Vnleſſe it be goe hang or drowne themſelues.
Moreouer, the ſame weakeneſſe that proceeds
From ignorance, this miſchiefe alſo breedes;
It makes men well-conceited of their will,
Which they will follow, be it ne're ſo ill:
And they thinke all things needs muſt fall out bad,
Wherein their wiſe aduiſe may not be had.
But heere's the hell: to them all counſell's vaine,
Cauſe they all others wiſedome doe diſdaine,
And wholly on their owne deuiſes reſt;
As men perſwaded that their owne are beſt.
But, as all ſuch are weake, e'ne ſo I ſay
Is euery one that raſhly doth repay
Vengeance in anger: Or that's male-content
Oft, or oft mooued and impatient;
Or thoſe that iudge of counſels by th'euent;
Or that perſwade themſelues, if their intent
Be good and honeſt, that it doth not skill
Although the matter of it ſelfe be ill;
Which were it true, then *Dauid* might complaine,
That *Vzzah* for his good intent was ſlaine.
Others againe, thinke Superſtitious Rites
To be the ſeruice wherein God delights:
But ſith I'me forc't my mind of them to ſpeake,
I muſt needs ſay their iudgements are but weake.

The

The like I muſt of them who diſ-eſteeme
All former cuſtoms, and doe onely deeme
Their own praiſe-worthy: As alſo ſuch as do
Thinke thoſe things beſt they cannot reach vnto;
Yet in the Vulgar this weake humor's bred:
They'l ſooner be with idle cuſtoms led,
Or fond opinions (ſuch as they haue ſtore)
Than learne of reaſon, or of Vertues lore.
We thinke that we are ſtrong; but what alas
Is there that our great might can bring to paſſe?
Sith though we thereto bend e'ene all our will,
We neither can be good nor wholly ill.
God giues vs needfull bleſſings for to vſe them,
Which wanting power to doe, we oft abuſe them.
Some hold them wiſe and vertuous that poſſeſſe
An Heremitall ſolitarineſſe:
But it proceeds from *Imbicility*;
And for becauſe, through *Non-ability*,
Thoſe things they cannot well endure to do,
Which they indeed ſhould be iniur'd vnto:
Beſides they wrong their Country and their Friends;
For Man (ſaith *Tully's*) borne to other ends
Than for to pleaſe himſelfe: A part to haue
The Common-weale doth looke, and Parents craue
A part; ſo doe his friends. Then deales he well,
That cloſely mew'd vp in a careleſſe Cell
Keepes all himſelfe? and for a little eaſe,
Can in his conſcience finde to rob all theſe?
I ſay hee's weake, and ſo againe I muſt;
But adde withall, hee's ſlothfull and vniuſt.

Then

Then, as hee's vaine that precious time doth ſpend
In fond and idle pleaſure, to no end:
Só are thoſe weake, that with contempt diſdaine
All pleaſure and delight on earth, as vaine;
And though they would be zealous thought, and wiſe,
I ſhall but count them fooliſhly preciſe:
For man hath cares, and pleaſures mixt with-all
Are needfull: yea, both iuſt and naturall.
We are no *Angels*, that our recreation
Conſiſt ſhould onely in meere contemplation:
But we haue bodies too, of whoſe due pleaſure,
The Soules muſt find ſometimes to be at leaſure,
For to participate. But in this kinde,
Though ſome find fault, we are not much behind.
Then 'tis through humane weaknes, when that we
Of a good turne will ſoone forgetfull be;
And readier to reuenge a ſmall offence,
Than for that good to make a recompence.
And ſo 'tis alſo when that we eſchew,
Or ſhun them, vnto whom from vs is due
Both loue and money: this, becauſe their owne;
Th'other, 'cauſe friendſhip at our need was ſhowne.
But 'tis well ſeene, there's many ſo abhor
To be in preſence with their Creditor,
That (thankleſſe Elues) though he be ſtill their friend,
They rather would deſire to ſee his end.
Hee's weake too, that's not able to withſtand
Any vnlawfull or vniuſt demaund:
As well as he that knowes not to denie
Seruing-mens kindneſſe, or *Pot-curteſie*.

Some

Some ſimple fellowes, 'cauſe that Silken-fooles
(Who had their bringing vp in *Bacchus* ſchooles)
In ſhew of loue, but daigne to drinke vnto them,
Thinke preſently they ſuch a fauour do them,
That though they feele their ſtomacke wel nigh ſick,
Yet if to pledge theſe kind-ones they ſhould ſtick,
Or for a draught or two, or three refuſe them,
They think in conſcience they ſhould much abuſe them.
Nay, there be ſome, and wiſe men you would thinke,
That are not able to refuſe their drinke.
Through this their weaknes; though that they be ſure,
'Tis more than their weake ſtomacks can endure.
And why? Oh 'tis the health of ſome great Peere,
His Maſters, or his Friends he counteth deere.
What then? If ſo the party vertuous be,
Hee'l not eſteeme of ſuch a foolery;
If not, who e'r't be, this is my mind ſtill,
A ſtraw for's loue, his friendſhip, or good-will.
Some muſe to ſee thoſe that haue knowledge gain'd,
And to Degrees of Art in Schooles attain'd,
Should haue opinions ſtuft with hereſie,
And in their actions ſuch ſimplicity
As many haue. At firſt, without a pauſe,
As meere a Boy as I, may tell the cauſe:
Is't not the reaſon, their acquired parts
And knowledge they haue reacht vnto by Arts,
Is grown a match too great, and farre vnfit
For to be ioyned with their naturall wit?
'Tis ſo: and they inſteed of rightfull vſing,
Draw from their learning, errors, by abuſing,

Plaine

Plaine Reaſon ſhewes, and euery man that's wiſe
Knowes, though that Learning be a dainty prize,
Yet if that Fate with ſuch a weakling place it,
Who hath no helps of Nature for to grace it,
Or one whoſe proper *knowledge* is ſo ſmall
Hee is beholding to his Booke for all;
It onely breeds (vnleſſe it be ſome Treaſons)
Crippled-Opinions, and prodigious Reaſons:
Which beeing fauour'd, bring in the Concluſion
Publique Diſſenſions, or their owne Confuſion.
For I may liken Learning to a Shield,
With a ſtrong Armour lying in a Field,
Ready for any man that hath the wit
To take it vp and arme himſelfe with it.
Now, if he be a man of ſtrength and might,
That happens on that furniture to light,
He may doe wonders; As offend his foe,
And keepe himſelfe and his from ouerthrow:
But, if a weake and feeble man ſhould take
Theſe inſtruments of *Mars*, what would they make
For his aduantage? Surely I ſhould gather
They would goe neere to ouerthrow him rather:
For they would load him ſo, a man more ſtrong
Although he be vnarm'd, may doe him wrong.
So he that is depriu'd of Natures gifts,
With all his Learning, maketh harder ſhifts
Through his own weakneſſe, and incurs more ſhames,
Than many that want Art to write their Names.
We haue ſome fellowes that would ſcorne to be
Tearm'd *Weake* I know, eſpecially by me,

Becauſe

Becauſe they ſee that my vngentle *Fate*,
Allow'd me not to be a *Graduate*;
Yet whatſoeuer they will ſay vnto it,
For all their ſcorning I am like to doe it.
And to be briefe, they are no ſimple fooles,
But ſuch as haue yauld *Ergo* in the Schooles,
Who being by ſome men of Worſhip thought,
Fit men by whom their children may be taught,
And learn'd enough, for that they are allowd
The name of Teachers; whereof growing proud,
Becauſe (perhaps) they heare that now and then
They are admir'd at by the Seruing-men;
Or elſe by reaſon ſome thing they haue ſaid,
Hath beene applauded by the Chamber-maid;
They thereupon ſuppoſe that no man may
Hold any thing for truth but what they ſay:
And in diſcourſe their tongues ſo much will walke,
You may not heare a man of reaſon talke;
They are halfe Preachers, if your queſtion be
Of matters that concerne Diuinitie.
If it be Law; Ile warrant they'l out-face
A dozen *Ployders* to maintaine their caſe:
But if it be of Phyſick you contend,
Old *Galen* and *Hypocrates* may ſend
For their opinion; nay, they dare profeſſe
Knowledge in all things, though there's none know leſſe:
Now I ſhould wonder they preuail'd ſo much
Did not the Common-people fauour ſuch;
But they are known although their verdit paſſes,
Proud *Dogmatiſts*, and ſelfe-conceited Aſſes;

Whom

Whom I may tearm (though I cannot out-ſcould them)
Weake ſimple fooles, & thoſe that doe vphold them.
Moreouer, ſome (but fooliſhly preciſe,
And in my iudgement, far more weake than wiſe)
Miſiudge of *Poetry*, as if the ſame
Did worthily deſerue reproach and blame:
If any Booke in verſe they hap to ſpy,
Oh, out vpon't, away, prophane, they cry;
Burn't, read it not, for ſure it doth containe
Nothing but fables of a lying braine;
All-aſſe take heed, indeed it oft pollutes
The out-ſide of thy falſe-vain glorious-ſutes:
And to the blinded people makes it plaine,
The colour thou ſo counterfet'ſt will ſtaine.
Becauſe we ſee that men are drunke with Wine,
Shall we contemne the liquor of the Vine?
And ſith there's ſome that doe this Art miſvſe,
Wilt therefore thou the Art it ſelfe abuſe?
'Twere meere iniuſtice: For *Diuinitie*
Hath with no Science more affinitie
Than this; and howſoere this ſcruple roſe,
Rime hath expreſt as ſacred things as Proſe;
When both in this Age, and in former time,
Proſe hath bin ten-times more profane than Rime.
But they ſay ſtill that *Poetry* is lies
And fables; ſuch as idle heads deuiſe;
Made to pleaſe fooles: but now we may by this
Perceiue their weaknes plainly what it is:
Yea, this both weake and ignorant doth proue them;
In that they'l cenſure things that are aboue them:
For

For if that worthy Poets did not teach
A way beyond their dull conceited reach,
I thinke their ſhallow wiſedomes would eſpy,
A Parable did differ from a Lie.
Yea, if their iudgement be not quite bereft;
Or if that they had any reaſon left,
The precious Truths within their fables wrapt,
Had not vpon ſo rude a cenſure hapt.
But though that kind of teaching ſome diſpraiſe,
As there's few good things lik't of now adaies:
Yet I dare ſay, becauſe the Scriptures ſhow it,
The beſt ere taught on earth, taught like a Poet:
And whereas Poets now are counted baſe,
And in this worthleſſe Age in much diſgrace;
I of the cauſe cannot refraine to ſpeake;
And this it is: Mens iudgements are grown weake,
They know not true deſert; for if they did
Their wel-deſeruings, could not ſo be hid.
And ſure if there be any doth deſpiſe
Such as they are; it is cauſe he enuies
Their worthineſſe; and is a ſecret foe
To euery one that truely learnes to know:
For, of all ſorts of men here's my beliefe,
The Poet is moſt worthy, and the chiefe:
His Science is the abſolut'ſt and beſt,
And deſerues honour aboue all the reſt;
For tis no humane knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather tis inſpir'd into the heart
By *Diuine* meanes; and I doe muſe men dare
Twixt it and their profeſſions make compare.

For

For why should he that's but Philosopher,
Geometrician, or Astrologer,
Physician, Lawyer, Rhetorician,
Historian, Arithmetician,
Or some such like; why should he (having found
The meanes but by one Art to be renown'd)
Compare with him that claimes to haue a part
And interest almost in euery Art?
And if that men may adde vnto their name,
By one of these, an euerlasting fame,
How much more should it vnto them befall,
That haue not onely one of these, but all,
As Poets haue? For doe but search their Works,
And you shall finde within their writing lurks
All *knowledge*; If they vndertake
Of *Diuine* matters any speech to make,
You'l thinke them Doctors. If they need to tell
The course of Starres, they seeme for to excell
Great *Ptolomey*; Intend they to perswade,
You'l thinke that they were Rhetoricians made.
What *Law*, what *Physicke*, or what *History*,
Can these not treat of? Nay, what Mysterie
Are they not learn'd in? If of Trades they write,
Haue they not all their tearms and words as right
As if they had seru'd an Apprentiship?
Can they not name all Tooles for workmanship?
We see tis true. If once he treat of Warres,
Of cruell bloudy frayes, of wounds, of scarres.
Why then he speakes so like a Souldier there,
That he hath been begot in armes thou'lt sweare.

Againe,

Againe, he writes ſo like a Naulgator,
As if he had ſeru'd *Neptune* in the water;
And thou would'ſt thinke he might of trauell make
As great a volumne, as our famous *Drake*.
Old *Proteus*, and *Vertumnus* are but Apes,
Compar'd to theſe, for ſhifting of their ſhapes;
There is no humorous Paſſion ſo ſtrange,
To which they cannot in a moment change:
Note but their *Dramatickes*, and you ſhall ſee
They'l ſpeake for euery ſex, for each degree,
And in all cauſes; as if they had beene
In euery thing, or at leaſt all things ſeene.
If need be they can like a Lawyer prate,
Or talke more gravely like a man of State;
They'l haue a Tradſemans tongue to praiſe their ware,
And counterfeit him right (but they'le not ſweare.)
The curiouſt Phyſicians (if they pleaſe)
Shall not coyne words to giue their Patient eaſe,
So well as they; And if occaſion vrge,
They'l Choller, yea and Melancholy purge,
Onely with charmes and words; and yet it ſhall
Be honeſt meanes, and meerely naturall:
Are they diſpos'd to goſſip't like a Woman,
They'l ſhew their tricks ſo right, that almoſt no man
But would ſo thinke them: Virgins that are pureſt,
And Matrons that make ſhew to be demureſt,
Speake not ſo like chaſte *Cynthia* as they can,
Nor *Newbery* ſo like a Curtezan.
They'l giue words either fitting for a Clowne;
Or ſuch as ſhall not vnbeſeeme a Crowne.

In ſhew they will be chollericke, ambitious,
Deſperate, iealous, mad, or enuious;
In ſorrow, or in any Paſſion be;
But yet remaine ſtill, from all Paſſions free:
For they haue onely to this end expreſt them,
That men may ſee them plainer, and deteſt them.
But ſome will ſay that theſe haue on the Stage,
So painted out the *vices* of this Age,
That it not onely tels that they haue bin
Experienc't in euery kind of ſin;
But that it alſo doth corrupt and ſhow
How men ſhould act thoſe ſinnes they did not know.
Oh hatefull ſaying! not pronounc't by chance,
But ſpew'd out of malicious ignorance.
Weigh it, and you will either thinke theſe weake,
Or ſay that they doe out of enuy ſpeake.
Can none declare th'effect of Drunkenneſſe,
Vnleſſe they vſed ſuch like beaſtlineſſe?
Are all men ignorant what comes by Luſt,
Excepting thoſe that were themſelues vniuſt?
Or thinke they no man can deſcribe a ſin,
But that which he himſelfe hath wallowed in?
If they ſuppoſe ſo, I no cauſe can tell,
But they may alſo boldly ſay as well
They are Apprentices to euery Trade,
Of which they find they haue deſcriptions made;
Or elſe, becauſe they ſee them write thoſe things
That doe belong to Rule, beſt ſay th'are Kings:
As though that ſacred *Poeſie* inſpir'd
No other knowledge than might be acquir'd
By

By the dull outward ſenſe; yes, this is ſhe,
That ſhowes vs not alone all things that be,
But by her power layes before our view,
Such wondrous things as Nature neuer knew:
And then whereas they ſay that men are worſe
By reading what theſe write, 'tis their owne curſe;
For, is the flower faulty, cauſe we ſee
The loathſome Spider and the painefull Bee
Make diuers vſe on't? No it is the ſame
Vnto the Spider, though ſhe cannot frame
Like ſweetneſſe, as the Bee thence. But indeed
I muſt confeſſe that this bad Age doth breed
Too many that without reſpect preſume
This worthy title on them to aſſume,
And vndeſeru'd; baſe fellowes, whom meere time
Hath made ſufficient to bring forth a Rime,
A Curtaine Iigge, a Libell, or a Ballet,
For Fidlers, or ſome Rogues with ſtaffe and wallet
To ſing at doores: men onely wiſe enough,
Out of ſome rotten-old-worme-eaten ſtuffe
To patch vp a bald witleſſe Comedy,
And trim it here and there with Ribauldry
Learn'd at a bawdy houſe? I ſay there's ſuch,
And they can neuer be diſgrac't too much.
For though the name of *Poet* ſuch abuſes
Yet they are enemies to all the *Muſes*,
And dare not ſort with them for feare they will
Tumble them headlong downe *Parnaſſus* hill.
Why then ſhould their vſurping of it, wrong
That Title which doth not to them belong?

And wherefore ſhould the ſhame of this lewd crew
Beride them, vnto whom true honour's due?
It ſhall not; for how ere they vſe the name,
Their workes will ſhew how they doe merit fame;
And though it be diſgrac't through ignorance,
The generous will *Poeſie* aduance,
As the moſt Antique Science that is found,
And that which hath been the firſt root and ground
Of euery Art; yea, that which onely brings
Content; and hath been the delight of Kings.
Great IAMES our King, both loues and liues a Poet,
(His books now extant doe directly ſhow it)
And That ſhall adde vnto his worthy name,
A better glory, and a greater fame
Than *Britaines Monarchie*; for few but hee
(I thinke) will both a King and Poet be;
And for the laſt, although ſome fooles debaſe it,
I'm in the minde that *Angels* doe imbrace it:
And though God giue't heere but in part to ſome,
All ſhall haue't perfect in the World to come.
This in defence of *Poeſie* to ſay
I am compel'd, becauſe that at this day,
Weakeneſſe and *Ignorance* haue wrong'd it ſore:
But what need any man therein ſpeake more
Than *Diuine Sidney* hath already done?
For whom (though he deceas'd ere I begun)
I haue oft ſighed, and bewailed my Fate,
That brought me forth ſo many yeeres too late
To view that *Worthy*; And now thinke not you
Oh *Daniel, Drayton, Iohnſon, Chapman*, how

I long to ſee you with your fellow Peeres,
Sylueſter matchleſſe, glory of theſe yeeres:
I hitherto haue onely heard your fames,
And know you yet but by your Workes and Names:
The little time I on the earth haue ſpent,
Would not allow me any more content:
I long to know you better, that's the truth,
I am in hope you'l not diſdaine my Youth:
For know you *Muſes Dærlings*, Ile not craue
A fellowſhip amongſt you for to haue,
Oh no; for though my euer-willing-hart
Haue vow'd to loue and praiſe You and your Art,
And though that I your ſtile doe now aſſume,
I doe not, nor I will not ſo preſume;
I claime not that too-worthy name of *Poet*;
It is not yet deſeru'd by me, I know it:
Grant me I may but on your *Muſes* tend,
And be enroul'd their Seruant, or their Friend;
And if deſert hereafter worthy make me,
Then for a *Fellow* (if it pleaſe you) take me.
But yet I muſt not here giue off to ſpeake,
To tell Men wherein I haue found them weake,
And chiefly thoſe that cannot brooke to heare
Mention of Death, but with much griefe and feare:
For many are not able once to take
That thought into them, but their Soules will quake,
Poore feeble ſpirits, would you nere away,
But dwell for euer in a piece of Clay?
What finde you heere wherein you doe delight,
Or what's to ſeeing that is worth the ſight?

What? doe the heauens thy endeauours blesse,
And would'st thou therefore liue still to possesse
The ioy thou hast? Seeke't not; perhaps to morrow,
Thou'lt wish to haue di'd to day, to scape the sorrow
Thou then shalt see: for shame take stronger harts,
And adde more courage to your better parts:
For Death's not to be fear'd, sith 'tis a Friend
That of your sorrowes makes a gentle end.
But here a quality I call to minde,
That I amongst the Common-people finde;
This 'tis, a weake one too; When they perceiue
A friend neere death, and ready for to leaue
This wretched life; and if they heare him say
Some parting words as if he might not stay,
Nay say not so (these comforters reply)
Take heart, your time's not come, yee shall not die:
What man and grace of God, you shall be stronger,
And liue no doubt, yet many a faire day longer;
Thinke not on Death; with many such like words,
Such as their vnderstanding best affords:
But where is now become this peoples wit?
What doe their knowledges esteeme more fit
Than death to thinke on? chiefly when men be
About to put off their Mortalitie.
Me thinkes they rather should perswade them then,
Fearelesse to be resolu'd to die like Men:
For, want of such a resolution stings
At poynt of Death; and dreadfull horror brings
E'ne to the Soule; 'cause wanting preparation,
She lies despairing of her owne saluation.

Yea

Yea and moreouer, this full well know I,
Hee that's at any time affraid to die,
Is in weake case; and whatsoe're he saith,
Hath but a wauering and a feeble Faith.
But what need I goe further to relate
The frailtie I haue seene in Mans estate?
Sith this I haue already said makes cleere,
That of all Creatures God hath place heere,
(Prouided we respect them in their kinde)
We cannot any more vnable find:
For, of our selues we haue not power to speake;
No, nor to frame a thought, we are so weake.
Against our bodies euery thing preuailes,
And oft our knowledge and our iudgement failes:
Yea, if that one mans strength were now no lesse
Than all men doe in generall possesse;
Or if he had attain'd to ten times more
Than all Gods creatures ioynd in one before;
Yet would his power be euen then so small,
When he stands surest, hee's but sure to fall.
'Tis onely *weakenes* that doth make vs droope,
And vnto crosses and diseases stoope;
That makes vs vaine, inconstant, and vnsure,
Vnable any good things to endure:
It brings vs to the seruile base subiection
Of all loose passion, and vntam'd affection:
It leades vs and compels vs oft to stray,
Both beside Truth, and out of Reasons way:
And lastly wee, and that because of this,
Either doe nothing, or doe all amisse.

Which being ſo, we may with *Dauid* then,
Confeſſe that we are rather *Wormes* than *Men*.

OF PRESVMPTION.

SATYR. 4.

SOft heedleſſe *Muſe*, thou no aduiſement tak'ſt;
Waſt not of *Men* that laſt of all thou ſpak'ſt?
It was: and of the *weakeneſſe* too of *Men*:
Come then with ſhame now and denie't agen:
Recant; for ſo the matter thou didſt handle,
Thou maiſt be curſt for't with *Bell*, *Booke* and *Candle*.
Is mankinde weake? Who then can by their powers
Into the Aire hurle Palaces and Towers?
And with one blaſt e're in a moment make
Whole Kingdomes and braue Monarchies to ſhake?
Or what are they that dare for to aſpire
Into Gods ſeat; and, if it might be, higher:
That forgiue ſinnes as faſt as men can doe them,
And make *Iehonah* be beholding to them?

I'ue

I've heard of ſuch; What are they? Would I wiſt;
They can make Saints (they ſay) of whom they liſt:
And beeing made aboue the ſtarres can ſeat them,
Yea, with their own hands make their gods, & eat them.
Ha? Are they men? How dar'ſt thou then to ſpeake
Such Blaſphemy, to ſay, *Mankinde is weake?*
I tell the this, *Muſe*, either *Man* is ſtrong,
And through thy babbling thou haſt done him wrong,
Or elſe beyond his limits he doth erre,
And for *Preſumption* puts downe *Lucifer*.
Is't ſo? Nay then I prethee *Muſe* goe on,
And let vs heare of his *Preſumption*:
For I doe know, cauſe I haue heard him vaunt,
That he's a Creature proud and arrogant:
And it may be he is not of ſuch might
As he makes ſhew for; but vſurps ſome's right.
There't goes indeed: For though he be ſo baſe,
So weake, and in ſuch miſerable caſe,
That I want words of a ſufficient worth,
To paint this moſt abhorred vileneſſe forth;
Yet ſuch is alſo his deteſted Pride,
That I ſuppoſe the Diuell is belide
By euery man that ſhall affirme or ſay
Hee is more proud. For doe but mark I pray
This Creature *Man*: did *Natures* powerfull King,
(*GOD*, that of *nothing* framed euery thing)
Mould, out of Clay, a peece which he had rent
E'ne from the Earth, the baſeſt Element?
And whereas he might haue been made a *Thrall*,
Yea, and the very *Vnderling* of all;

That

That God with title of *Chiefe Ruler* grac't him,
And as a Steward ouer all things plac't him:
Gaue him a pleasant Garden for to till,
And leaue to eate of eu'ry Tree at will;
Onely of *one* indeed he did deny him,
And peraduenture of that *one* to try him.
But see his insolence; though God did threat
Death if he eate, and though that God was great,
And so exceeding Iust, that he well knew
All that he threatned doubtlesse would ensue:
Though God were strong, & could, had man bin prouder
(Pore clay-bred worme) haue stampt him into pouder;
Yet (notwithstanding all this same) did he
Presume to taste of that *forbidden Tree.*
A rash beginning; but he sped so ill,
D'yee thinke he held on this presumption still?
To heare he had left that offence, 'twere newes;
But *Caine* and *Nimrod*, *Pharaoh* and the *Iewes*
Shew'd it continued; and grew much more,
Rather than lesser, than it was before:
Caine in his murther, and his proud reply;
Nimrod in that he dar'd to build so high;
Pharaoh by boldly tempting God, to show
His sundry plagues to Egypts ouerthrow:
And many waies the last. But what need I
Recite examples of Antiquitie?
Or thus to tax old ages of that crime,
Sith there was nere a more presumptuous time
Than this that's now. What dare not men to do,
If they haue any list or minde thereto?

Their

Their fellow creatures they do much contemnes,
Vaunting that all things were ordain'd for them;
Yea, both the gladsome dayes and quiet nights,
Sun, Moone, and Heauen, with those glorious lights,
Which so bespangle that faire azure roofe:
They thinke were onely made for their behoofe:
When as alas, their power and weak command,
Cannot extend so farre as to withstand
The least Starres force; o're them and their estate,
Sun, Moone, and Starres too, doe predominate.
Before our Fall indeed we did excell
All other creatures that on earth did dwell;
But now, I thinke the very worst that be,
Haue iust as much to boast vpon as we.
Our Soule's defil'd; And therefore, if in Sense
We place our worth and chiefe preheminence,
Tis known that there be diuerse creatures then
Will haue the vpper hand; for they passe men:
And though we still presume vpon't, tis vaine
To challenge our old Sou'raignty againe:
For when that we from our obedience fell,
All things against vs also did rebell;
Lions and Beares, and Tygers sought our bloud,
The barren earth deny'd to yeeld vs food:
The clowds rain'd plagues, and yet dare we go on,
We finde such pleasure in *Presumption*.
But for because there's some doe scarcely know
How we doe in that fault offend, Ile show:
First, when that they new worshippings inuent,
And cannot hold themselues so well content

With

With that which God doth in his Word ordaine,
As with inuentions of their own weak braine;
It seemes they thinke, their fancies to fulfill,
Would please him better than to haue his will.
Next, I doe reck on them that ouer-bold,
Gods sacred Legend haue at will controld;
And maugre his grand curse, some places chang'd;
Added to some; and some againe estrang'd.
Then, those great Masters I presumptuous deeme,
That of their knowledge doe so well esteeme:
They will force others, as the Papists doo
For to allow of their opinion too;
Yea, though it be a meere imagination,
That neither hath good ground, nor iust foundation.
Some will be prying, though they are forbidden,
Into those secrets God meant should be hidden.
So doe some Students in Astrologie,
Though they can make a faire Apologie.
And so doe those that very vainely try
To finde our fortunes by their Palmistry:
These doe *presume*, but much more such as say
At this, or that time comes the Iudgement day.
Or such as aske, or dare for to relate
What GOD was dooing ere he did create
Heauen and Earth: or where he did abide;
How, and by whom, he then was glorifide.
But those that into such deepe secrets wind,
A slender profit in their labour find;
For, to make known how highly they offend,
A desperate madnes is oft-times their end.

Yet

Yet such their nature is, they'l not beware,
But to be prying further still they dare:
For sure, that longing can no way be staid:
Which well the Poet seem'd to know, who said;
Man, what he is forbidden, still desires;
And what he is denied, most requires.
Rather then many will a man gain-say,
They dare make bold with God: they thinke they may,
Because it seemes they deeme him not so strong,
Or so well able to reuenge a wrong.
Some such great power to themselues assume,
And on their owne strength doe so much presume,
They sildome doe for Gods assistance craue;
As if it were a needlesse thing to haue:
Which is the cause, that often the conclusion
Proues their own shame, their hind'rance, and confusion.
In *Praying*, men presume, vnlesse they be
With eu'ry one in loue and charitie:
Or if in their Petitions they desire
Such things as are vnlawfull to require.
Death's their reward, we know, that breake the law;
But neither that, nor yet damnations awe
Keepes vs from sinne; a thousand God-heads rm
Than *one* wee make, and dare for to adore
Our own hand-works: the Sabboth we disdaine,
And dreadlesse take the Name of God in vaine.
If but by his Lords hand an Irish sweare,
To violate that oath he stands in feare;
Lest him both of his lands and goods he spoile,
For making him the instrument of guile:

And

And yet dare we (poore wormes) before his face,
(Respecting whom, the greatest Lords are base)
Both sweare, and forsweare, vsing that great Name
At pleasure, without any feare of blame.
Why should not we as well suppose that he
Who in our hearts would haue no fraud to be;
Will miserable, poore, and naked leaue vs,
Yea, of those blessings and Estates bereaue vs
We now hold of him, if we thus contemne,
And still abuse his sacred Name and him?
But men secure in wickednes persist,
As if they could please God with what they list;
If they can, *Lord haue mercy on them* say,
And mumble some few Prayers once a day,
There needs no more: nay surely, there be such,
That thinke it is enough; if not too much.
But what's their reason? God made all the man,
Why should he haue but part allow'd him than?
He in their seruice nothing doth delight,
Vnlesse it be with all their strength and might,
With their whole heart and soule, and that way too
As he appoints them in his Word to doo.
Some men there are who hope by honesty,
By their Almes-deeds, and works of Charitie
To win Gods fauour, and so to obtaine
Saluation by it; but their hope's in vaine.
Others there are, who for becaus th'aue faith
For to beleeue tis true the Scripture saith;
Sith they haue knowledge in Religion,
And make thereof a strict profession;

Or doe obserue the outward worship duly,
Do thinke that therein they haue pleas'd God truly.
Now these are iust as farre as th'other-wide,
For they Gods worship do by halfes diuide;
And for his due, which is e'ne all the hart,
Doe dare presume to offer him a part.
But th'one must know he will not pleased be,
With a Religion that wants honestie:
And th'other, that as little good will doo
His honest shewes without Religion too.
If this be so (as so it is indeed)
How then will those presumptuous fellowes speed
Who thinke (forsooth) because that once a yeere
They can affoord the poore some slender cheere,
Obserue their Country feasts, or Common doles,
And entertaine their Christmas Wassaile bowles
Or else because that for the Churches good,
They in defence of *Hock-tide* customs stood,
A *Whitson-Ale*, or some such goodly motion,
The better to procure youngmens deuotion?
What will they doe, I say, that thinke to please
Their mighty God with such vaine things as these?
Sure very ill; For though that they can mone,
And say that Loue and Charity is gone,
As old folkes doe, because their banquetings,
Their ancient drunken-summer reuelings
Are out of date; though they can say, through teaching,
And since the Gospell hath had open preaching,
Men are grown worse; though they can soone espy
A little moate in their owne neighbours eye;

Yea,

Yea, though that they their *Pater noster* can,
And call their honeſt neighbour *Puritan*;
How-ere they in their own conceits may ſmile,
Yet ſure they are *Preſumptuous*, *weake*, and *vile*.
Alſo in this abhominable time,
It is amongſt vs now a common crime,
To flout and ſcoffe at thoſe which we eſpy
Willing to ſhake of humane *Vanity*;
And thoſe that gladly doe themſelues enforce
Vnto a ſtrict and more religious courſe
Than moſt men doe; although, they truly know
No men are able to pay halfe they owe
Vnto their God; (as though their wiſedoms thought;
He might be ſerued better than he ought)
They count preciſe, and curious more than needs,
They try their ſayings, and weigh all their deeds:
A thouſand things that they well do, ſhall be,
Slightly paſt ouer, as if none did ſee:
But one thing ill done, (though the beſt does ill)
They ſhall be certaine for to heare of ſtill;
Yea notwithſtanding they can daily ſmother
Millions of ten-times-greater faults in other.
Who are ſo hated or ſo often blam'd?
Or ſo reuil'd, or ſcorn'd, or ſo miſnam'd?
To whom doe we now our contentions lay?
Who are ſo much tearm'd *Puritans* as they
That feare God moſt? But tis no maruell men
Preſume ſo much to wrong his children, when
As if they fear'd not his reuengefull rod,
They can blaſpheme, and dare to anger God.

Now

Now, By theſe words to ſome men it may ſeeme,
That I haue *Puritans* in high eſteeme;
Indeed, if by that name you vnderſtand
Thoſe whom the vulgar *Athieſts* of this Land
Doe daily tearme ſo; that is ſuch as are
Fore-named heere; and haue the greateſt care
To know and pleaſe their Maker: then 'tis true,
I loue them well, for loue to ſuch is due:
But, if you meane *the buſie-headed ſect,*
The hollow crew, the counterfeit Elect:
Our Dogmatiſts, and euer-wrangling ſpirits,
That doe as well contemne good workes as merits:
If you meane thoſe that make their care ſeeme great
To get ſoules food, when 'tis for bodies meat;
Or thoſe, all whoſe Religion doth depend
On this, *that they know how to diſcommend*
A May-game, or a Summer-pole deſie,
Or ſhake the head, or elſe turne vp the eye:
If you meane thoſe, how euer they appeare,
This I ſay of them (would they all might heare)
Though in a zealous habite they doe wander,
Yet they are Gods foes, and the Churches ſlander;
And though they humble be in ſhew to many,
They are as haughty euery way as any.
What need I heere the lewd preſumptions tell
Of *Papiſts* in theſe daies? 'tis knowne too well.
For them thereof each Peaſant now conuinces,
In things as well concerning God as Princes.
Others I finde too, that doe dare preſume,
The office of a Teacher to aſſume,

A d being blinde themſelues and gone aſtray,
Take on them to ſhew other men the way.
Yea ſome there be, who haue ſmall gifts of ſpirit,
No kind of knowledge, and as little merit:
That with the world haue made a firme coniunction,
Yet dare to vndergoe the ſacred function
Of Chriſt his Paſtor. Yea ſuch is their daring,
That (neither for their Charge nor Duty caring)
Inſteed of giuing good and ſound Inſtruction,
They lead themſelues and others to deſtruction.
We reade that *Ieremie* and *Moſes* both,
To vndertake their charge were wondrous loth,
(The greatnes of the ſame ſo much appall'd them)
Yea, though that God himſelfe directly call'd them;
But our braue Clarks, as if they did condemne
The too-much baſhfull backwardneſſe of them;
Or elſe as if themſelues they abler thought;
Thoſe Diuine Callings haue not onely ſought
Without reſpect of their ability,
A Chriſtian Conſcience or Ciuilitie;
But being of old *Simon Magus* tribe
Purchaſe it often with a hatefull bribe;
Which ſhowes that they ſuch places doe deſire,
Not for the good of others, but their hire.
But *Patrons*, feare ye neither God nor Hell?
Dare ye the Churches patrimony ſell
For filthy lucre, in deſpight of Law
Sacred or humane? *Pedants*, dare ye? haw!
Dare ye buy't of them? By Gods helpe, vnleſſe
This villany ere long haue ſome redreſſe,

Ile finde a meanes, or elſe let me haue blame,
To bring ſome ſmart, or elſe eternall ſhame
Vpon you for't: It may be you doe ſcent it,
But all your pollicie ſhall not preuent it.
What doe you looke for? Hell and your Damnation?
Well, you ſhall haue it by impropriation:
I know now you haue entred *Simony*,
You'l double damne your ſoules with *Periury*,
For they as oft together may be ſeene
As is the chilling *Feauer*, and the *Spleene*,
But oh deare Countreymen, be more aduis'd;
Thinke what God is, he may not be deſpis'd.
Could you well weigh his Iuſtice and his Power,
How many Infinites it paſſeth ouer,
And knew his iudgements, you would not diſſemble
An outward fained reuerence; but tremble
And ſhake with horror; you'd not dare to venter
Sanctum Sanctorum ſo vnfit to enter;
His Churches good you rather would aduance,
Than rob it thus of her inheritance;
Or make the ſame, (as men ſtill vnbeleeuing)
Like to *a houſe of Merchandiſe and Theeuing*.
You to whom deeds of former times are knowne,
Marke to what paſſe this age of ours is growne,
Euen with vs that doe ſtricteſt ſeeme to be
In the profeſſing Chriſtianity;
You know men haue beene carefull to augment
The Churches portion, and haue beene content
To adde vnto it out of their eſtate;
And *Sacriledge* all *Nations* did ſo hate,

That the meere *Iriſh*, who ſeem'd not to care
For God nor man, had the reſpect to ſpare
The Churches profits; yea, their heed was ſuch,
That in the time of need they would not touch
The knowne prouiſions they daily ſaw
Stor'd vp in Churches: in ſuch feare and awe
The places held them; though that they did know,
The things therein belonged to their foe:
But now the world and mans good nature's chang'd;
From this opinion moſt men are eſtrang'd;
We rob the Church, and what we can attaine
By Sacriledge and Theft, is our beſt gaine:
In paying dues, the refuſe of our ſtocke,
The barrenneſt and leaneſt of our flocke
Shall ſerue our *Paſtor*: whom for to deceiue,
We thinke no ſin. Nay further (by your leaue)
Men ſeeke not to impropriate a part
Vnto themſelues; but they can finde in heart
T'engroſſe vp all: which vile Preſumption
Hath brought Church-liuings to a ſtrange Conſumption:
And if this ſtrong diſeaſe doe not abate,
'Twill be the pooreſt member in the ſtate.
No maruell though inſteed of learned Preachers,
We haue been peſterd with ſuch ſimple Teachers,
Such poore, mute, tong-tide Readers, as ſcarce know
Whether that God made *Adam* firſt or no:
Thence it proceeds, and there's the cauſe That Place
And Office at this time incurres diſgrace.
For men of iudgement or good diſpoſitions,
Scorne to be ty'd to any baſe conditions,

Like

Like to our hungry Pedants, who'l engage
Their ſoules for any curtail'd Vicarage.
I ſay, there's none of knowledge, wit, or merit,
But ſuch as are of a moſt ſeruile ſpirit,
That will ſo wrong the Church, as to preſume
Some poore-halfe-demi-Parſonage to aſſume
In name of all; no, they had rather quite
Be put beſide the ſame, than wrong Gods right.
Well, they muſt entertaine ſuch Pedants then,
Fitter to Feed Swine, than the Soules of men:
But Patrons thinke ſuch beſt, for there's no feare
They will ſpeake any thing they lothe to heare;
They may runne fooliſhly to their damnation
Without reproofe, or any diſturbation;
To let them ſee their vice they may be bold,
And yet not ſtand in doubt to be controld:
Thoſe in their houſes may keepe priuate Schooles,
And either ſerue for Ieſters or for fooles,
And will ſuppoſe that they are highly grac't
Be they but at their Patrons table plac't:
And there if they be call'd but Prieſts in ſcoffe,
Straight they ducke downe, and all their caps come off,
Suppoſing it for to be done in kindneſſe,
Which ſhowes their weakneſſe, and apparant blindneſſe.
Moreouer, 'tis well-knowne that former time
Held it to be a vile preſumptuous crime,
Such men in ſacred Offices to place,
Whom they knew toucht with any foule diſgrace:
Or to allow thoſe whom they did ſuſpect
To haue an outward bodily defect:

But be they now not onely crooked, lame,
Dismember'd, and of the vnshapliest frame
That euer *Nature* form'd; though they be blind
Not in sight onely, but as well in mind;
Though they be such, who if they came to shreeuing
Might confesse murder, whoredom, slander, thecuing,
And all damn'd villany; yet these men will be
Admitted to the *sacred Ministrie.*
But most of vs doe now disdaine that place,
Accounting it vnworthy, meane, and base;
Yea, like to *Ieroboams* Priests we see
They of the lowest of the people be:
And though we know the *Israelites* allow'd
God the first borne, for his: we are so proud,
Vnlesse they either doe want shape or wit,
Or seeme for wordly businesse vnfit,
Few thinke Gods seruice worthy the bestowing
Their Childe vpon it; or such duty owing
Vnto the same; but rather that Vocation
They count a blemish to their reputation.
But where's your vnderstanding, oh you men?
Turne from your brutish dulnesse once agen,
Honour Gods Messengers; for why? 'tis true
To them both Reuerence and Honour's due:
Thinke what they are, and be not still selfe-minded,
Suffer not *Reason* to be so much blinded;
If not for loue that you to *Iustice* beare,
Yet follow her (although it be) for feare,
And see that this *Presumption* you amend,
Or looke some heauy plague shall be your end.

Then

Then it is alſo a *Preſumptuous* act
With knowledge to commit a ſinfull fact,
Though ne'er ſo ſmall: for ſinne's a ſubtill elfe,
That by degrees inſinuates it ſelfe
Into our ſoules; and in a little ſpace
Becomes too huge a Monſter to diſplace:
Yea, it is certaine that one ſinne though ſmall,
Will make an entrance great enough for all;
And what is't but *Preſumption* to abuſe,
And without feare and reuerence to vſe,
Gods ſacred Word? yet we that Chriſt profeſſe
Thinke it no fault, or that there's no fault leſſe:
Elſe ſure we would not in our common talke,
Let our looſe tongues ſo much at randome walke;
We would not dare our Ieſts of that to make,
At vttering whereof the Heauens ſhake;
For if God had reueal'd his Goſpell newes,
To vs, as heretofore vnto the Iewes
He did the Law: who heard him to their wonder,
Speaking through fearefull fiery flames of Thunder;
We would more dread, in any euill faſhion
To vſe that ſacred meanes of our ſaluation.
Our curſed *Pagan* vnbeleeuing foe,
I meane the *Turke*, more reuerence doth ſhow
In thoſe his damn'd erronious Rites than we
In the true *Worſhip*: for 'tis knowne that he
Will not ſo much as touch his *Alcharon*,
That doth containe his falſe *Religion*,
With vnwaſht hands; nor till he hath o'er-went
All that his vaine and confus'd rabblement

Of Ceremonies vs'd much leſſe dares looke
On the Contents of that vnhallowed Booke:
But we in midſt of all our villany
In our Pot-conference and Ribaldry,
Irreuerently can the ſame apply,
As if 't were ſome of *Paſquils Letany.*
But ſoft, my *Muſe* in her perambulation
Hath hapt vpon an *Excommunication*:
And though that her *Commiſſion* ſhe wanted,
Yet ſhe made bold to ſearch wherefore 'twas granted;
Which if you would know too; why, it may be
Some were ſo pleas'd becauſe they lackt a fee:
For, had the Officers beene well contented,
They ſay the matter might haue been preuented.
But you that haue the wiſedomes to diſcerne
When abuſe is, pray tell me, I would learne:
Miſuſe we not *Excommunication?*
You know, *It is a Separation*
From God: and *a moſt fearefull baniſhment*
From the partaking of his Sacrament,
And good mens fellowſhip; a ſad exile
(Perhaps for euer: at the leaſt, awhile)
From the true Church, and oh (moſt horred euill)
A giuing of men ouer to the Diuill.
And therefore was ordain'd in better times
Onely for ſuch who in their hainous crimes,
With hardned obſtinacy did perſiſt,
As may appeare: but now, we at our liſt,
As if the ſame but ſome ſlight matter were,
For euery trifle to pronounce it dare;

And

And peraduenture too, on ſuch as be
More honeſt farre, and better much than we.
But ſith my *Muſe* hath her endeauour done,
To note how men into this fault doe run;
I will be bold to let you vnderſtand
One ſtrange *Preſumption* noted in our Land,
Worth the amending: and indeed 'tis this
(*Reader* pray iudge how dangerous it is.)
Wee, ſeeing God hath now remoued farre,
From this our Countrey his iuſt plague of *Warre*.
And made vs through his mercy ſo much bleſt,
We doe in ſpight of all our foes yet reſt
Exempt from danger: by vs it appeares
Through the great bleſſing of theſe quiet yeeres,
We are ſo feareleſſe, careleſſe, and ſecure,
In this our happy peace, and ſo cocke-ſure,
As if we did ſuppoſe, or heard it ſaid,
Old Mars *were ſtrangled, or the Diuell dead:*
Elſe can I not beleiue we would ſo lightly
Eſteeme our ſafety, and let paſſe ſo ſlightly
Our former care of *Martiall Diſcipline*,
For exerciſes meerely feminine:
We would not ſee our Armes ſo ſoyl'd in duſt,
Nor our bright blades eate vp with cankerd ruſt,
As now they be: our Bowes they lye and rot,
Both Musket and Caliuer is forgot;
And we lie open to all forraine dangers
For want of Diſcipline: 'tis knowne to Strangers,
Though wee'l not ſee't. Alas, will not our pleaſure
Let vs be once in ſeauen yeares at leaſure
To

To take a muſter, and to giue inſtruction?
No, rather Pleaſure will be our deſtruction.
For *That* firſt caus'd the *Law*, that now preuents
And barres theyſe of *Powder-inſtruments*
To be enacted. Why? for to preſerue
As idle *Game*, the which I wiſh might ſterue
Amids our plenty, ſo that with their curſe
The Land and People might be nothing worſe;
'Cauſe for that trifle, to the Realmes abuſe,
The *Hand-gun* hath beene ſo much out of vſe.
Scarce one in forty, if to proofe it came,
Dares, or knowes well how to diſcharge the ſame.
Oh valiant *Engliſh*, we are like to hold
The glory that our Fathers had of old:
But ſure, I thinke ſome *vndermining-hand*,
That ſtudies for the ruine of the Land,
Is cauſe of this; in hope thereby at length
To weaken ours, and let-in forraine ſtrength.
What, doe we think, cauſe there's a truce with *Spaine*,
That we are ſafe? Alas, that thought is vaine:
Our danger's rather more. For, while they dar'd
To proffer wrong, they found vs ſtill prepar'd:
The profitable feare that we were in,
Preuented danger that might elſe haue bin.
But now the cauſe of forraine feare is gone,
We haue not onely let all care alone,
But alſo are ſo drunken with delights,
And drown'd in pleaſures, that our dulled ſprites,
Are ſo o're-clogd with Luxury, we droope,
More fit for *Venus* than for *Mars* his troope:

That

That if our foes ſhould now ſo ventrous be
As to inuade the Land, vnleſſe that we
With ſpeed amend this error, here's my minde,
The way to worke our ruine they'l ſoone finde:
For iuſt the *Troians* laſt nights watch we keepe,
Who then were buried all in wine and ſleepe.
We read, when *Cato* ſhould a Captaine chuſe
For the *Panonian* fight, he did refuſe
His kinſman *Publius*, 'cauſe that from the warre
He often had return'd without a ſcarre,
And went perfum'd. But if ſuch faults as theſe
Diſpleas'd the *Cenſor*, ſure then in our dayes,
He ſcarcely would in Towne or Country finde
A man with vs according to his minde:
Such is our daintineſſe. Beſides, to ſtrangers
(As if there were no cauſe to doubt of dangers)
We doe not onely our great riches ſhow,
(A ſhrewd temptation to allure a foe)
But we moreouer plainely doe declare
By fond apparell, too ſuperfluous fare,
Much idleneſſe, and other wanton parts,
That we haue weake effeminated harts:
Which being knowne, are ſure a great perſwaſion
Vnto our Enemies to make inuaſion.
But we doe ſay, In God's our onely truſt,
On him we doe depend: Well, ſo we muſt;
And yet we ought not therefore to diſdaine
The lawfull meanes, by which he doth ordaine
To worke our ſafety then: for that's a ſigne
We rather loue to tempt the Powers Diuine,
Than

Than truſt vnto them. Worthy *Brittaines* then,
Leaue this preſumption, once againe be men,
Not weake *Sardanapali*; leaue thoſe toyes
To idle Women, wanton Girles, and Boyes:
Vnto our foes I wiſh you could betake them,
Or vnto any ſo you would forſake them.
Let *Martialiſts* that long haue beene diſgrac't
Belou'd againe, and in our fauours plac't:
Count not them Rogues, but rather ſuch as can
So much degenerate themſelues from Man,
In tyre and geſture both to womanize.
Goe call a Parliament, and there deuiſe
An Act to haue them whipt now: oh 'twere good,
A deed well worthy ſuch a noble brood.
Meane while, let's trim our ruſty Armes, and ſcoure
Thoſe long-vnvſed well-ſteel'd-blades of our;
(We ſhall not doe the Spyders any wrong,
For they haue rent-free held their houſe-roome long
In Morains, Helmets, Gauntlets, Bandileres:
Diſplace them thence, they haue had all their yeeres)
And giue them ſuch a luſtre, that the light
May dimme the Moone-ſhine in a Winters night
Away with idle Citherns, Lutes, and Tabers,
Let knocks requite the Fidlers for their labours.
Bring in the war-like Drum; 'twill muſicke make yee,
That from your drouſie pleaſures will awake yee:
Or elſe the hart'ning Trumpet, that from farre
May ſound vnto you all the points of Warre.
Let Dances turne to Marches; you ere long
May know what doth to Rankes and Files belong,

And

And let your thundering ſhot ſo ſmoake and rore,
Strangers may tremble to behold the ſhore,
And know you ſleep not. But now, to what end,
Doe you ſuppoſe that I theſe words doe ſpend?
Beleeue me, I'me not malecontent with Peace,
Nor doe deſire this happy time might ceaſe;
I would not haue you foule *Seditions* make,
Or any vniuſt warres to vndertake:
But I deſire you leaue thoſe idle faſhions,
That haue beene the iuſt fall of many Nations.
Looke well vnto your ſelues, and not ſuppoſe,
'Cauſe there's a league with *Spaine*, we haue no foes.
For, if *Warres* euer make this Land complaine,
It will be thought ſome *Truce* it had with *Spaine*.
But here I bid you once againe beware,
Delay not time, but with all ſpeed prepare;
Repaire your Forts againe, and man them well,
Place better Captaines in them: I can tell
Some are growne couetous, and there's no truſt
To ſuch as they; that vice makes men vniuſt.
They pocket vp the wages of their men,
And *One* poore Souldier ſerues alone for *Ten*.
Looke to the *Nauy-Royall*: were't well ſcand,
I doubt it would be found but ſimply mand:
The *Purſers* ſtudy (if ſome not belie them)
Onely which way they may haue profit by them:
But ſee vnto it you to whom't belongs.
See the abuſes done, redreſſe the wrongs.
And oh! renew the forces of this Land,
For there's a fearefull bloody day at hand;

Though

Though not fore-ſeene, a bloody day for ſome,
Nor will the ſame be long before it come.
There is a tempeſt brewing in the *South*,
A horrid Vapour, forc't from Hell's owne mouth.
'Tis ſpred already farre into the *Weſt*,
And now begins to gather in the *Eaſt*:
When 'tis at full once, it will ſtraight come forth
To ſhowre downe all it vengeance on the *North*.
But feare not little Ile, thy cauſe is right;
And if thou haſt not caſt all care off quite,
Nor art ſecure; why by that token then
Thou ſhalt driue backe that threatning ſtorme agen,
Through Gods aſſiſtance; euen to ruine thoſe,
By, and amongſt whom, firſt of all it roſe.
But if that ſtill thou careleſſe ſnorting lie
In thy preſuming blinde ſecuritie,
Take't for a ſigne, that now thy ſinnes are ripe,
And thou ſhalt ſurely feele the death-full ſtripe
Of that enſuing ill vnto thy ſhame,
And extirpation of thy former fame.
But yet, I hope, this ouerſight will end,
And we ſhall this preſumptuous fault amend:
I hope, I ſay, (and yet I hope no harmes)
To ſee our *Engliſh* youth trickt vp in Armes;
And ſo well train'd, that all their foes ſhall heare
No newes from them, but Horror, Death and Feare:
Yea, and their march, like *Iehu's*, King of Iury,
Shall ſhew they come with Vengeance, Speed, and Fury.
I would we could as eaſily forſake
Other Preſumptions; and that we could take

But

But halfe the care and diligence to arme
Our ſoules, in danger of a greater harme,
Would we the holy weapons could aſſume
Of *Chriſtian* Warfare, and not ſtill preſume
To leaue our better parts all open ſo,
For the aduantage of the greater foe
Than *Rome* or *Spaine*. Oh would we could begin
To feele the danger of Preſumptuous ſin!
Which ſoone would be, if we could once be brought
But to conſider, with an equall thought,
Our baſe beginning and infirmitie,
Our wauering, and wondrous miſery.
And with this wretched poore eſtate of our,
Gods infinite, and all-ſufficient power;
His *Iuſtice*, with his hatred vnto ill,
And threatnings if we diſobey his will:
Or elſe remember, he doth ſtill behold,
And ſee vs when we ſinne; for who ſo bold,
Vnleſſe depriu'd of grace, then to offend?
But it ſhould ſeeme, we our endeauours bend
To anger God; for we of ſinne complaine,
Yet with our *will*, ſinne in his ſight againe.
Say, were't not a preſumption very great,
If comming to a King, one ſhould intreat
A pardon for ſome murther, and yet bring
The bloody blade with which he did that thing
He would haue mercy for? And whilſt he ſpeaking,
Sheathe it againe with blood and gore yet reaking,
In the Kings Sonne before his Fathers face;
And yet ſtill bide, as if he hop't for grace?

Should

Should we not thinke him mad? Sure yes; yet wee
Cannot that madnes in our own selues see:
For, we dare come before th'almighty King
To sue for pardon for our sinnes, yet bring
The selfe-same bad minde, still conceiuing murther
Against his children, to prouoke him further:
And looke what ill is but in thought begun,
With him's all one, as if the same were done.
It is no maruaile that no humane law
Can keepe our ouer-daring harts in awe;
Sith that we doe so little dread the rod
Of such a powerfull, and so iust a God:
And if in mans and Gods own sight we dare
So fearelesse sinne without respect or care;
It seemes that we doe little conscience make
What mischiefes by our selues we vndertake:
Or thinke it no presumption to commit
Something alone in our owne sight vnfit.
Oh grosse and ignorant! Why, that's the worst
Of all presumptions, the most accurst,
And full'st of Danger. Silly man take heed,
Doe not before thy selfe an euill deed;
For when God doth forgiue, and man forget,
Thine owne ill conscience will oppose and set
Her selfe against thee, tell thee thine offending,
And keepe thee backe from euer apprehending
Grace or forgiuenesse; neither will afford
The smallest comfort of the sacred Word:
But rather to thy sad remembrance call
Each saying that may serue to proue thy fall:
And

And though that fier wondrous tortures brings
Vnto the body, yet when Conſcience ſtings,
Nor fire, nor ſword, nor hell it ſelfe can yeeld
A worſer torment. God defend and ſhield
Me from the like; and giue me grace to feare,
So that I may preſerue my Conſcience cleare
In all my actions: and then I ſhall be
In better caſe a thouſand-fold then he
That vnto wealth and honour hath attain'd
With a craz'd Conſcience that is blurd and ſtain'd.
Alas! how eaſie wer't to clime or mount
To worldly Reputation and Account?
How ſoone could I if I had an intention
To plot, and to contriue, a damn'd inuention
Get golden heapes? yea, and ſo priuily,
That though 'twere done by craft and villany,
I by the blinded world would be deemed
Perhaps more honeſt; but much more eſteemed
Than now I am. But God forbid that I
Such baſe vaine traſh and dunghill ſtuffe ſhould buy
At ſuch a rate. For, there's no Iewell dearer,
Nor any loſſe a man can haue goes nearer
Than peace of Conſcience. Which, to be moſt true,
The ancient Poets very wiſely knew,
And therefore fain'd their *Furies*, with intent
So to declare the inward puniſhment
Of guilty mindes: which ſure they might doe well;
For, there are in them Diuels, yea, and Hell,
With all her torture. What elſe was the cauſe
Nero (who knew no God, nor feared Lawes)

When he had kill'd his Mother tooke no reſt,
But thought he ſaw her comming to moleſt
And plague him for't? What made him to ſurmiſe
He was ſtill tortur'd in ſuch helliſh wiſe,
That *Furies* did to his appearance ſcorch
His liuing body with a burning torch?
Was't not his Conſcience that had priuy been
Vnto the fact? Was not the Cauſe within,
His owne bad ſelfe? If 'twere, let's to amending
Of our *preſumptuous* ſinnes, and bold offending;
If, neither in regard of God, nor men,
Oh let's for feare of our owne Conſcience then.
Yet there's another thing which wer't well weigh'd
Our raſh *Preſumption* would be ſomewhat ſtai'd.
The end of life, with the nere ending paine
God for *preſumptuous* ſinners doth ordaine.
Could we note that, with deaths vncertaine times
And how it takes men acting of their crimes
Euen in the very nicke of their offence,
And beares them (ere they can repent them) hence,
To ſuch a place where nothing ſhall appeare,
But all the ghaſtly obiects of grimme feare.
Where euery Senſe ſhall ſeuerally ſuſtaine
The miſerable ſmart of endleſſe paine:
The tender feeling, ſhall in euery part,
Be ſubiect to th'intollerable ſmart
Of helliſh flames, commixt with chilling cold:
Tortures beyond conceit, not to be told.
The dainty mouth that had the curiouſt taſte
And of the choiſeſt cates ſtill made repaſt;

Shal

Shall filled be, yea belly, throat, and all,
With filth more loathsome then the bitterest gall:
The once-perfumed nostrill, there shall drinke
Foule noysome smels: beside the sulphurous stinke
Of choaking flames. And there, the listning eare,
Fed with the sound of pleasant Musicke here,
Shall change it for the woefull schreeching cry
Of damned soules that in hels tortures ly;
Whose hideous howlings can by no defence,
Be kept from piercing that amazed sense.
And then while they shall trembling thinke to flie
From those amazements that doe seeme so nie,
Lo, there the fearefull'st obiect of the Sight,
Their quite despairing mindes shall more affright.
For garish formes of foule mishapen fiends,
And vgly *Bugs* for euermore attends,
To thwart each looke. But, if this doe not make
Thy ouer-hardned heart (oh man) to quake:
If this relation be too weake to winne,
Or to reclaime thee from thy wonted sinne;
Reader, if this doe no impression leaue,
So that thou canst not any feare conceiue
Through this description; thinke vpon't at night,
Soone in thy bed, when earth's depriu'd of light:
I say at mid-night, when thou wak'st from sleepe,
And lonely darkenesse, doth in silence keepe
The grim fact night. And, but imagine then
Thou wert borne all alone to some darke den,
And there set naked: though thou felt no paine,
Yet seeing no way to get out againe,

If thou ſhouldſt in that naked loneneſſe heare
Some yelling voyce, or ſome ſtrange noiſe draw neare,
With threatning; or but calling on thy name:
Oh with what patience couldſt thou bide the ſame!
But if withall, thy wandring eyes ſhould marke,
And now and then ſee peering through the darke
Some monſtrous viſages, or vgly faces,
Which would make proffer of ſome rude embraces,
And ſometime ſeeme as if they would begin
With griping pawes to ſeize thy trembling skin;
Or, but ſuppoſe, that in thy Chamber there,
Where cannot be the hundreth part of feare
(Becauſe to thee the place well knowne will be,
And thou maiſt haue therewith to couer thee)
Yet there I ſay ſuppoſe thou ſhouldſt behold,
Not ſuch grim obiects as are heere foretold,
But onely heare the dolefull voyce of men
Complaining in the darke; And now and then,
Behold the ghaſtly ſhape of friends long dead,
Wrapt in their ſheetes as they were buried;
Or elſe from out thy Chamber flore to riſe
A troope of bony, pickt Anatomies,
Come pointing to thee, as if thou wert he
That muſt ere long their bare Companion be.
Then wouldſt thou feare I know, and thinke on him,
Whoſe might and fearefull power thou didſt contemne;
Thou wouldſt conſider better of the feare
And helliſh horror I haue mention'd heere.
Thy dangerous eſtate thou wouldſt conceiue,
And ſomewhat thy preſumptuous actions leaue;

Thou

Thou wouldſt not ſo caſt all thy care behinde thee,
But watch thy ſelfe, for feare leſt death ſhould find thee
Doing ſome ill; nor wouldſt thou thus delay
Times of repentance ſtill from day to day.
But oh! how ſhould I hope that this I pleade,
Will worke in them that ſhall but barely read
What I haue writ? ſith I my ſelfe that know,
And haue ſome inward feeling of that woe
Forget my ſelfe. I thinke, when I ſhall be
From ſuch and ſuch like cares and troubles free,
Then will I all my vanities forſake,
A better courſe of life Ile vndertake,
And onely ſeeke the glory of his Name
By whom I liue. That day, ere long time came,
Then I had other lets; but if that they,
(As I did ſeeke they might) were once away,
I would indeed my duty better doe:
Well, ſo it pleas'd God, I ore-paſt them too.
Yet ſomething hindred ſtill, that I could neuer
In my intended *Chriſtian* courſe perſeuer:
But euer found vnto my griefe and ſorrow,
That I was bad to day, and worſe to morrow:
But oh! thou God that knowſt my hearts deſire,
Doe not; oh doe not at my hands require
My youthfull ſinnes; though this my fleſh be fraile,
And my affections often doe preuaile:
Seeing thou knowſt the weake eſtate of man,
And what a little his ſmall power can,
Accept my will, and let thy blood ſuffice
To quit the reſt of mine iniquities.

But now, because I haue obseru'd such store,
I needs must tell a few *presumptions* more.
Some in contemning others wisedome; show,
That they presume themselues doe all things know:
But that vile selfe-conceit nere raised any,
Certaine I am it is the fall of many.
Others (and they in this kind too offend)
On their owne memories too much depend:
Such I haue heard so confidently speake,
As if they had no thought that men were weake:
Yea those; though twenty men haue all gaine-said
What they affirmed, were not yet afraid
Their owne bare affirmation to out-face
With sundry oathes: such wondrous trust they place
In their remembrance; yea, my selfe ere now
Haue been oft-times more ready to auow
What I thought truth; than ere Ile be againe:
For, what I deem'd to be so sure, and plaine,
That I not onely stood in't to my might,
But would haue pawn'd my life 't had been the right;
That to my shame, I haue my selfe, alone,
Found to be false, when all the rest were gone.
Which grieu'd me so, that Ile nere more relie
Or trust so much, to mine owne memorie.
But what may I tearme those, who for a name,
Or else to get some vile preposterous fame,
Will desperately for the nonce begin
To put in action some vngodly sin,
That all men loathe; and onely (as they say)
For to be talkt of. What are such I pray?

Presumption,

Presumptuous, vaine, or weake, or all that's bad?
The last I thinke; and ten-times more than mad.
Yet we haue Gallants, and great store of such,
That in their great brauado's care not much
What villanies they doe. But 'tis their humour
Onely to fill mens mouthes with idle rumour;
And cause they know the vulgar sort do deeme them
Youthes of great Spirit, and doe much esteeme them.
But amongst wise men, they are sure to gaine
Reproachfull shame, and wel-deseru'd disdaine;
And yet, to adde some fame vnto this story,
We will bequeath them *Eroſtratus* glory.
Nor haue our old men left that humour yet,
For though through feeblenesse they are vnfit
To put in practise their old tricks againe:
Yet for to shew they like them, and would faine;
They'l often with a lie or two recite them.
And the remembrance doth so much delight them,
That whereas they ought rather to repent,
And with a grieued heart, for to lament
Their former folly; they with Ioy and Laughter
Seeme to approu't, in those that shall come after.
There's yet another crew, my *Muse* well knowes,
To whom, she here a *Memorandum* owes;
Although no commendations; for they are
But busie fellowes, and doe boldly dare
Take on them in their comments, forth to find
The secret meaning, of each Authors mind,
And do apply that, in particular,
Which, doth extend to all in generall:

And in this little Booke perhaps, they can
Say, heere I meant one, there another man;
And by their names they will not sticke to shew them,
When as perhaps I nere so much as knew them.
So from my honest meaning they will reare them
A slander, for some priuate grudge they beare them.
But though these are so bold, yet I believe,
Or hope at least, no men of wisedome giue
Credit to any such interpretations,
That are but idle false imaginations;
Sith each of these what stile soe're he crave,
Doth show himselfe presumptuous foole, and knave:
But heare all you that are quite voyde of care,
What you presume in: chiefely you that dare,
Mauger Gods threats, goe forward to fulfill
Your naughty, rath, vnbridled hare-brane will:
As if you thought that you your selues made all,
And that indeed there were no God at all.
Know this, ere long time it shall come to passe,
That you shall howling sit and cry, alasse:
Cursing your birth and miserable state,
With sad repentance when it is too late,
Vnlesse you now take time. Oh wormes! oh men!
Forsake your follies, oh forsake them then.
What will you doe else when once seiz'd by death,
Ready to draw the latest gaspe of breath;
When as you are so weake that you would faine
But cannot moue your tongues for to complaine?
What would you doe if then there should appeare
The Authors of most miserable feare,

Your

Your guiltie Conſciences, and there vnroule
To your remembrances the dreadful ſcroule
Of your *preſumptions?* and withall preſent,
A viſion of th'infernall puniſhment,
Prepar'd for ſuch? And if in that bad caſe,
You ſhould behold him you eſteem'd ſo baſe
Sit with ſuch power, that at each frown he makes
The earth doth tremble, and the heauen ſhakes:
What would you doe? Oh any thing: I'm ſure
No paine there is but you would then endure
To ſcape his wrath, (if you doe not deſpaire;)
Then, will you begge, entreat, and promiſe faire;
Or any thing, if ſo it were, you might
Returne to life againe; then would you quite
Alter your doings; then forſooth you'l be
A patterne vnto all poſteritie;
You would be humble, meek, deuout, and chaſte:
But now there's time, and then it may be paſt.
Yet I my ſelfe haue heard thoſe that haue vow'd
Much in their anguiſh, and God hath allow'd
A longer time; yea, hath vouchſafe to ſaue
And giue them life againe, e'ne at the graue:
And yet haue theſe forgot their former paine,
And turn'd vnto their owne ill-waies againe:
Which hauing ſeene, this for vs men Ile ſpeake,
Not without griefe, *though nothing be ſo weake:*
Yet are we in our owne conceits ſo tall,
That for preſumption We doe out-paſſe all:
And if ſo be that this ſame hardning ſin
Doe ſeize vpon the heart once, and get in;

My

EPILOGVS.

My minde is this, 'twill nere be purg'd thence well,
No, not with all the feares and pangs of Hell.

EPILOGVS.

SO, in ſome meaſure I haue now made known
What foule *Abuſes Time* to me hath ſhown;
And what *Man* is, I haue explain'd ſome Crimes
That I haue noted in theſe preſent times.
Then, though I haue by ſome beene counted idle,
This ſhowes, I haue not giuen Time the bridle
To runne away vnmannag'd; but did vſe it
Then beſt; when I moſt ſeemed to abuſe it.
Heere ſinfull man, thou maiſt behold in part
Thy miſerable ſtate, and what thou art.
Thy Paſſions; thy vanities heere ſee:
In part, (I ſay,) for all there cannot be:
Thy Wauerings and thy frailties I'ue explain'd,
With thy Preſumption, and haue nothing fain'd:
If thou haſt read it, then I hope thou know'ſt,
Though thou ſeem'ſt bad, thou worſe art then thou ſhow'ſt:
And I doe truſt, thy wretchednеſſe eſpide,
Will quell thy moſt intollerable pride.
I muſ'd a while thou wert ſo prone to ſinning,
But 'twas thy fault I ſee from the beginning:
And as the Lord himſelfe once ſaid, ſo ſtill,
Th' imaginations of thy heart are ill.
That's one maine cauſe; Then to performe an euill,
Thou haſt the *proneneſſe of the fleſh*; the *Diuell*,

With

With bad examples for thy inſtigation;
Beſides in all the *Worlds raſh approbation.*
But yet would I not haue thee think (oh man!)
That I with *Tymon* the *Athenian*,
Deſire to make thee ſo much feele thy woe,
To goe and hang thy ſelfe; I meane not ſo:
Nor ſeeke to driue thee thereby to deſpaire,
'Tis not my purpoſe, my intent's more faire.
This I would haue thee doe; Sith fleſh is fraile,
And Sathan will be buſie to preuaile,
With heed and care watch ouer thy affection,
And in thy doings follow this direction.
First, ſee if't be thy fleſh that moues thee to
Thoſe things thou art ſo oft about to doe.
Next, to conſider well it doth behooue thee,
What kinde of men they are that doe approue thee:
For, true it is (as I haue oft beene taught)
What Fleſh deſires, and moſt approues, is naught.
And ſith to thruſt thee forward vnto euill,
Thou haſt an ill Heart, proud Fleſh, and the Diuell,
With bad example; learne (oh man) to ſeaſon
Thy heart with ſacred thoughts, with truth and reaſon:
Thy Fleſh with labour, and with faſting, tame,
And 'twill not be ſo ſubiect vnto blame.
Preuent the Diuels baits and his temptations
With earneſt Prayers, and good Meditations:
And ſee thou heed to thy companions giu'ſt,
Sith thou wilt be as thoſe with whom thou liu'ſt,
Yea, ſith thou art ſo ſubiect vnto ſin,
Shun all occaſions that may draw thee in.

So

EPILOGVS.

So, when thy God ſhall ſee thou haſt a will,
And truely doſt deſire to mend what's ill;
Hee will accept it (for his Sonnes deare ſake)
And thee more willing, and more able make:
Yea, ſhould thy ſinnes more red then Scarlet grow,
Yet he would make them whiter then the Snow:
Thy now blacke Soule (were it thrice more defil'd)
As innocent as is the new-borne child:
And thy moſt miſerable body, farre
More glorious, than is the brighteſt Starre.
But if thou, without care or heed, doſt leane
Vnto thoſe luſts of fleſh that are vncleane,
If thou take pleaſure and delight to doe them,
Quite giuing ouer thy deſires vnto them,
They both in ſoule and body too, will make thee
So foule a Leper that God will forſake thee;
His holy Angels, and his Saints abhorre thee,
And onely Diuels make intreatie for thee;
Yea, thou ſhalt in *Gehynnon*, waile with them,
That are excluded, new *Ieruſalem*.

The end of the ſecond Booke.

The Scourge.

(*_*)

MY *Muſe*, I purpos'd to haue reſted here;
And ſo ſhe ſhould indeed; but that I feare
A gentle warning will not now ſuffice,
To make men leaue off their iniquities:
Yea, I doe know their negligence ſo great,
'Tis not enough we ſhould perſwade, or threat;
And therefore I'me reſolued ere I part,
To giue them a remembrance to their ſmart.
And though full loath (cauſe their ill natures vrge)
Ile ſend abroad a *Satyr* with a Scourge;
That to their ſhame for this Abuſe ſhall ſtrip them,
And being naked in their vices, whip them.
And to be ſure of thoſe that are moſt raſh,
Not one ſhall ſcape him that deſerues a laſh.
But ſome will kick. Yea, let them kick and ſpare not
So he may come to ierke them well I care not;
For be they rich, or poore, or weake, or ſtrong,
Ile make him finde them that delight in wrong.
Not in deſpight, to make reuengefull rumours;
Rather in ſport, to mocke the worlds baſe humours.

But

But least I make my Prologue ouer-large,
Ile let my whipping *Satyr* know his charge.
First, though he haue but little manners got,
Bred in the woods, where many vse them not,
He shall be sent to ouer-looke the *Court*,
And dance the *Witch*, and make the King some sport.
Doe *Satyr*, goe; thou shalt not be disdain'd;
Loue without merit hath been entertain'd,
And so may thine; that Progenie's the most,
Yea, all indeed of which the world can boast:
And that so worthie (tis a wondrous matter)
Commend it how thou wilt, thou canst not flatter.
If thou maist get their fauour, that be best,
There is no cause why thou shouldst feare the rest:
The good will help, but neuer hurt. Then care not:
Although the wicked would offend, they dare not.
First, lash the Great-ones; but, if thou be wise,
In generall, and doe not speciallize;
Yet, if thou doe, so wisely let it be,
None may except but those that faulty be.
Now peraduenture, some will rage or storme;
But that's no matter, thou art freely borne:
And though their eyes sparke fire, and they looke big,
Be thou as sterne, thou need'st not care a fig;
And tell them plainely tis not all their show,
Can make men thinke them better than they know:
Tis not great words, nor yet a large possession,
Shall free them from the scandall of oppression;
Though they can now, to get themselues a name,
Build *Babel* vp a new; and quickly frame

Such

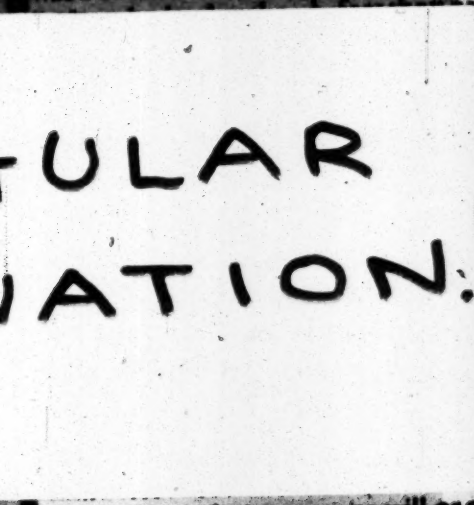
Such lofty Palaces, as if they meant
To threaten heauen from the battlement.
Who wonders at it? None I thinke: and why?
Who is so mad to tell them that? not I.
Yet *Satyr*, looke that thou before thou part,
Giue them one ierk, to make their Honours smart.
Their stately houses, say, are things but vaine,
An Age or two shall rot them downe againe:
And for their vice, if there be none dare show it,
Say, I haue vow'd to make the world to know it.
Then, tis not tombes, nor yet a heape of stones,
Shall make men thinke the better of their bones:
No, it shall speake their Auarice and Pride,
Which those they scorn'd, & wrong'd, shall then deride.
So let them goe their Soueraigne to attend,
And those that be not at the best, amend.
Search on for more, but if thou hap to finde
Any among them of the female kinde,
Women or Angels, bad or good, thine eyes
Shall not looke toward their infirmities.
What ere some say, no woman will, or can
Wrong him (Ile warrant) that's an honest man.
For they are good, and surely would be still
Were't not that men did often make them ill:
Those that are angry with them, let them show it,
Ile say th'are vertuous, for because I know it.
Mens faults I tell: so may he womans too
That's plagu'd by whores, with whom he had to doe.
These if thou hap to see I charge thee skip,
And search in euery office with thy whip;

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IRREGU
PAGINA

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Their

There, there are those that for their priuate store,
Make both th'Exchequer, and the Commons poore;
Extortion doth maintaine their bravery;
Yet lay not open all their knauery:
But tell them they a new account must bring;
That lash perhaps their guilty soules will sting.
Thou shalt in Court another troope espy,
Such as in show are full of honesty;
Faire tongu'd; but he that such fine followers wants
Is happy; for they are but Sycophants;
Dissembling Villaines: Doe but note them well,
And thou wilt say they are the brood of hell.
For pluck away their fain'd fidelity,
And they are e'ne a heape of villany:
To make them smart, these words to them commend,
That beggery and shame shall be their end.
Yet thou shalt finde depending on the Court,
Some that will iest to make their betters sport:
But sift them (I durst pawne a brace of testers)
If truth were known, they are more fooles then lesters:
And so they are suppos'd; although indeed,
They are more knaues than fooles: but take thou heed;
Come not within the compasse of their bable,
Then call them knaues, as lowd as thou art able.
If thou come thither at some publique show,
(As there thou shalt be whether they will or no)
Remember that thou make a shift to creepe
Neere to the place where they the Reuels keepe,
There stand a while vnseene, and doe no more,
But note those fellowes that doe keepe the dore:

If thou perceiue ſome, as ſome will doe then,
Keepe out a many worthy Gentlemen,
And let a Laundreſſe or a Scoundrell paſſe,
Giue him a ierke, and tell him hee's an Aſſe.
But leſt thou ſpy what may make thee aſham'd,
(Or ſpeake of that for which thou maiſt be blam'd)
Leaue thou the Court, if thine owne ſelfe thou pitty,
And come a while to walke about the City.
As ſoone, as there thou entreſt, thou ſhalt meet
Great ſtore of Gallants paſing out the ſtreet.
A part, from Dice, or Fence, or Dancing come,
And peraduenture, from a whore-houſe ſome:
Theſe, are good fellowes that will frankly ſpend,
While Lands doe laſt, or any man will lend;
And yet to ſee (more fooles the world had neuer)
They are ſo proud, as if 'twould laſt for euer.
And though theſe lightly cannot haue a worſe,
Or deadlier ſickeneſſe, than an empty purſe,
Which will enſue; yet tell them, they muſt meet,
At the Kings-bench, the Counters, or the Fleet.
Then, ſtep vnto the Lawyers: peraduenture
They'l by ſome *Writ* command thee not to enter.
Yet feare them not; but looke and thou ſhalt ſpy
Vnder their gownes, a maſſe of knauery.
Pluck off the maske of Law, that cloaks their drifts,
And thou ſhalt ſee a world of lawleſſe ſhifts.
But, tell them there's a Iudge will not be feed:
And that perhaps will make their Conſcience bleed.
Then tell the Scriueners as thou paſſeſt by,
That they were beſt to leaue their forgery;

Or elſe, why is't their eares doe ſcape ſo well?
The Diuell meanes to beare them whole, to hell.
Tell the Phyſicians (if thou meet with any)
Their Potions and their Drugs haue murther'd many,
For which, thou would'ſt haue laſht, but doſt delay them,
Becauſe the Diuell meanes to pay them:
But if they'l prooue concluſions, bid them then,
Try't on themſelues, and not on other men.
Deſire the Brokers that they would not yawne
After the forfeit of anothers pawne.
It is their right by Law they'l ſay, 'tis true;
And ſo's their ſoule, perhaps, anothers due:
But ſting them; if their conſcience quite be fled,
Then ſhall they pay, what they haue forfeited.
Entreat the Taylor next, if that he can,
To leaue his theft, and proue an honeſt man.
And if he thinke the matter be too hard,
Knocke him about the Noddle with his yard.
If he be rich and take the ſame in ſnuffe,
Tell him his ſubſtance is but ſtollen ſtuffe:
And, that the lay would hardly brooke the weather,
If euery Bird ſhould take away her feather.
So hauing whipt him; let the Prieſt goe ſhriue him
And (if he haue authoritie) forgiue him.
Go warne the Crafts-man that he doe not lurke
All day at Ale-houſe, and neglect his worke:
And then ſuruey the ware of euery Trade,
For much (I tell thee) is deceitfull made.
Which if thou find; I charge thee do not friend it,
But call him knaue, and bid him go and mend it.

Oh ſee, if thou the Marchant-man canſt finde,
For heele be gone at turning of the winde:
Bid him keepe touch, or tell his worſhip how
His heart will tremble when the Seas are rough:
Deſire him too, if he doe trauell thither
Where Conſcience is, that he would bring ſome hither;
Here's little, ſome will haue it; if none will,
He ſhall gaine by it, though he keepe it ſtill:
If he bring none, 'twere charity I thinke,
To pray ſome ſtorme may make his veſſell ſinke.
Looke in their ſhips, for I haue knowne deceit
Hath been in both the owner, and the fraight;
Yea, note them well, and thou ſhalt find their bookes
Are Woodcocks ginnes, and barbed fiſhing hookes:
But he thereby great ſtore of wealth obtaines,
And cares not how, ſo he encreaſe his gaines:
Yet leaſt his riches hap to make him proud,
Satyr, I pray thee, tell him this aloud
To make him ſmart; *that, whilſt he like a mome,*
Playes faſt abroad, his wife playes looſe at home:
Nor ſhall his ill-got maſſe of wealth hold out,
But he, or his, become a banquerout.
Now to thy reſt, 'tis night. But here approaches
A troope with Torches, hurried in their Coaches.
Stay and behold, what are they? I can tell,
Some bound for Shorditch, or for Clarken-well:
Oh theſe are they which thinke that Fornication,
Is but a youthfull, ſportfull, recreation:
Theſe to hold out the game, maintaine the backe
With Marrow-Pies, Potato-roots, and Sacke:

And when that Nature hath conſum'd her part,
Can hold out a Luxurious courſe by Art:
Goe, ſtop the horſes quickely (leaſt thou miſſe)
And tell the Coachmans wanton carriage this,
They of their guide muſt be aduiſed well,
For they are running downe the hill to hell.
Their Venery, will ſoone conſume their ſtocke,
And bring them to repentance with a pocks.
For other crimes committed without light,
Let ſuch reueale as ſee like Owles by night:
For many men a ſecret fault can finde,
But in apparant roageries are blinde.
Or elſe, they will not ſee; but thou wert beſt
Leaue whipping, and betake thee to thy reſt.
If in an Inne it be, before thou ſup,
Will that the Tapſter call his Maſter vp,
And bid him kindly, ſith there lodge thou muſt
To vſe plaine-dealing like an honeſt Hoſt.
Diſſembling's nought, hard reckonings they are worſe;
Light gaines (they ſay) *will make a heauy purſe.*
And let him not (a fault with many rife)
For baſe aduantage proſtitute his wife;
For many men (who are not what they ſhould be)
Do make their wiues more wanton than they would be.
Thereby they gaine, their Innes are ill frequented;
But ſuch ill courſes are too late repented.
So ſchoole him well, but, doe thy whip refraine,
And ſend him to his other gueſts againe.
Then thou ſhalt ſee the nimble Tapſter fly,
Still yauling, *Here, anon ſir, by and by.*

So

So diligent that time, more knowne must make him,
Or, for an honeſt man thou wilt miſtake him;
His beſt reuenue is by *Nicke* and *Froth*;
Which priuiledge to looſe, they would be loth,
And, there's an old ſhift (if they leaue it not)
There muſt be ſomething added to the ſhot.
But wilt thou ſwagger with him for it? No:
But take him as he is, and let him goe.

Now for moſt Hoſtlers if you hap to try them,
Knaues thou maiſt ſay they are, and not belie them;
For, they deceiue the poore dumbe trauelling beaſt,
And for the ſame deſerue a ierke at leaſt;
Yet, doe thou ſpare them: for there is no doubt,
Some gueſt will find a time to pay the lout.

Well, hauing reſted, and diſcharg'd thine Hoſt;
Ile ſend thee downe into the Country, Poſt:
For I haue buſineſſe, no man would beleiue,
With whom'd'ye thinke? e'ne with the vnder-Shrieue:
Tell him thou heard'ſt (and that's a fault indeed)
That in ſome cauſes he is double-feed.
And that moreouer he deſerues a portion
With thoſe that are indited for extortion;
Yea and for other things as well as that;
Tell him the countrey termes him, he knowes what.
Whereat if thou perceiue, he make a ſport
Thou whip him ſhalt, till he be ſorry for't,
Say to our Knights, their much formality,
Hath made them leaue their Hoſpitality:
And ſay (although they angry, be therefore)
That many of themſelues are not onely poore,

But that they haue to(or they are belied)
Quite begger'd their posterity with pride.
And sith thou art so neere them; doe not cease
Vntill thou see our Iustices of Peace:
There, try if thou canst get but so much fauour,
To binde the Country to the good behauiour.
And tell them, how, thou hast enformed beene,
That they haue granted Warrants vpon spleene;
Are partiall, and haue ouer-sway'd by might
The poore mans cause that's innocent and right:
If this thou finde be true, thou hast permission
To lash, or put them out of the Commission.
The Constable, if he were bid, I wisse,
Be good in's office, 'twere not much amisse:
For he, they say, a many meanes may haue,
If so he be dispos'd to play the knaue;
See how he deales, and make thy message knowne,
For he hath stocks, and whipping-posts of's owne.
There are Church-warders too, I shame to see
How they runne into wilfull periurie.
Partly in fauour, and in part for feare,
They winke at much disorder in a yeare:
But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,
Ierke them as cuill members of the Church:
If they reply, offenders are so friended
Though they present, 'tis little thing amended:
Yet tell them, 'tis their dutie to discharge
Their consciences in euery thing at large;
Which if they dor, ill doers shall be sham'd,
Or the corrupted Visitors be blam'd.

And prethee tell the B. Chancellors
That thou art ſent to be their counſellors:
And will them, if they meane not to be ſtript,
And to be once againe like ſchoole-boyes whipt
Their worſhips would not ſo corrupted be;
To hinder Iuſtice for a ſcuruy fee.
Then next goe tell their reuerend good Maſters,
That thou and they are like to fall to waſters:
Faith; thou ſhalt finde their Doctorſhips, perhaps,
Diſputing of their Surpleſſes and Caps,
About the holy Croſſe, a Gowne, a Hood,
Or ſome ſuch matter for the Churches good:
But tell them, there are other things to do,
A great deale fitter to be lookt into;
And if they pleaſe to goe their Viſitation,
There's waightier matters looke for reformation.
Yea, ſay there's many an infirmity
Which they both may, and ought to remedy:
But touch them with remembrance of their place,
And they perhaps will alter then the caſe.
Then bid thoſe Dunces in our Colledges,
That they prouide them good Apologies;
For 'tis reported lately, they haue both
Betooke themſelues to venery, and ſloth,
And ſeeke not learning onely, as they ſhould,
But are back-friends to many a man that would:
'Twere fit they made a publique recantation,
And were well whipt before a Congregation.
So leauing them their wits for to refine,
Thou ſhalt be bold to looke on the Diuine;

They say he's growne more carefull of his flocke,
O' profits and of tithes, than of his flocke:
Now if thou finde report hath not beli'd him,
With good respect vnto his Calling, chide him.
I had almost forgot our ciuill Doctors;
I pray thee warne them and their lazie Proctors,
They would not vse to make so many pauses,
Before they doe determine poore mens causes,
And let them not suppose their fees are small,
Sith they at last will get the Diuell and all.
There be Court-Barons, many in thy way,
Thus maist thou to the Steward of them say;
Their policy in raising fines and rents,
Hath put poore men besides their Tenements:
And tell them (let them answer if they can)
Their false Court-roles haue vndone many a man.
Say thou hast seene what to their place belong'd,
And knowst oft-times both Lord and Tenants wrong'd:
Yet spare thy whip; for why? the peoples curse
Already hath prepared them a worse.
So when thou thus hast punisht Vices slaues,
And roundly ierkt the Country petty knaues,
Then march thou to the Campe, and tell thou, there
The lusty ruffling, shuffling Caualere,
(Whose hardned heart can brooke to rob and spill
His friend or foe; to ruine, wound or kill)
That he will one day finde a misery
Will dog him to reuenge his cruelty:
And see that thou the Ruffians courage quaile,
Or lash him, till the stocke and whip-cord faile.

Walke

Walke but the Round, and thou maist hap to catch
The careleſſe Souldiers ſleeping in their watch;
Or in a march perhaps they'l goe aſtray:
But, if thou ſee them out of their array,
And without leaue and warrant roming out,
To fetch ſome deſperate booty there about,
Remember them; and for their ſtout bravado's,
See thou reward them with ſound baſtinado's.
Then bid the Captaines in their Gariſons,
Not lay to pawne their rich Caparisons,
Nor runne vpon the ſcore till they are forc't
To be diſarm'd for payment, or vnhors't,
Nor keepe the Souldiers hire, leſt they be faine
To make an inſurrection, or complaine.
For, that indeed, proues oftentimes the cauſe
They doe ſo much tranſgreſſe the Martiall lawes.
Yea, tell them tis a ſcandall to be drunke,
And drown their valour, or maintaine a Punke.
Then if they mend it not, to blot their fame,
In ſteed of honour, whip them for't with ſhame.
Laſtly, there are ſome ſelfe-conceited wits,
Whoſe ſtomacks nought but their owne humor fits;
Detracting Critriks, who e'ne at the beſt,
Doe bite with enuy, or elſe ſnarle at leaſt:
And in thy Progreſſe if diſcern'd thou be,
'Tis out of queſtion they will ſnap at thee.
To ſpight them then, the waie's not to out-brawle them:
But lay thou car'ſt not, and that laſh will gaule them.
Now *Satyr*, leaue me to my ſelfe alone;
Thou haſt thy meſſage, and thou maist be gone:

Whip

Whip any that ſhall offer to withſtand thee
In executing that which I command thee.
And yet, (*ô ho, ho, ho,*) come backe againe,
Beſure that thou doe vnderſtand me plaine.
Firſt note; I from my Scourge doe here except
The Guard by whom the Kingdomes peace is kept,
The vertuous Peeres; know, that I nothing grutch them:
And on my bleſſing ſee thou doe not touch them.
And, if in all our Offices there's any
That is an honeſt man, among ſo many,
Him did I euer meane that thou ſhould'ſt ſpare;
Becauſe I know that ſuch an one is rare.
Phyſicke and Law I honour (as tis fit,)
With euery vertuous man profeſſing it;
I doe not ayme at ſuch as they: Nor when
I flout our Gallants, meane I Gentlemen,
That well and decently maintained be
According to their faſhion and degree:
No, thoſe I loue; and what can I leſſe doe,
Sith I of them am well-beloued too?
To blame all Marchants, neuer was my will;
Nor doe I thinke all Trades-mens worke is ill:
My meaning muſt not ſo be vnderſtood;
For the laſt ſhooes I had were very good.
Yea, and ſo farre am I from ſuch a thought
Thou ſhould'ſt againſt the Vertuous doe ought:
That if thou but an honeſt Tapſter ſee,
Tell him I wiſh we might acquainted be;
And Ile that Hoſtler loue, which in amends
Will vſe my horſe well, that we may be friends.

And

And to be briefe, Good *Satyr* vnderſtand,
That thou maiſt not miſtake what I command:
Tis not my meaning, neither doe I like
That thou at this time ſhould'ſt in ſpeciall ſtrike:
Becauſe my hatred might appeare as then,
Not to the vice, but rather to the men.
Which is not ſo; for though ſome malice me,
With euery one I am in charity.
And if that thou doe euer come to ſight,
And bring thy yet concealed charge to light;
I wiſh it might be tooke as 'twas intended,
And then no vertuous man will be offended.
But, if that any man will thinke amis,
Vpon my life that party guilty is:
And therefore laſh him. So, get th'out of dore;
Come what come will, Ile call thee backe no more.
Well now he's gone the way that I direct him,
And goe he ſhall how ere the world reſpect him:
If any meruaile why he was not bolder,
Perhaps he may be when that he is older:
He hath too ſmooth a chin, a looke too milde;
A token that he is not wholly wilde;
But may I reach the yeeres of other men,
If this looſe world be not amended then,
I'le ſend a *Satyr* rougher than a Beare,
That ſhall not chide & whip, but ſcratch and teare;
And ſo I'le teach him, he ſhall be too ſtrong.
For all your *Paris-garden dogs* to wrong.
This *Satyr* hath a Scourge, (but it wants weight:
Your *Spaniſh* whips were worſe in eighty-eight)

That

That, ſhall not onely make them howle for paine,
But touſe them, till they hold their peace againe.
Now, if the world doe frowne vpon me for't:
Shall I be ſorry? No, 'twill mend my ſport;
But what if I my ſelfe ſhould hap to ſtray
Out of my bounds, into my *Satyrs* way?
Why then; (and that's as much as I need doo)
I'le giue him leaue to come and laſh me too,
So now my *Muſe* a reſting time requires
For ſhee's o'rewearied, and her Spirit tires.

Πάντοτε δόξα Θεῷ.

FINIS.

Certaine Epigrams to the *Kings* most excellent Maiesty, the Queene, the Prince, the Princesse, and other Noble and Honourable Personages, and Friends, to whom the Author gaue any of his Bookes.

To the Kings Maiestie.

EPIGRAM. I.

LOe here dread Sou'raign, *and great* Britaines *King,*
First, to thy view, I haue presum'd to bring
These my Essaies, *On which but gently looke,*
I doe not make thee Patron of my Booke;
For, 'tis not fit our Faiths-Defender (*still*)
Take the protection of each trifling quill.
No, yet because thy wisedome able is
Of all things to make vse, I giue thee this:
The Picture *of a beast in* Humane *shape,*
Tis neither Monkey, *nor* Baboone, *nor* Ape,
Though weere condition'd. I haue not sought it
In Affrick *Deserts, neither haue I brought it*
Out of Ignota terrà, *those wilde Lands*
Beyond the farthest Megalanick *strands*

Yeeld

Teeld not the like; the Fiend liues in this Ile,
And I much mus'd thou ſpi'dſt not all this while
That man-like Monſter. *But (alas!) I ſaw,*
The looke of Maieſty kept him in awe:
He will not, (for he dares not) before thee
Shew what (indeed) it is his vſe to be.
But, in thy preſence he is meeke, demure
Deuout, chaſte, honeſt, innocent, and pure:
(Seeming an Angel, *free from thought of ill,)*
And therefore, thou muſt needs ſo thinke him ſtill.
But, for becauſe thy Soueraigne place denies
The ſight of what is view'd by meaner eyes,
This I haue brought thee with much care and paine:
'Twas like to haue beene forced backe againe.
So loath the world was, that thine eye ſhould view
The Portraiture that I haue drawne ſo true:
Yea, yet (I feare) ſhe findes her ſelfe ſo gall'd,
That ſome will ſtudie how to haue't recall'd:
But tis too late; for now my Muſe *doth truſt,*
When thou haſt ſeen't, thou wilt approue what's iuſt.
And if I may but once perceiue, or heare,
That this ſound's pleaſing in thy Kingly eare,
Ile make my Muſes *to deſcribe him fuller,*
And paint him foorth in a more liuely colour.
Yea I will to the worlds great ſhame vnfold
That which is knowne, but neuer yet was told.
Mean-while, great King, a happy Monarch raigne,
In ſpight of Rome, the Diuell, Hell, and Spaine.

Another

Another to his Maieſtie.

Epigram. 2.

As thee that feeds on no worſe meat than Quailes,
And with choiſe dainties pleaſeth Appetite,
Will never haue great liſt to gnaw his nailes,
Or in a courſe thin diet take delight:
So thou great King *that ſtill doſt ouer-looke*
The learned works that are moſt deep, moſt rare,
Canſt not perhaps my ruder Satyrs *brooke,*
Nor doſt thou for ſuch ſharp-fanged Criticks *care.*
Oh doe not yet thy ſelfe ſo much eſtrange
From wonted curteſie to others ſhowne,
A Countrie diſh doth often ſerue for change,
And ſomething here is worthie to be knowne.
Sharpe ſauce gines ſweeteſt meat a better taſte,
And though that this to many bitter be,
Thou no ſuch ſickneſſe in thy ſtomacke haſt,
And therefore 'twill be pleaſing vnto thee.
What, though I neither flatter, fawne, nor ſooth,
My honeſt plainenеſſe ſhall more truly praiſe thee,
Than thoſe that in Court-language *filed ſmooth,*
Strive vnbeleeued Tropheis *for to raiſe thee,*

My

My loyall heart cannot ſo well impart
The loue it beares your Maieſty *as others:*
The want of Time, Encouragement, *and* Art,
My purpoſe in the Embrio *ſtill ſmothers.*
Obſcuritie, croſſe-Fates, *and want of* Meanes,
Would haue made Rome's *great* Maro *harſhly ſing:*
But if once Cæſar *to his Muſicke leanes,*
His tunes through all the world will ſweetly ring.
And this made Engliſh witt, late famous growne,
Eliz'as *princely hand did oft peruſe,*
Their well tun'd Poems; *and her bounty ſhowne?*
And that giues light and life to euery Muſe.
Oh! had I ſuch a Star *for* Pole *to mine,*
I'de reach a Straine ſhould rauiſh all the Nine.

To the Queenes Maieſtie.

EPIGRAM. 3.

In poſſe.

DAughter, Wife, Siſter, Mother to a King.
And Empreſſe of the North, enrich thy Name;
Yet thou doſt chaſtitie and wiſedome bring
Bountie, and Bounty to make vp thy fame.
Which ſith (faire Queene) *my* Muſe *hath vnderſtood,*
She's bold into thy preſence to intrude;

Aſſured

EPIGRAMS.

Assured honest meanings that are good
Shall finde acceptance there, though they seeme rude.
Looke and behold the Vanities of Men,
Their Miseries, their Weaknesses and Pride;
And when described by my ruvall Pen,
Thou each particular hast here espide,
Thinke with thy selfe how blest thy Fortunes be,
To enioy so rare a Prince, that both knowes how
To keepe himselfe from such fell Passion free,
And make so many mad-wilde creatures bow:
Indeed heere's Vices *tablet plainely made,*
Not veiled ouer, or obscurely drawne;
'Tis in a colour which shall neuer fade,
That men may blush on such a Hag to fawne.
But if your Grace *will fauour what I sing,*
Though Vertue *be in durance, Ile represent her,*
That now despised Nymph *to honour bring,*
Set all her hidden beauties forth; and giue her
So sweet a looke, and such a deft attire,
Men shall grow love-sicke, and burne with desire,

To CHARLES, Prince of Wales

EPIGRAM. 4.

SEe heere faire *Off-spring* of the Royall *Stock*
What all the world almost is subiect to;

Behold it ſo, thou truely mayſt contemne,
And from thy heart abhorre, what others doe;
Now is the fit and onely time to ſeaſon
That yong rare-vnderſtanding breaſt of thine
With *ſacred precepts, good aduice*, and *reaſon*.
But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline:
Inheritance great Prince will make it thine.
And were *Mans* nature yet more prone to fall,
So to be borne, and taught, would helpe it all.

To the Princeſſe.

EPIGRAM. 5.

SWeet *Princeſſe*; tho my *Muſe* ſing not the glorie
Of faire aduent'rous Knights, or Ladies loues:
Though here be no *Encomiaſticke* ſtories,
That tender hearts, to gentle pitty moues:
Yet in an honeſt homely Ruſticke ſtraine,
She ſimmes ſuch creatures, as may you nere know.
Forgiue her, though ſhe be ſeuere or plaine
Truth, that may warrant it, commanded ſo.
Yea, view it ouer with beliefe, but than,
I am afraid you will abhorre a man.

And yet you need not; All deſerue not blame,
For that great *Prince* that wooeth to be yours,

(If that his worth but equalize his fame,)
Is free from any *Satyr* here of ours.
Nay, they shal praise him; for though they haue whips
To make the wicked their offences rue,
And dare to scourge the greatest when he trips,
Vertue shall still be certaine of her due.
But for your sake (if that you entertaine him)
Oh would he were a man as I could faine him.

Yet sweet *Elizabeth*: that happy name,
If we lost nothing else by losing thee,
So deare to *England* is, we are to blame
If without teares and sighes we parted be:
But if thou must make blest another Clime;
Remember *Our's*: and for that though I vie
A crabbed subiect and a churlish rime,
Deigne but to be the Mistris of my *Muse*;
And I'le change *Thames*, and in a lofty stile,
Keepe thee aliue for euer in this *Ile*.

To the Lords of his Maiesties most Honourable *Priuie Councell*.

EPIGRAM. 6

MOst honour'd *Lords*; I here present this book,
To your graue Censures, not to shew my *Art*:

EPIGRAMS.

Nere did you on ſo rude a matter looke,
Yet, 'tis the token of an honeſt heart.
I did it not to pleaſe or flatter any,
Nor haue I made it for the thirſt of gaine;
For I am ſure it will not humour many,
And I expect much hatred for my paine.
Here, ſomething you may ſee, that now requires
Your care and prouidence to haue't amended:
That is, the height to which my *Muſe* aſpires,
And whereto I haue all my labour tended.
It may be, there be ſome, out of their hate,
Will miſ-interpret what is plainely meant;
Or taxe me as too ſawcy with the *State*,
In hope to make me for the truth be ſhent:
Yet know *Great Lords*, I doe acknowledge here,
It is your *Wiſedomes*, that next God maintaines
This Kingdomes good; And from my heart I beare
A reuerent reſpect vnto your paines.
I doe not, as ſuch faine would haue it ſeeme,
Preſume to teach your Wiſedomes what is beſt;
I doe not mine owne knowledge ſo eſteeme:
Vile ſelfe-conceit I (from my heart) deteſt.
But for becauſe I know the piercing'ſt eye
Can neuer into all abuſes ſee:
And ſith the greateſt in authoritie
May not behold ſometime ſo much as we:
What therefore I haue thought to be amiſſe,
And worth amending I haue told it here:
I know your Honours will be pleas'd in this,
Though ſome (it may be) cannot rage forbeare

But

But if there's any take this writing badly,
Had it told all, it would haue vext him madly.

To HENRY, Earle of *South-hampton*.

EPIGRAM. 7.

South-hampton; ſith thy *Prouince* brought me forth,
And on thoſe pleaſant Mountaines I yet keepe,
I ought to be no ſtranger to thy worth,
Nor let thy Vertues in obliuion ſleepe.
Nor will I, if my fortunes giue me time:
Meane while read this, and ſee what others be.
If thou canſt like't, and wil't but grace my Rime,
I will ſo bleze thy *Hampſhire* Springs and *Thee*,
Thy *Arle*, *Teſt*, *Stowre*, and *Anon* ſhall ſhare *Fame*,
Either with *Humber*, *Seuerne*, *Trent*, or *Thame*.

To WILLIAM, Earle of *Pembroke*.

EPIGRAM. 8.

THou whom no priuate endes can make vniuſt,
(True Noble Spirit, free from hate or guile)

Thou, whom thy Prince, for thy great care and truſt,
Hath plac't to keepe the entrance of this *Ile*,
See heere th' abuſes of theſe wicked Times:
I haue expoſ'd them open to thy view,
Thy iudgement is not blinded with like crimes,
And therefore maiſt perceiue that all is true.
Tak't: for though I ſeeme a ſtranger; I know thee;
And for thy vertues (*Penbroke*) this I owe thee.

To the Lord *Liſle*, Lord Chamberlaine *to the Queene.*

EPIGRAM. 9.

A *Sidney* being, and ſo neere allied
To him whoſe matchleſſe rare immortall pen
Procur'd of Fame to haue him deified,
And liue for euer in the hearts of men:
The loue my ſoule hath euer borne that name,
Would certainely perſwade me for your ſake,
In honeſt ſeruice to aduenture blame,
Or any open dangers vndertake:
Yet ſhall not That, your Titles, nor your Place,
Your Honours, nor your Might, nor all you haue,
Cauſe me to flatter, for regard or grace,
Fortune ſhall neuer make my minde a ſlaue:
But ſeeing that your Vertue ſhines apparant,
And honourable acts doe ſpeake your praiſe:

Sith *Good report* hath giuen forth her warrant,
Which none (so much as by himselfe) gaine-sayes,
That (and nought else but that) compels my *Muse*
To sing your *worth*, and to present her *owne*.
If this imperfect issue you'l peruse,
I'le make her in a better forme be knowne,
And teach her, that is now so rude and plaine,
To soare a pitch aboue the common straine.

To the Lady *Mary Wroth*.

EPIGRAM. 10.

MAdame, to call you *best*, or the *most faire*,
The *vertu'st* and the *wis'est* in our dayes:
Is now not commendations worth a haire,
For that's become to be each huswiues praise.

There's no degree below Superlatiue,
Will serue some soothing Epigrammatists:
The *Worst* they praise, exceeds Comparatiue,
And *Best* can get no more out of their fists.

But *Arts sweet Louer* (vnto whom I know,
There is no happy *Muse* this day remaines,
That doth not to your worth and seruice owe,
(At least the best and sweetest of his straines,) Vouch-

Vouchſafe to let this Booke your fauour finde:
And as I here haue *Mans* abuſes ſhowne,
Thoſe *Muſes* vnto whom you are enclinde,
Shall make your worth and vertues ſo well knowne:

While others falſe praiſe, ſhall in one's mouth be,
All, ſhall commend you, in the high'ſt degree.

To the Lord *Ridgeway*.

EPIGRAM. II.

SIR, you firſt grac't and gratifi'd my *Muſe*,
Which here durſt try till then what ſhe could doe:
That which I did, vnto my ſelfe was newes;
A matter, I was little vs'd vnto:
Had you thoſe firſt endeauours not approu'd
Perhaps I had for euer ſilence kept;
But now your good encouragement hath moou'd,
And rous'd my Spirits, that before time ſlept;
For which I vow'd a gift that ſhould be better:
Accept this for't, and Ile be ſtill your debter.

Heere you ſhall ſee the Images of Men
More *ſauage* than the wildeſt *Iriſh kerne*:
Abuſes whipt and ſtript, and whipt again;
I know your iudgement can the *Truth* diſcerne.

Now

Now ſo you well will thinke of this my Rime,
I'ue ſuch a minde yet to Saint *Patricks* Ile,
That if my Fate and Fortunes giue me time,
I purpoſe to re-uiſit you a while,
And make thoſe ſparks of honour to flame high
That rak't vp in obliuions cinders lie.

To his Father.

EPIGRAM. 12.

OThers may glory, that their Fathers hands
Haue ſcrap't together mighty ſums of gold,
Boaſt in the circuit of new purchaſt lands,
Or heards of Cattell more than can be told.
God giue them ioy; their wealth Ile nere enuy,
For you haue gotten me a greater ſtore,
And though I haue not their proſperitie,
In my conceit I am not halfe ſo poore.
You learn't me with a little to content me,
Shew'd how to bridle paſſion in ſome meaſure;
And through your meanes, I haue a *Talent* lent me,
Which I more value than all *Indies* treaſure.
For, when the almoſt boundleſſe Patrimonies
Are waſted; thoſe, by which our Great ones truſt
To be eterniz'd: when their braueries
Shall be forgotten, and their Tombes be duſt;

Then

Then, to the glory of your future line,
Your owne and my friends ſacred memory,
This little, poore, deſpiſed *wealth* of mine
Shall raiſe a *Trophee* of eternitie:
Which fretting *Enuy*, nor conſuming *Time*,
Shall ere abolish or one whit offend:
A topleſſe *Statue*, that to Starres ſhall climbe,
Such fortune ſhall my honeſt minde attend.
But I muſt needs confeſſe, 'tis true, I yet
Reape little profit in the eyes of men.
My Talent yeelds ſmall outward benefit,
Yet I'le not leaue it for the world agen.
Though't bring no gaine that you by artfull ſleight
Can meaſure out the Earth in part or whole;
Sound out the Centers depth, and take the height
Either of th'Artick, or Antartick Pole;
Yet 'tis your pleaſure, it contentment brings:
And ſo my *Muſe* is my content and ioy:
I would not miſſe her to be ranke with Kings,
How-euer ſome account it as a toy.
But hauing then (and by your means) obtain'd
So rich a Patrimonie for my ſhare,
(For which with links of loue I'me euer chain'd)
What duties fitting for ſuch bounties are.
Moreouer, Nature brought me in your debt,
And ſtill I owe you for your cares and feares:
Your paines and charges I doe not forget,
Beſides the intereſt of many yeeres.
What way is there to make requitall for it?
Much I ſhall leaue vnpaid doe what I can:

Should

Should I be then vnthankfull? I abhor it,
The Will may ſerue, when Power wants in man.
This booke I giue you then; here you ſhall finde
Somewhat to counteruaile your former coſt:
It is a little *Index* of my minde;
Time ſpent in reading it will not be loſt.
Accept it, and when I haue to my might
Paid all I can to you; if Powers Diuine
Shall ſo much in my happineſſe delight
To make you Grandſire to a ſonne of mine;
Looke what remaines, and may by right be due,
Ile pay it him, as 'twas receiu'd from you.

Your louing Sonne
George Wither.

To his Mother.

EPIGRAM. 13.

VNgratefull is the childe that can forget
The Mothers many paines, her cares, her feares,
And therefore, though I cannot pay the debt
Due for the ſmalleſt drop of your kinde teares;
This Booke I for acknowledgement doe giue you,
Wherein you may perceiue my heart and minde;
Let neuer falſe report of me more grieue you,
And you ſhall ſure no iuſt occaſion finde.

Loue

Loue made you apt to feare thoſe ſlanders true,
Which in my abſence were but lately ſowne;
It was a motherly diſtruſt in you,
But thoſe that raiſ'd them are falſe villaines knowne.
For though I muſt confeſſe I am indeed
The vileſt to my ſelfe that liues this time;
Yet to the world-ward I haue tane ſuch heed,
There's none can ſpot me with a haynous crime.
This I am forc't to ſpeake, you beſt know why:
And I dare ſtrike him that dare ſay I lye?

To his deere Friend, Maſter *Thomas Cranly.*

EPIGRAM. 84.

BRother, for ſo I call thee, not becauſe
Thou wert my Fathers or my Mothers ſonne;
Not conſanguinity, nor wedlocke lawes
Could ſuch a kindred twixt vs haue begunne:
We are not of one bloud, nor yet name neither,
Nor ſworn in brother-hood with alehouſe quarts,
We neuer were ſo much as drunke together:
'Twas no ſuch ſlight acquaintance ioyn'd our harts,
But a long knowledge with much triall did it;
(Which are to chuſe a friend the beſt directions.)
And though we lou'd both well at firſt, both hid it,
Till 'twas diſcouer'd by alike affections,

Since

Since which, thou haſt o're-gone me far in ſhewing
The office of a Friend. Doe ſo and ſpare not:
(Lo, here's a *Memorandum* for what's owing;)
But, know, for all thy kinde reſpect I care not,
Vnleſſe thou'lt ſhow how I may ſeruice doe thee:
Then will I ſweare I am beholding to thee.

Thine, G. W.

To his louing Friend and Couſen-German, Mr. *William Wither*.

EPIGRAM. 15.

IF that the *Standards* of the houſe bewray
What *Fortunes* to the owners may betide;
Or if their Deſtinies, as ſome men ſay,
Be in the names of any ſignifi'd,
Tis ſo in thine: for that faire antique *Shield*,
Borne by thy Predeceſſors long agoe,
Depainted with a cleare pure *Argent* field,
The innocencie of thy line did ſhow.
Three ſable Creſents with a Cheueron gul'd,
Tels that blacke *Fates* obſcur'd our houſes light,
Becauſe the *Planet* that our fortunes rul'd,
Loſt her owne luſtre, and was darkned quite:

And

And, as indeed our Aduersaries say,
The very name of *Wither* showes decay.
But yet despaire not, keepe thy *White* vnstain'd,
And then it skils not what thy *Crescents* be.
What though the *Moone* be now increast, now wan'd
Learne thence to know thy lites inconstancie;
Be carefull as thou hitherto hast bin,
To shun th' Abuses *Man* is taxt for here:
And then that brightnesse now eclipst with sin,
When *Moone* and *Sun* are darkned, shall looke cleare:
And what so e're thy name may seeme to threat,
That quality braue things doth promise thee;
Ere thou shalt want, thy *Hare* will bring thee meat,
And to kill care, her selfe thy make-sport be:
Yea, (though yet *Enuies* mists do make them dull)
I hope to see the waned *Orbes* at full.

To his Schoole-Master, Master *Iohn Greaues.*

EPIGRAM. 16.

IF euer I doe wish I may be rich
(As oft perhaps such idle breath I spend)
I doe it not for any thing so much
As to haue wherewithall to pay my Friend:
For, (trust me) there is nothing grieues me more
Than this; that I should still much kindnesse take,
And haue a fortune (to my minde) so poore,
That (though I would) amends I cannot make:
Yet, to be still as thankfull as I may;
(Sith my estate no better meanes affords.)
What I in deeds receiue, I doe repay
In willingnes, in thanks, and gentle words:
Then though your loue doth well deserue to haue
Better requitals than are in my power,
Knowing you'l nothing *vltra posse* craue
Here I haue brought you these *Essaies* of our.
You may thinke much (perhaps) sith there's so many
Learn'd *Gradnats* that haue your *Pupils* been,
I, who am none, and more vnfit than any,
Should first presume in publicke to be seene:
But you haue heard those horses in the teem
That with their worke are ableſt to goe through,

So

So forward ſeldome as blinde *Bayard* ſeeme,
Or giue ſo many twitches to the plough:
And ſo though they may better; their intent
Is not, perhaps, to foole themſelues in print.

To the captious Reader.

VVHat thou maiſt ſay or think now tis no matter:
But if thou buſily imagine here,
Sith moſt of theſe are great ones, that I flatter,
Know, ſacred *Iuſtice* is to me ſo deare,
Did not their *vertues* in my thoughts thus raiſe them,
To get an *Empire* by them, I'de not praiſe them.



FINIS.

PRINCE HENRIES OBSEQVIES;

Or

MOVRNEFVLL ELEGIES vpon his Death:

With

A ſuppoſed Inter-locution betweene the Ghoſt of Prince *Henry*, and *Great Britaine.*

By GEORGE WITHER.



LONDON,
Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in Pauls-Church-yard at the Signe of the Greene Dragon. 1622.



TO THE RIGHT HONOVrable, *Robert* Lord *Sidney* of *Penshurſt*, Vicount *Liſley*, Lord Chamberlaine to the Queenes Maieſty, & L. Gouernour of *Vliſhing*, and the Caſtle of *Ramekins*.

GEORGE WITHER preſents theſe Elegiak-ſonnets, and wiſheth double Comfort after his *two-fold ſorrow*.

Anagramms on the name of Sir *William Sidney* Knight, deceaſed.

Gulielmus Sidneius.
En vilis, gelidus ſum.
* But *
Ei' nil luge, ſidus ſum.

BEſide our great and Vniuerſall *care,*
(Wherein you one of our chiefe ſharers are)
To adde more griefe *vnto your* griefes *begun,*
Whilſt we a Father *loſt, you loſt a* Son,
Whoſe hapleſſe want had more apparant beene,
But darkened by the Other *'twas vnſeene,*

Which well perceiuing, loth inded was I,
The Memory *of one ſo deare ſhould die:*
Occaſion thereupon, I therefrre tooke
Thus to preſent your honour with this Booke,
(Vnfained, and true mourneſull Elegies,
And for our HENRY, *my laſt* Obſequies)
That he, which did your Sonnes *late death obſcure,*
Might be the Meane *to make his fame endure:*
But, this may but renew your former woe:
Indeed and I might well haue doubted ſo,
Had not I knowne, that Vertue, *which did place you*
Aboue the common ſort did alſo grace you,
With gifts of Minde, *to make you more excell,*
And farre more able, Paſſions *rage to quell.*
You can, and may with moderation meane,
For all your comfort is not loſt with one:
Children *you haue, whoſe* Vertues *may renew*
The comfort of decaying Hopes *in you.*
Praiſed be God, for ſuch great bleſſings giuing,
And happy you, to haue ſuch comforts liuing.
Nor doe I thinke it can be rightly ſed,
You are vnhappy in this One *that's dead:*
For notwithſtanding his firſt Anagram
Frights, with * Behold, now cold, and vile I am:
Yet in his laſt, he ſeemes more cheereſull farre,
And ioyes, with * Soft, mourne not, I am a Starre.
Oh great preferment: what could he aſpire
That was more high, or you could more deſire?
Well, ſince his ſoule in heau'n ſuch glory hath,
My Loue *bequeathes his* Graue, *this* Epitaph.

The Engliſh of this Anagram.

Here

EPITAPH.

Heere vnder lies a SIDNEY: And what than?
Dooſt thinke heere lies but reliques of a man?
Know; 'tis a Cabanet did once include
Wit, Beauty, Sweetnes, Court'ſie, Fortitude.

So let him reſt, to Memory *ſtill deare,*
Till his Redeemer *in the Clowdes appeare.*
Meane while; accept his Will, *who meaning plaine,*
Doth neither write for Praiſe, nor hope of Gaine:
And now your Teares, *and priuate* Griefe, *forbeare,*
To turne vnto our Great *and* Publique Care.

Your Honours true honorer,
George Wither.

To the whole world in generall, and more particularly to the Iles of great *Britaine* and *Ireland*, &c.

BIg-ſwolne with ſighes, and almoſt drown'd in teares
My *Muſe* out of a dying trance vp-reares;
Who yet not able to expreſſe her moanes,
(Inſteed of better vtterance) here, groanes.
And leſt my cloſe-breaſt ſhould her health impaire,
Is thus amongſt you come to take the ayre.
I need not name the griefes that on her ſeaze,
Th'are known by this, beyond th'*Antipodes*.
But to your view ſome heauy rounds ſhe brings,
That you may beare the burthen, when ſhe ſings:
And that's but *Woe*: which you ſo high ſhould ſtraine,
That heauens high vault might Eccho't backe againe.
Then, though I haue not ſtriued to ſeeme witty,
Yet read, and reading note, and noting pitty.
What though there's others, ſhow in this more Art?
I haue as true; as ſorrowfull a heart:
What though *Opinion* giue me not a *Name*,
And I was ne're beholding yet to *Fame*?
Fate would (perhaps) my *Muſe*, as yet vnknowne,
Should firſt in *Sorrowes* liuery be ſhowne.
Then, be the witneſſe of my diſcontent,
And ſee, if griefes haue made me Eloquent:
For here I mourne, for your-our publique loſſe;
And doe my pennance, at the *Weeping Croſſe*.

The moſt ſorrowfull,
G. W.

DEath (that by ſtealth did wound *Prince H.*hart)
Is now tane Captiue, and doth act the part
Of one o'recome, by being too too fierce,
And lies himſelfe dead vnder *Henries* hearſe:
He therefore now in heauenly tunes doth Sing,
Hell, where's thy triumph? Death where is thy Sting?

PRINCE *HENRIES* *Obſequies*;

OR

Mournefull Elegies vpon his death:

With

A ſuppoſed Inter-locution betweene the Ghoſt of Prince *Henry*, and Great *Britaine*.

Eleg. 1.

NOw that beloued *Henries* glaſſe is runne,
And others duties to his body ſhowne;
Now, that his ſad-ſad *Obſequies* be done,
And publique ſorrowes well-nigh ouer-blowne:
Now giue me leaue to leaue all loyes at one,
For a dull Melancholy lonelineſſe;
To pine my ſelfe with a ſelfe-pining mone,
And fat my griefe with ſolitarineſſe
For, if it be a comfort in diſtreſſe,
(As ſome thinke) to haue ſharers in our woes,
Then my deſire is to be comfortleſſe.
(My Soule in publique griefe no pleaſure knowes.)
Yea, I could wiſh, and for that wiſh would die,
That there were none had cauſe to grieue but I.

For

Eleg. 2.

For were there none had cause to grieue but I,
'Twould from my *Sorrowes*, many sorrowes take;
And I should moane but for one misery,
Where now for thousands, my poore heart doth ake,
Bide from me *Ioy* then, that oft from me bid'st,
Be present *Care*, that often present art;
Hide from me *Comfort*, that at all times hid'st,
For I will greeue; with a true-greeuing heart.
Ile glut my selfe with sorrow for the nonce,
What though my Reason would the same gaine-say?
Oh beare with my vnbridled Passion once,
I hope it shall not much from vertue stray,
Sith griefe for such a losse, at such a season,
Past measure may be, but not out of Reason.

Eleg. 3.

What need I for th'infernall *Furies* hallo?
Call vpon darkenesse, and the lonely night?
Or summon vp *Minerua*, or *Apollo*,
To helpe me dolefull Elegies endite?
Heere wants no mention of the feares of *Stix*,
Of blacke *Cocitus*, or such fained stuffe:
Those may paint out their griefes with forced tricks,
That haue not in them reall cause enough;
I need it not; yet for no priuate Crosse,
Droopes my sad soule, nor doe I mourne for fashion,
For why? a generall, a publique losse,
In me hath kindled a right wofull Passion.
Then (oh alas) what need hath he to borrow,
That's pinch't already with a feeling sorrow?

First

Eleg 4.

Firſt, for thy loſſe, poore world-diuided Ile,
My eyes pay griefes drink-offering of teares:
And I ſet-by all other thoughts a while,
To feede my minde the better on my cares.
I ſaw, how happy thou wert but of late
In thy ſweet *Henries* hopes, yea I ſaw too,
How thou didſt glory in thy bleſſed ſtate:
Which thou indeed hadſt cauſe enough to doe.
But, when I ſaw thee place all thy delight
Vpon his worth; and then, when thou didſt place it,
(And thy *Ioy* almoſt mounted to her height)
His hapleſſe end ſo ſuddainely deface it;
Me thought, I felt it goe ſo neere my heart,
Mine ak't to, with a ſympathizing ſmart.

Eleg. 5.

For thee great *Iames*, my ſprings of ſorrow runne,
For thee my *Muſe* a heauy ſong doth ſing;
That haſt loſt more in loſing of thy Sonne,
Then they that loſe the title of a King.
Needs muſt the paines that doe diſturbe the head
Diſeaſe the body throughout euery part;
I therefore, ſhould haue ſeem'd a member dead,
If I had had no feeling of this ſmart;
But oh I grieue: and yet I grieue the leſſe,
Thy Kingly gifts ſo well preuail'd to make him
Fit for a Crowne of endleſſe happineſſe;
And that it was th' Almighties hand, did take him,
Who was himſelfe, a booke for Kings to pore on:
And might haue bin thy ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

For

Eleg. 6.

For our faire Queene, my griefe is no leſſe mouing,
There's none could ere more iuſtly boaſt of childe:
For he was euery way moſt nobly louing,
Moſt full of manfull courage, and yet milde.
Me thinks I ſee what heauy diſcontent
Be-clouds her brow, and ouer-ſhades her eyne:
Yea, I doe feele her louing heart lament,
An earneſt thought conueyes the griefe to mine.
I ſee ſhe notes the ſadneſſe of the Court,
Thinks how that heere, or there ſhe ſaw him laſt:
Remembers his ſweet ſpeech, his gracefull ſport,
And ſuch like things to make her Paſſion laſt.
But what meane I? Let griefe my ſpeeches ſmother,
No tongue can tell the ſorrowes of the Mother.

Eleg. 7.

Nor thine ſweet *Charles*, nor thine *Elizabeth*,
Though one of you haue gain'd a Princedome by't:
The griefe he hath to haue it by the death
Of his ſole brother, makes his heart deny't,
Yet let not Sorrowes blacke obſcuring clowd
Quite couer and eclipſe all comforts light:
Though one faire Star aboue our height doth ſhrowd,
Let not the Earth be left in darknes quite.
Thou *Charles* art now our Hope, God grant it be
More certaine than our laſt; wee truſt it will:
Yet we ſhall haue a louing feare of thee;
The burned childe the fire much dreadeth ſtill.
But God loues his; and what ere ſorrowes threat,
I, one day, hope to ſee him *Charles* the Great.

Then

Eleg. 8.

Then droop not *Charles* to make our griefes the more;
God that to ſcourge vs, tooke away thy brother.
To comfort vs againe, kept thee in ſtore:
And now I thinke on't *Fate* could doe no other.
Thy Father both a Sunne, and *Phœnix* is,
Prince *Henry* was a Sunne and *Phœnix* too,
And if his Orbe had beene as high as his,
His beames had ſhone as bright's his fathers doo.
Nature ſaw this and tooke him quite away,
And now doſt thou to be a *Phœnix* trie;
Well, ſo thou ſhalt (no doubt) another day,
But then thy father (*Charles*) or thou muſt die.
For 'twas decreed when firſt the world begun,
Earth ſhould haue but one *Phœnix*, heau'n one Sun.

Eleg. 9.

But ſhall I not be-moane the ſad *Elector?*
Yes *Fredericke*, I needs muſt grieue for thee:
Thou wooeſt with woe now, but our beſt protector
Giues ioyfull ends where hard beginnings be.
Had we no ſhowes to welcome thee to Court,
No ſolemne ſight but a ſad Funerall?
Is all our former Masking and our ſport,
Transform'd to ſighes? are all things tragicall?
Had'ſt thou beene here at Summer, or at Spring,
Thou ſhouldſt not then haue ſeene vs drooping thus,
But now tis *Autumne*, that ſpoiles eu'ry thing:
Vulgarly term'd the *Fall oth' leafe*, with vs.
And not amiſſe; for well may't be the Fall,
That brings down bloſſoms, Fruit, leaues, tree & all,

Then,

Eleg. 10.

Then, Stranger Prince, if thou neglected ſeeme,
And haſt not entertainement to thy State:
Our loues yet doe not therefore miſ-eſteeme;
But lay the fault vpon vnhappy Fate.
Thou found'ſt vs glad of thy arriuall here,
And ſaw'ſt him, whom we lou'd (poore wretched Elues;
Say: didſt thou ere of one more worthy heare?
No, no, and therefore now we hate our ſelues.
We being then of ſuch a gem bereft,
Beare with our paſſions; and ſince one is gone,
And thou muſt haue the halfe of what is left;
Oh thinke on vs for good, when you are gone,
And as thou now doſt beare one halfe of's name;
Helpe beare our griefe, and ſhare thou all his fame.

Eleg. 11.

See, ſee, faire Princeſſe, I but nam'd thee yet,
Meaning thy woes within my breaſt to ſmother:
But on my thoughts they doe ſo liuely beat,
As if I heard thee ſighing, *Oh my Brother:*
Me thinkes I heard thee calling on his name,
With plaining on his too-vngentle Fate:
And ſure, the *Siſters* were well worthie blame,
To ſhew ſuch ſpite to one that none did hate.
I know thou ſometime muſeſt on his face,
(Faire as a womans; but more manly-faire;)
Sometime vpon his ſhape, his ſpeech, and paſe,
A thouſand waies thy griefes themſelues repaire.
And oh! no maruell, ſince your ſure-pure loues
Were neerer, deater, than the Turtle Doues.

How

Eleg. 12.

How often, oh how often did he vow
To grace thy ioyfull looкt-for Nuptialls:
But oh how wofull, oh how wofull now
Will they be made through theſe ſad Funeralls!
All pleaſing parlies that betwixt you two,
Publicke, or priuate, haue exchanged beene,
All thou haſt heard him promiſe for to doe,
Or by him in his life performed ſeene,
Calls on remembrance: the ſweet name of Siſter
So oft pronounc't by him ſeemes to take place,
Of *Queene* and *Empreſſe*, now my thoughts do whiſper,
Thoſe titles one day ſhall thy vertues grace.
If I ſpeake true, for his ſweet ſake that's dead,
Seeke how to raiſe deiected *Britaines* head.

Eleg. 13.

Seeke how to raiſe deiected *Britaines* head,
So ſhe ſhall ſtudy how to raiſe vp thine,
And now leaue off thy teares in vaine to ſhed,
For why? to ſpare them I haue powr'd out mine.
Pittie thy ſelfe, and vs, and mournefull *Rhine*,
That hides his faire banke vnder flouds of griefe,
Thy Prince, thy Duke, thy braue Count *Palatine*
Tis time his ſorrowes ſhould haue ſome reliefe.
Hee's come to be another brother to thee,
And helpe thy father to another ſonne:
He vowes thee all the ſeruice loue can doe thee;
And though acquaintance hath with griefe begunne,
Tis but to make you haue the better taſt
Of that true bliſſe you ſhall enioy at laſt.

Thy

Eleg. 14.

Thy brother's well and would not change eſtates,
With any Prince that raignes beneath the Skie:
No not with all the worlds great Potentates,
His plumes haue borne him to Eternitie.
Saturne He raignes o're *Saturne* now, that raign'd o're him;
rul'd in the He feares no Planets dangerous aſpect:
houre of But doth abouetheir conſtellations clime,
his death. And earthly ioyes, and ſorrowes both neglect.
We ſaw he had his Spring amongſt vs here,
He ſaw his Summer, but he skipt it ouer:
And Autumne now hath tane away our deare,
The reaſon's this, which we may plaine diſcouer,
He ſhall eſcape, (for ſo the Almighty wils)
The ſtormy Winter of enſuing ils.

Eleg. 15.

I grieue to ſee the wofull face oth' Court,
And for each grieued member of the land;
I grieue for thoſe that make theſe griefes their ſport,
And cannot their owne euill vnderſtand.
I alſo grieue, to ſee how vices ſwarme,
And Vertue as deſpis'd, grow out of date:
How they receiue moſt hurt, that doe leaſt harme,
And how poore honeſt Truth incurreth hate.
But more, much more, I grieue that we doe miſſe
The ioy we lately had; and that he's gone,
Whoſe liuing preſence might haue helpt all this:
His euerlaſting Abſence makes me mone,
Yea moſt I grieue, that *Britaines* hope is fled,
And that her darling, braue Prince *Henrie's* dead.

Prince

Eleg. 16.

Prince *Henrie* dead! what voyce is that we heare?
Am I awake, or dreame I, tell me whether?
If this be true; if this be true, my deare,
Why doe I ſtay behinde thee to doe either?
Alas my Fate compels me, I muſt bide
To ſhare the miſchiefes of this preſent age,
I am ordain'd to liue till I haue tride
The very worſt and vtmoſt of their rage:
But then why morne I not to open view,
In ſable robes according to the Rites?
Why is my hat, without a brauch of yeugh?
Alas my minde, no complement delights,
Becauſe my griefe that Ceremonie lothes,
Had rather be in heart, than ſeeme in clothes.

Eleg. 17.

Thriſe happy had I been, if I had kept
Within the circuit of ſome little Village,
In ignorance of Courts and Princes ſlept,
Manuring of an honeſt halfe-plough tillage:
Or elſe I would I were as young agen,
As when *Eliza* our laſt *Phœnix* dy'd:
My childiſh yeares had not conceiued then,
What 'twas to loſe a Prince ſo dignifi'd.
But now I know: and what now doth't auaile?
Alas, whilſt others merry, feele no paine,
I melancholly, ſit alone and waile:
Thus ſweeteſt profit, yeelds the bitterſt gaine.
By diſobedience we did knowledge get,
And, ſorrow, euer ſince hath followed it,

Eleg. 18.

When as the firſt ſad rumour fill'd my eare
Of *Henries* ſickeneſſe; an amazing terror
Strucke through my body, with a ſhuddring feare,
Which I expounded but my frailties error.
For though a quick miſdoubting of the worſt,
Seem'd to fore-tell my ſoule, what would enſue:
God will forbid, thought I, that ſuch a curſt
Or ill-preſaging thought, ſhould fall out true:
It cannot ſinke into imagination,
That He, whoſe future glories we may ſee
To be at leaſt all *Europes* expectation,
Should in the prime of age deſpoiled be;
For if a hope ſo likely nought auaile vs,
It is no wonder if all other faile vs.

Eleg. 19.

Againe, when one had forc't vnto my eare,
My Prince was dead; although he much proteſted,
I could not with beliefe his ſad newes heare:
But would haue ſworne, and ſworne againe, he ieſted.
At ſuch a word, me thought the towne ſhould ſinke,
The earth ſhould downe vnto the Center cleaue,
Deuouring all in her hell-gaping chinke,
And not ſo much as Sea or Iland leaue.
Some Comet, or ſome monſtrous blazing-Starre,
Should haue appear'd; or, ſome ſtrange prodigie,
Death might haue ſhown't vs though't had bin afarre,
That he entended ſome ſuch tyranny.
But God (it ſeemeth) did thereof diſlike,
To ſhew that he will on a ſudden ſtrike.

Thus

Eleg. 20.

Thus vnbeleeuing, I did oft enquire
Of one, of two, of three, and ſo of many:
And ſtill I heard what I did leaſt deſire,
Yet grounded *Hope*, would giue no faith to any.
Then at the laſt my heart began to feare,
But as I credence to my feares was giuing
A voyce of comfort I began to heare:
Which to my fruitleſſe *Ioy* ſaid *Henrie's* liuing;
At that ſame word, my *Hope* that was forſaking
My heart, and yeelding wholly to deſpaire;
Reuiued ſtraight, and better courage taking,
Her crazed parts, ſo ſtrongly did repaire.
I thought ſhe would haue held it out; but vaine;
For oh, ere long, ſhe loſt it quite againe.

Eleg. 21.

But now my tongue can neuer make relation,
What I ſuſtain'd in my laſt foughten field;
My mind aſſailed with a three-fold paſſion,
Hope, *Feare*, *Deſpaire*, could vnto neither yeeld.
Feare willed me, to view the skies blacke colour,
Hope ſaid; *Vpon his hopefull vertues looke:*
Deſpaire ſhew'd me an vniuerſall dolour,
Yet fruitleſſe *Doubt*, my hearts poſſeſſion tooke:
But when I ſaw the *Hearſe*, then I beleeu'd,
And then my ſorrow was at full, alas,
Beſide, to ſhow I had not cauſeleſſe grieu'd,
I was enform'd that he embowell'd was.
And 'twas ſubſcrib'd; they found he had no gall,
Which I beleeu'd: for he was ſweetneſſe all.

Eleg. 22.

Oh cruell and inſatiable *Death!*
Would none ſuffice, would none ſuffice but he?
What pleaſure was it more to ſtop his breath,
Than to haue choakt, or kill'd, or poyſon'd me?
My life for his, with thrice three millions more,
We would haue giuen as a ranſome to thee,
But ſince thou in his loſſe haſt made vs poore,
Foule Tyrant, it ſhall neuer honour doe thee:
For thou haſt ſhowne thy ſelfe a ſpightfull fiend,
Yea Death thou didſt enuy his happy ſtate,
And therefore thought'ſt to bring it to an end;
But ſee, ſee whereto God hath turn'd thy hate.
Thou meant'ſt to marre the bliſſe he had before;
And by thy ſpight, haſt made it ten-times more.

Eleg. 23.

'Tis true I know, Death with an equall ſpurne,
The lofty Turret, and low Cottage beats:
And takes imperially each, in his turne,
Yea though he bribes, prayes, promiſes, or threats.
Nor Man, Beaſt, Plant, nor Sexe, Age nor degree
Preuailes againſt his dead-ſure ſtriking hand:
For then, ere we would thus diſpoyled be,
All theſe conioyn'd his fury ſhould withſtand.
But oh! vnſeene he ſtrikes at vnaware,
Diſguiſed like a murthering *Ieſuite*:
Friends cannot ſtop him that in preſence are;
And which is worſe, when he hath done his ſpite,
He carries him, ſo farre away from hence,
None liues, that hath the powre to fetch him thence.

Nor

Eleg. 24.

Nor would we now, becauſe we doe beleeue
His God (to whom indeed he did belong)
To crowne him, where he hath no cauſe to greeue,
Tooke him from death, that ſought to doe him wrong.
But were this deare, beloued, Prince of ours
Liuing in any corner of this All,
Though kept by *Romes* and *Mahomets* chiefe powers;
They ſhould not long detaine him there in thrall:
We would rake *Europe* rather, plaine the *Eaſt*;
Diſpeople the whole *Earth* before the Doome:
Stampe halfe to powder, and fier all the reſt;
No craft, nor force, ſhould him deuide vs from:
We would breake downe what ere ſhould him confine,
Though 'twere the *Alpes*, or hilles of *Appenine*.

Eleg. 25.

But what? ſhall we goe now diſpute with God,
And in our hearts vpbraide him that's ſo iuſt?
Let's pray him rather, to withdraw his rod,
Leſt in his wrath he bruiſe vs vnto duſt.
Why ſhould we lay his death to Fate, or times?
I know there hath no ſecond cauſes bin,
But our loud crying and abhorred crimes,
Nay, I can name the chiefeſt murth'ring ſin:
And this it was, how-ere it hath beene hid,
Truſt not (ſaith *Dauid*) *truſt not to a Prince*;
Yet we hop't leſſe, in God (I feare we did)
In iealouſie he therefore tooke him hence.
Thus we abuſe good things, and through our blindnes
Haue hurt our ſelues, & kild our Prince with kindnes.

Eleg. 26.

Let all the world come and bewayle our lot,
Come *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Affrica*, come all:
Mourne *Engliſh*, *Iriſh*, *Britiſh*, and mourne *Scot*,
For his, (no I miſtake it) for our fall.
The prop of Vertue, and mankinds delight,
Hath fled the earth, and quite forſaken vs:
We had but of his excellence a ſight,
To make our longings like to *Tantalus*.
What ſeeke you in a man that he enioy'd not?
Wert't either gift of body or of ſpirit;
Nay, which is more, what had he, he imploy'd not
To helpe his Countrey, and her loue to merit?
But ſee what high preferment Vertues bring,
He's of a ſeruant now become a King.

Eleg. 27.

But ſoft, I meane not heare to blaze his praiſe,
It is a worke too mighty, and requires
Many a Pen, and many yeeres of dayes:
My humble quill to no ſuch taske aſpires.
Onely I mourne, with deep-deep-ſighing grones,
Yet could I wiſh the other might be done;
Though all the *Muſes* were imploy'd at once,
And write as long as *Helicon* would runne;
But oh, I feare the Spring's already dry,
Or elſe why flags my lazie *Muſe* ſo lowe?
Why vent I ſuch dull-ſprighted *Poeſy*?
Surely 'tis ſunke; I lye, it is not ſo:
For how ill likely that ſhould want ſupplies,
When all we feed it with our weeping eyes?

May

Eleg. 28.

May not I liken *London* now to *Troy*,
As ſhe was that ſame day ſhe loſt her *Hector*?
When proud *Achilles* ſpoyl'd her of her ioy
(And triumph't on her loſſes) being Victor?
May not I liken *Henry* to that *Greeke*,
That hauing a whole world vnto his ſhare,
Intended other worlds to goe and ſeeke?
Oh no; I may not, they vnworthy are.
Say, whereto *England*, whereto then ſhall I
Compare that ſweet departed Prince, and thee?
That noble King bewail'd by *Ieremy*,
Of thee, (great Prince,) ſhall the example be,
And in our mourning we will equall them,
Of woefull *Iuda* and *Ieruſalem*.

Eleg. 29.

You that beheld it, when the mournfull traine
Paſt by the wall of his forſaken Parke,
Did not the very Groue ſeeme to complaine,
With a ſtill murmure, and to looke more darke?
Did not thoſe pleaſant walkes (oh pleaſing then
Whilſt there he (healthfull) vſed to reſort)
Looke like the ſhades of Death, neere ſome foule den?
And that place there, where once he kept his Court,
Did it not at his parting ſeeme to ſinke?
And all forſake it like a Caue of ſprights?
Did not the Earth beneath his Chariot ſhrinke,
As grieued for the loſſe of our delights?
Yea his dumb Steed, that erſt for none would tarry,
Pac'd ſlow, as if he ſcarce himſelfe could carry.

Eleg. 30.

But oh! when it approach'd th'impaled Court,
Where *Mars* himselfe enui'd his future glory,
And whither he in armes did oft resort,
My heart conceiued a right tragicke story.
Whither great Prince, oh whither dost thou goe?
(Me thought the very place thus seem'd to say)
Why in blacke roabes art thou attended so?
Doe not (oh doe not) make such haste away.
But art thou Captiue, and in triumph too?
(O)h me! and worse too, liuelesse, breathlesse, dead.
How could the Monster-Death this mischiefe doe?
Surely the coward tooke thee in thy bed.
For whilst that thou art arm'd within my list,
He dar'd not meet thee, like a Martialist.

Eleg. 31.

Alas, who now shall grace my turnaments:
Or honour me with deeds of Chiualry?
What shall become of all my merriments,
My Ceremonies, showes of Heraldry
And other Rites? who? who shall now adorne
Thy Sisters Nuptials with so sweet a presence?
Wilt thou forsake vs, leaue vs quite forlorne,
And of all ioy at once make a defeasance?
Was this the time pickt out by Destiny?
Farewell deare Prince then, sith thou wilt be gone,
In spight of Death goe liue eternally,
Exempt from sorrow, whilst we mortals mone:
But this ill hap instruct me shall to feare
When we are ioy full'st, there's most sorrow neare.

Then

Eleg. 32.

Then, as he paſt along you might eſpye
How the grieu'd Vulgar that ſhed many a teare,
Caſt after, an vnwilling parting eye,
As loth to loſe the ſight they held ſo deare;
When they had loſt the figure of his face,
Then they beheld his roabes; his Chariot then,
Which being hid, their looke aym'd at the place,
Still longing to behold him once agen:
But when he was quite paſt, and they could finde
No obiect to employ their ſight vpon,
Sorrow became more buſie with the minde,
And drew an Armie of ſad paſſions on;
Which made them ſo particularly mone,
Each amongſt thouſands teem'd as if alone.

Eleg. 33.

And well might we of weakeſt ſubſtance melt,
With tender paſſion for his timeleſſe end,
Sith (as it ſeem'd) the purer bodies felt
Some griefe, for this their ſweet departed friend;
The Sunne wrapt vp in clowds of mournefull blacke,
Frown'd as diſpleas'd with ſuch a hainous deed,
And would haue ſtaid, or turn'd his horſes backe,
If Nature had not forc'd him on with ſpeed:
Yea, and the Heauens wept a pearly dewe,
Like very teares, not ſo as if it rain'd.
His Grand-ſires tombes, as if the ſtones did rue
Our wofull loſſes, were with moyſture ſtain'd:
Yea, either 'twas my eaſie mind's beliefes
Or all things were diſpoſed vnto griefe.

Blacke

Eleg. 34.

Blacke was *White-hall.* The windowes that did ſhine,
And double-glazed were with beauties bright,
Which Sun-like erſt did dim the gazers eyne,
As if that from within them came the light.
Thoſe to my thinking ſeemed nothing faire,
And were obſcur'd with woe, as they had been
Hung all with ſaeke, or ſable-cloth of haire,
Griefe was without, and ſo 'tappear'd within.
Great was the multitude, yet quiet tho
As if they were attentiue vnto ſorrow:
The very winds did then forbeare to blow,
The Time, of flight, her ſtilneſſe ſeem' to borrow.
Yea, all the troope pac't ſlowe, as loth to rend
The earth that ſhould embrace their Lord & friend.

Eleg. 35.

Me thought ere-while I ſaw Prince *Henries* Armes
Aduanc't aboue the Capitoll of *Rome,*
And his keene blade, in ſpight of ſteele or charmes,
Giue many mighty enemies their doome;
Yea I had many Hopes, but now I ſee
They are ordain'd to be anothers taske:
Yet of the *Stewards* line a branch ſhall be
T' aduance beyond the *Alpes* his plumed Caske;
Then I perhaps, that now tune dolefull layes,
Amongſt their zealous triumphs may preſume
To ſing at leaſt ſome petty Captaines praiſe:
Meane-while I will ſome other worke aſſume.
Or rather, ſith my hope-fulſt Patron's dead,
Goe to ſome Deſert, and there hide my head.

Had

Eleg. 36.

Had he beene but my *Prince* and wanted all
Thoſe ornaments of *Vertue* that ſo grac't him,
My loue and life had both beene at his call,
For that his *Fortune* had aboue vs plac'd him:
But his rare hopefulneſſe, his flying *Fame*,
His knowledge, and his honeſt policie,
His courage much admir'd, his very name,
His publicke loue, and priuate curteſie:
Ioyn'd with religious firmeneſſe, might haue mou'd
Pale *Enuy* to haue prais'd him, and ſure he,
Had he beene of meane birth, had bin belou'd;
For truſt me, his ſweet parts ſo raviſh't me.
That (if I erre, yet pardon me therefore)
I lou'd him as my *Prince*: as *Henry* more.

Eleg. 37.

Me thought his Royall perſon did fore-tell
A Kingly ſtatelines, from all pride cleare:
His looke maieſticke ſeemed to compell
All men to loue him, rather than to feare.
And yet though he were eu'ry good mans ioy,
And the alonely comfort of his owne,
His very name with terror did annoy
His foraine foes ſo farre as he was knowne.
Hell droopt for feare, the turkiſh *Moone* look't pale,
Spaine trembled, and the moſt tempeſtuous ſea
(Where *Behemoth* the *Babyloniſh* Whale,
Keeps all his bloody and imperious plea)
Was ſwolne with rage, for feare he'd ſtop the tide,
Of her ore-daring and inſulting pride.

For

Eleg. 38.

For amongſt diuers *Vertues* rare to finde,
Though many I obſeru'd, I markt none more
Than in *Religion* his firme conſtant minde;
Which I ſet deepe vpon *Remembrance* ſcore.
And that made *Romiſts* for his fortunes ſorry:
When therefore they ſhall heare of this ill hap,
Thoſe Mints of miſchiefes will extreamely glory,
That he is caught by him whom none ſhall ſcape,
Yet boaſt not *Babel*, thou inſultſt in vaine,
Thou haſt not yet obtain'd the victory;
We haue a *Prince* ſtill, and our King doth raigne,
So ſhall his ſeed, and their poſterity.
For know; God that loues his, & their good tender,
Will neuer leaue his faith, without defenders.

Eleg. 39.

Amidſt our ſacred ſports that very ſeaſon,
Whilſt for our Country and beloued *Iames*,
Preſerued from that hell-bred Powder-treaſon,
We rung and ſung with ſhowtes, and ioyfull flames:
Me thought vpon the ſodaine I eſpy'd
Romes damned fiends, an anticke dance begin:
The *Furies* led it that our bleſſe enuy'd,
And at our rites the hel-hounds ſeem'd to grin.
How now thought I! more plots! & with that thought
Prince Henry dead, I plainely heard one cry:
O Lord (quoth I) now they haue that they ſought,
Yet let not our gladſt-day, our ſadſt-day die.
God ſeem'd to heare, for he to eaſe our ſorrow,
Reuiu'd that day, to die againe the morrow.

Eleg. 40.

But *Britaine, Britaine*, tell me, tell me this,
What was the reaſon thy chiefe curſe befell
So iuſt vpon the time of thy chiefe bliſſe?
Doſt thou not know it? heare me then, Ile tell:
Thou wert not halfe halfe-thankfull for his care
And mercy that ſo well preſerued thee;
His owne, he neuer did ſo often ſpare:
Yea he thy Lord himſelfe hath ſerued thee,
Yet *Laodicia* thou, nor hot nor cold,
Secure, and careleſſe doſt not yet repent,
Thou wilt be euer ouer-daring bold,
Till thou haſt vengeance, vpon vengeance hent.
But (oh) ſee how *Hypocriſie* doth raigne:
I will ſine, that am worſt doe firſt complaine.

Eleg. 41.

A foule conſuming Peſtilence did waſte,
And lately ſpoyld thee *England* to thy terror;
But now alas, a greater plague thou haſt,
Becauſe in time thou couldſt not ſee thy error:
Hard *Froſts* thy fields and gardens haue deflowred,
Hot *Summers* hath thy fruits Conſumption bin,
Fire many places of thee hath deuoured,
And all fore-warnings to repent thy ſin.
Yet ſtill thou didſt defer't and careleſſe ſleepe,
Which heau'n perceiuing with black clouds did frowne,
And into floods for very anger weepe,
Yea the ſalt Sea, a part of thee did drowne.
She drown'd a part (but oh that part was ſmall)
Now teares more ſalt, haue ouer-whelm'd vs all.

Say

Prince Henries *Obſequies.*

Eleg. 42.

Say why was *Henries* Herſe ſo glorious?
And his ſad *Funerall* ſo full of ſtate?
Why went he to his Tombe as one victorious?
Seeming as blith as when he liu'd of late?
What needed all that *Ceremonious* ſhow?
And that dead-liuing Image which they bare?
Could not *Remembrance* make vs ſmart enough,
Vnleſſe we did afreſh renew it there?
What was it, but ſome anticke curious rite,
Onely to feed the vaine beholders eyes,
To make men in their ſorrowes more delight,
Or may we rather on it moralize?
Yes, yes, it ſhew'd that though he wanted breath,
Yet he ſhould ride in triumph ouer death.

Eleg. 43.

How welcome now would our deare *Henry* be,
After theſe griefes were he no more than ſtraid,
And thus deem'd dead? but fie! what *Fantaſie*
Feedes my vaine thought on? *Fate* hath that denay'd.
But ſince hee's gone, we now can call to minde,
His lateſt words, and whereto they did tend:
Yea, now our blunt capacities can finde,
They plainely did prognoſticate his end.
Beſide, we finde our *Prophecies* of old,
And would perſwade our ſelues 'twas knowne of yore
By skilfull Wizards; and by them fore-told,
But then why found we not ſo much before?
Oh marke this euer, we ne're know our ſtate,
Nor ſee our loſſe before it be too late.

From

Eleg. 44.

From paſſion thus, to paſſion could I runne,
Till I had ouer-runne a world of words,
My *Muſe* might ſhe be heard would ne're haue done
The ſubiect, matter infinite affords,
But ther's a meane in all; with too much greeuing
We muſt not of Gods prouidence deſpaire
Like curſed *Pagans*, or men vnbeleeuing.
Tis true, the *Hopes* that we haue loſt were faire:
But we beheld him with an outward eye,
And though he in our ſight moſt worthie ſeem'd,
Yet God ſaw more, whoſe ſecrets none can ſpye,
And findes another whom we leſſe eſteem'd:
So *Ieſſes* eldeſt *Sonnes* had moſt renowne,
But little *Dauid* did obtaine the Crowne.

Eleg. 45.

Let vs our truſt alone in God repoſe,
Since *Princes* faile; and maugre *Turke* or *Pope*,
He will prouide one that ſhall quaile our foes,
We ſaw he did it, when we had leſſe hope:
Let's place our *Ioyes* in him and weepe for ſin,
Yea, let's in time amend it, and fore-ſee,
(If loſſe of earthly *Hope* hath grieuous been)
How great the loſſe of heau'ns true *Ioyes* may be:
This if we doe, God will ſtretch forth his hand,
To ſtop thoſe plagues he did intend to bring,
And poure ſuch bleſſings on this mournefull Land,
We ſhall for *IO*, *Halleluiah* ſing:
And our deare *Iames*, if we herein perſeuer,
Shall haue a *Sonne* to grace his Throne for euer.

An

AN EPITAPH VPON TH
moſt Hopefull and All-vertuous *Henry*, Prince of *Wales.*

STay Traueller, *and read; did'ſt neuer heare*
In all thy iourneyes any newes or tales
Of him whom our diuided world eſteem'd ſo deare,
And named Henrie, *the braue* Prince of Wales.

Looke here within this little place he lies,
Eu'n he that was the Vniuerſall Hope;
And almoſt made this Ile Idolatrize,
See, hee's contented with a little ſcope.

Canutus. *And as the* Dane *that on* Southampton *ſtrand,*
His Courtiers idle flatteries did chide,
(Who tearm'd him both the God of ſea and land)
By ſhewing he could not command the Tide;

So this, to mocke vaine Hopes, *in him began*
Dy'd, and here lies, to ſhew he was a man.

A Supposed Inter-locution betweene the Spirit of Prince *Henry* and Great Britaine.

Br. AWake braue *Prince*, thou dost thy Country wrong
Shake off thy slumber, thou hast slept too long,
Open thy eye-lids, and raise vp thy head,
Thy Countrey and thy Friends suppose thee dead.
Looke vp, looke vp, the dayes are growne more short,
Thy *Officers* prepare to leaue thy Court.
The staines of Sorrow are in euery face,
And *Charles* is call'd vpon to take thy *Place*.
Awake I say in time, and wake the rather,
Least *Melancholy* hurt thy Royall *Father*.
Thy weeping *Mother* wailes and wrings her hands,
Thy *Brother* and thy *Sister* mourning stands;
The want of that sweet company of thine,
Inly torments the louing *Prince* of *Rhine*.
The *Beauties* of the Court are sullied o're,
They seeme not cheerefull as they did before.
The heauy *Clergie*, in their Pulpits mourne,
And thy *Attendants* looke like men forlorne.

Once more (I ſay) ſweet Prince, once more, ariſe,
See how the teares haue drown'd my watry eyes,
All my ſweet tunes and former ſignes of gladnes
Are turn'd to *Elegies* and Songs of ſadnes.
The *Trumpet* with harſh notes the ayre doth wound
And *Dump* is all the cheerefull *Drum* can ſound.
Through *Wales* a dolefull *Elegy* now rings,
And heauy Songs of ſorrow each man ſings:
Deſtreſſed *Ireland* to, as ſad as we
Cryes loud, *Oh hone, oh hone*, for want of thee.
But more *Romes Locuſts* doe begin to ſwarme,
And their attempts with ſtronger *Hopes* they arme,
For taking hold of this thy *Tranſ-mutation*,
They plot, againe a damned toleration.
Yea *Hell* to double this our ſorrowes weight,
Is new contriuing of old *Eighty-eight*.
Come then and ſtand againſt it to defend vs,
Or elſe their guile, their plots, or force, will end vs.
This laſt-laſt time, ſweet *Prince* I bid thee riſe,
Great *Britanns* droup already: each man flies,
And if thou ſaue vs not from our great foes,
They quickly will effect our ouer-throwes.
Oh yet he moues not vp his liuing head,
And now I feare indeed he's dead. *Spi.* He's dead.
Brit. What voyce was that, which from the valted roofe,
Of my laſt words did make ſo plaine a proofe?
What was it ſeem'd to ſpeake aboue me ſo,
And ſayes *he's dead?* waſt *Eccho*, yea or no? *Spi.* No.
Brit. What is it ſome diſpos'd to flout my mone?
Appeare: Haſt thou a body, or haſt none? *Spi.* none.

Brit.

Brit. Sure ſome illuſion, oh what art? come hither
My *Princes* Ghoſt, or fiend, or neither. *Spi.* Neither.
Brit. Indeed his Ghoſt in heauen reſts I know,
Art thou ſome *Angel* for him, is it ſo? *Spi.* So.
Brit. Doe not my Reall griefes with viſions feed,
In earneſt ſpeake, art ſo indeed? *Spi.* Indeed.
Brit. What power ſent thee now into my Coaſt,
Was it my *Darling Henrie's Ghoſt*? *Spi.* 's *Ghoſt.*
Brit. Th'art welcome then, thy preſence grateſull is:
But tell me liues be happily in bliſſe: *Spi.* y's.
Brit. If ſo much of thee may be vnderſtood,
Is the intent of this thy comming good? *Spi.* Good.
Brit. Say, hath he there the *Fame* that here he had,
Or doth the place vnto his glory adde? *Spi.* Adde.
Brit. May I demand what thy good errants be?
To whom is that he told to thee? *Sp.* To thee.
Brit. Oh doth he minde me yet, ſweet Spirit ſay,
What is thy meſſage? Ile obey: *Spi. Obey.*
Brit. I will not to my power one tittle miſſe,
Doe but command, and ſay, doe this: *Spi.* Doe this.
Brit. But ſtay, it ſeemes that thou haſt made thy choyſe,
To ſpeake with *Eccho's* moſt vnperfect voyce:
In plainer wiſe declare why thou art ſent,
That I may heare with more content: *Spi.* Content.

The Spirit leaues his Eccho and speakes on.

Spi. THen heare me *Britaine*, heare me and beleeue
Thy *Henries* there now where he cannot grieue
He is not subiect to the flye inuasion
Of any humane, or corrupted *Passion.*
For then; (although he sorrow now forbeares)
He would haue wept himselfe, to see thy teares.
But he (as good *Saints* are) of ioyes partaker,
Is iealous of the glory of his Maker:
And though the *Saints* of *Rome* may take it to them,
(Much helpe to their damnation it will doe them)
He will not on his *Masters* right presume,
Nor his smal'st due vnto himselfe assume.
And therefore *Britaine* in the name of God,
And on the paine of his reuengefull rod;
He here coniures thee in thy tribulation,
To make to God alone thy inuocation:
Who tooke him from thee, that but late was liuing,
For too much trust, vnto his weakenes giuing,
Yet call'st thou on thy *Prince* still; as if he,
Could either *Sauiour* or *Redeemer* be:

Thou

Thou tell'ſt him of the wicked *Whore* of *Rome*,
As if that he were Iudge to giue her doome.
But thou might'ſt ſee, were not thy ſight ſo dim,
Thou mak'ſt meane-while another *Whore* of him.
For what iſt for a Creatures ayde to cry,
But ſpirits whoredome? (that's Idolatry.)
Their moſt vnpleaſing breaths that ſo invoke,
The paſſage of th'Almighties mercies choke;
And therefore if thy ſorrowes ſhall haue end,
To God thou muſt thy whole deuotions bend.
Then will thy *King* that he leaue off to mone,
God hath tane *His*, yet left him more than one.
And that he hath not ſo ſeuerely done,
As when he crau'd the *Hebrewes* onely ſonne;
Becauſe, beſide this little bleſſed Store,
There's yet a poſſibility of more.
Goe tell the *Queene* his mother that's lamenting,
There is no cauſe of that her diſcontenting.
And ſay there is another in his place,
Shall doe his louing Siſters nuptials grace.
Enforme the *Palatine*, his *Nimph* of *Thame*
Shall giue his glorious *Rhine* a trebble Fame:
But vnto *Charles*, to whom he leaues his place,
Let this related be in any caſe.
Tell him he may a full poſſeſſion take
Of what his Brother did ſo late forſake;
But bid him looke what to his place is due,
And euery Vice in generall eſchue:
Let him conſider why he was his Brother,
And plac't aboue ſo many thouſand other.

Great honours haue great burthens if y'are high,
The ſtricter's your account, and the more nigh:
Let him ſhunne flatterers at any hand,
And euer firmely in Religion ſtand,
Gird on his ſword; call for th'Almighties might,
Keepe a good conſcience, fight the *Lambes* great fight:
For when his Father ſhall ſurrender make,
The *Faiths* protection he muſt vndertake.
Then *Charles* take heed, for thou ſhalt heare a-far,
Some cry, peace, peace, that haue their hearts on war.
Let Policie Religion obey,
But let not Policie Religion ſway:
Shut from thy counſels ſuch as haue profeſt
The worſhip of that *Antichriſtian* beaſt.
For howſoe're they dawb'd with colours trim,
Their hands doe beare his marke, their heart's on him,
And though they ſeeme to ſeeke the Commons *Weale*,
'Tis but the Monſters deadly wound to heale.
Baniſh all *Romiſh* Statiſts, doe not ſup
Of that pyde-painted Drabs infectious Cup.
Yea vſe thy vtmoſt ſtrength, and all thy power
To ſcatter them that would build *Babels* tower.
Thou muſt ſometime be iudge of equity;
And oft ſurucy e're thine owne family:
That at thy Table none partaker be,
That will not at *Chriſt*'s boord partake with thee:
The Lords great day is neer; tis neer at hand,
Vnto thy combat ſee thou bravely ſtand.
For him that ouercomes, *Chriſt* keeps a Crowne,
And the great'ſt conqueſt hath the great'ſt renowne.

Be

Be mercifull, and yet in mercy iuſt:
Chaſe from thy Court both wantonneſſe and luſt.
Diſguiſed faſhions from the Land caſheare,
Women, may women, and men, men appeare.
The wide-wide mouth of the blaſphemer teares
His paſſage vnto God, through all the Spheares,
Prouoking him, to turne his peacefull word
Into a bloudy double-edged ſword:
But cut his tongue, the clapper of damnation,
He may fright others with his *Vlulation.*
The Drunkard, and Adulterer, from whence
Proceeds the cauſe of dearth and peſtilence,
Puniſh with loſſe of ſubſtance, and of limbe,
He rather maimed vnto Heauen may climbe
Then tumble whole to Hell, and by his ſin,
Endanger the whole ſtate he liueth in.
Downe, downe, with Pride, and ouerthrowe Ambition;
Grace true Deuotion, root out ſuperſtition,
Loue them that loue the Truth, and Vertue graces,
Let Honeſty, not Wealth, obtaine great places,
Begin but ſuch a courſe, and ſo perſeuer,
Thou ſhalt haue loue here, and true bliſſe for euer:
Thus much for thy new *Prince*; now this to thee,
Britaine; It ſhall thy charge and duty be,
To tell him now what thou haſt heard me ſay,
And when ſoeuer he commands, obey:
So if thou wilt in mind this counſell beare;
Vnto thy ſtate haue due regard and care,
And without ſtay vnto amendment hie,
Thou ſhalt be deare to thoſe, to whom I flie.

Brit. Oh ſtay, and doe not leaue me yet alone,
Spi. My errand's at an end, I muſt be gone.
Brit. Goe then, but let me aske one word before.
Spi. My ſpeech now failes, I may diſcourſe no more.
Brit. Yet let me craue thus much, if ſo I may,
By *Eccho* thou reply to what I ſay. *Spi.* Say.
Brit. Firſt tell me, for his ſake thou count'ſt moſt deare,
Is *Babels* fall and *Iacobs* riſing neare? *Spi.* Neare.
Brit. Canſt thou declare what day that worke ſhall end,
Or rather muſt *we* yet attend? *Spi.* Attend.
Brit. Some Land muſt yeeld a Prince that blow to ſtrike,
May I be that ſame Land, or no, iſt like? *Spi.* Like.
Brit. Then therefore 'tis that *Rome* beares vs ſuch ſpight:
Is ſhe not plotting now to wrong our right? *Spi.* right.
Brit. But from her miſchiefes and her hands impure,
Canſt thou our ſafe deliuerance aſſure? *Spi.* Sure.
Brit. Then notwithſtanding this late loſſe befell,
And we fear'd much I truſt 'tis well. *Spi.* 'Tis well.
Brit. Then flie thou to thy place, if this be true,
Thou God be prais'd, and Griefes adue. *Spi.* Adue.

A Sonnet of Death, compoſed in Latine Rimes, and Paraphraſtically tranſlated into the ſame kinde of verſe; both, by the former Author.

HEûs, heûs, Mors percutit, & importunè,
Quam nunquam præterit vllus impunè.
Abite Medici, non eſt ſanabile
Hoc vulnus θανάτ῀; ſed incurabile.

Hark, hark, Death knocks vs vp, with importunitie,
There's none ſhall euer make boaſt of impunitie.
The Doctor toyles in vaine, mans life's not durable,
No med'cine can preuaile, this wound's incurable.

Quid pictî Dominûm proſunt fauores?
Fictî quid Hominum iuuant amores?
Nec mundi vanitas, nec Pompa Curiæ,
Poteſt reſiſtere Mortis iniuriæ.

What will the countenance of Lords, or Noble-men
Or idle peoples loue, helpe or auaile thee then?
Nor the worlds brauery, nor yet Court vanitie,
Can ſtay this Monſters hand, foe to humanitie.

Non curat ſplendidum, nec Venerabile;
Nec pectus candidum quamuis amabile;

Decumbunt

Decumbunt Principes *iniquo vulnere.*
Heu parcit nemini, quin ſtrauit puluere.

He knowes no reuerence, nor cares for any ſtate,
Sweet beauties moue him not, though nere ſo delicate,
Princes muſt ſtoope to him, he rides on martially,
And ſpares not any man, but ſtrikes impartially,

Mercede diuitis nil morat cupidi,
Nec prece pauperis (ſi orat) miſeri,
Et fruſtra ſallere tentas ingenio,
Surda Rhetorici Mors eſt eloquio.

The rich-mans money-bags are no perſwaſion,
The beggers wofull cry, ſtirres vp no paſſion,
Hee'l not beguiled be, by any fallacy,
Nor yeeld to Rhetoricke, Wit, Art, nor Policy.

Aſpectu pallida, vultu terribilis,
Eſt tamen valida, Mors inuincibilis:
Et ſuas tibias (nec eſt formalis)
Vir omnis ſequitur, ſi ſit mortalis.

His look's both pale and wan, yet doth it terrifie,
He maſters any man (alas what remedy!)
He's nothing curious which way the meaſures be,
But all dance after him, that heare his melodie.

At oh! oh horrida, lætans necando,
Ruit incognita; nonſcimus quando:

Et

Et ſtatim perditur hæc mundi gloria:
Vita ſic fragilis, ſic tranſitoria.

But wo! of all the reſt this ſeemes moſt terrible,
He comes when we know leaſt, and then inuiſible,
Then quite there endeth all worldly proſperitie,
Such is this lifes eſtate, ſuch his ſeueritie.

Ergo vos incolæ terrarum timidi,
Eſte ſoliciti, vos, oh vos miſeri!
Sic (quamuis ſubita;) hæc è carnalibus,
Reddet vos ſimiles, dijs immortalibus.

Then oh you wretched men, ſith this is euident,
See you more carefull be, oh be more prouident,
And when he takes this life, full of incertaintie;
You ſhall liue euer-more, to all eternitie.

FINIS.


BRITISH
MUSEUM

A SATYRE,

Written to the *KINGS* most Excellent Maieſtie,

BY

GEORGE WITHER,

When hee was Priſoner in the *Marſhalſey*, for his firſt BOOKE.

LONDON:
Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls*-Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Greene Dragon, 1622.

A

SATYRE,

Written to the KING'S

moſt Excellent Majeſtie,

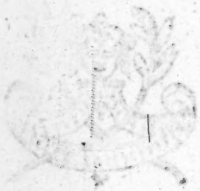
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Printed by T. S. for John Parker, dwelling in Paul's

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The Satyre to the meere Courtiers.

Sirs; I doe know your mindes; You looke for fees,
For more respect then needes, for caps and knees.
But be content, I haue not for you now;
Nor will I haue at all to doe with you.
For, though I seeme oppreſt, and you ſuppoſe
I muſt be faine to crouch to Vertues foes;
Yet know, your fauours I doe ſleight them more
In this diſtreſſe, then ere I did before.

Here

Here to my Liege a meſſage I muſt tell;
If you will let me paſſe, you ſhall doe well;
If you denie admittance, why then know,
I meane to haue it where you will or no.
Your formall wiſedome which hath neuer beene
In ought but in ſome fond inuention ſeene,
And you that thinke men borne to no intent,
But to be train'd in Apiſh complement;
Doth now (perhaps) ſuppoſe mee indiſcreet,
And ſuch vnuſed meſſages vnmeet.
But what of that? Shall I goe ſute my matter
Vnto your wits, that haue but wit to flatter?
Shall I, of your opinions ſo much prize
To loſe my will that you may thinke me wiſe,
Who neuer yet to any liking had,
Vnleſſe he were a Knaue, a Foole, or mad?
You Muſhroms know, ſo much I weigh your pow
I neither value you, nor what is yours.
Nay, though my croſſes had me quite out-worne,
Spirit enough I'de finde your ſpight to ſcorne:
Of which reſolu'd, to further my aduenture,
Vnto my King, without your leaues I enter.

To the Honeſt Courtiers.

BVt You, *whoſe onely worth doth colour giue.*
To Them, *that they doe worthy ſeeme to liue,*
Kinde Gentlemen, *your ayde I craue, to bring*
A Satyre *to the preſence of his King:*
A ſhow of rudeneſſe doth my fore-head arme,
Yet you may truſt him; he intends no harme.
He that hath ſent him, loyall is, and true,
And one, whoſe loue (I know) is much to you:
But now, he lyes bound to a narrow ſcope;
Almoſt beyond the Cape of all good Hope.
Long hath he ſought to free himſelfe, but failes:
And therefore ſeeing nothing elſe prevailes,

Me, *to acquaint his* Soueraigne, *here he ſends,*
As one deſpairing of all other friends.
I doe preſume that you will fauour ſhew him,
Now that a Meſſenger from thence you know him.
For many thouſands that his face ne're knew,
Blame his Accuſers, and his Fortune *rue:*
And by the helpe which your good word may doe,
He hopes for pitty from his Soueraigne *to.*
Then in his *preſence with your fauours grace him,*
And there's no Vice *ſo great, ſhall dare out-face him.*

To

To the Kings moſt Excellent MAIESTIE.

A SATYRE.

Quid tu, ſi per eo?

WHat once the *Poet* ſaid, I may anow,
'Tis a hard thing not to write Satyrs, now.
Since, what we ſpeake (abuſe raigns ſo in all)
Spight of our hearts, will be *Satyricall*.
Let it not therefore now be deemed ſtrange,
My vnſmooth'd lines their rudeneſſe do not change;
Nor be diſtaſteſull to my gracious *King*,
That in the *Cage*, my old harſh notes I ſing:
And rudely, make a *Satyre* here vnfold,
What others would in neater tearmes haue told.
And why? my friends and meanes in *Court* are ſcant,
Knowledge of curious phraſe, and forme I want.
I cannot bear't to runne my ſelfe in debt,
To hire the *Grooms*, to bid the *Page* entreat,
Some *fauoured Follower* to vouchſafe his word
To get me a cold comfort from his *Lord*.
I cannot ſooth, (though it my life might ſaue,)
Each *Fauourite*, nor crouch to eu'ry *Knaue*.
I cannot brooke delayes as ſome men do,
With ſcoffes, and ſcornes, and tak't in kindneſſe to.
For ere I'de binde my ſelfe for ſome ſlight grace,
To one that hath no more worth then his *place*.

Or, by a *base meane* free my ſelfe from trouble,
I rather would endure my penance double:
Cauſe to be forc'd to what my mind diſdaines,
Is worſe to me then *tortures*, *rackes*, and *chaines*.
And therefore vnto *thee* I onely flye,
To whom there needs no meane but *Honeſty*.
To *thee*, that lou'ſt nor *Paraſite* or *Minion*,
Should ere I ſpeake poſſeſſe thee with opinion.
To *thee*, that do'ſt what thou wilt vndertake,
For loue of *Iuſtice*, not the *perſons* ſake.
To *thee*, that know'ſt how vaine all faire ſhewes be,
That flow not from the hearts ſinceritie;
And canſt, though ſhadowed in the ſimpleſt vaile,
Diſcerne both *Loue* and *Truth*, and where they faile.
To *thee* doe I appeale; in whom Heau'n knowes,
I next to God my confidence repoſe.
For, can it be thy Grace ſhould euer ſhine,
And not enlighten ſuch a Cauſe as mine?
Can my hopes (fixt in thee great *King*) be dead;
Or thou thoſe *Satyrs* hate thy *Forreſts* bred?
Where ſhall my ſecond hopes be founded then,
If euer I haue heart to hope agen?
Can I ſuppoſe a fauour may be got
In any place, when thy *Court* yeelds it not?
Or that I may obtaine it in the land,
When I ſhall be deni'd it at thy hand?
And if I might, could I delighted be,
To tak't of others, when I miſt of thee?

Or

Or if I were, could I haue comfort by it,
When I ſhould thinke my *Soueraigne* did deny it?
No; were I ſure, I to thy hate were borne,
To ſeeke for others fauours, I would ſcorne.
For, if the beſt-worth-loues I could not gaine,
To labour for the reſt I would diſdaine.
But why ſhould I thy fauour here diſtruſt,
That haue a *cauſe* ſo knowne, and knowne ſo iuſt?
Which not alone my inward comfort doubles,
But all ſuppoſe me wrong'd that heare my troubles.
Nay, though my fault were Reall, I beleeue
Thou art ſo Royall, that thou wouldſt forgiue.
For, well I know, thy ſacred *Maieſty*
Hath euer beene admir'd for Clemency,
And at thy gentleneſſe the world hath wondred,
For making Sun-ſhine, where thou might'ſt haue thun-
Yea, thou in mercy, life to them didſt giue (dred.
That could not be content to ſee *thee* liue.
And can I thinke that thou wilt make me, then,
The moſt vnhappy of all other men?
Or let thy loyall Subiect, againſt reaſon,
Be puniſht more for *Loue*, then ſome for *Treaſon*?
No, thou didſt neuer yet thy glory ſtaine
With an iniuſtice to the meaneſt *Swaine*.
'Tis not thy will I'me wrong'd, nor doſt thou know,
If I haue ſuffred iniuries or no.
For if I haue not heard falſe *Rumours* flie,
Th'aſt grac'ſt me with the ſtile of *Honeſty*,

And if it were ſo (as ſome thinke it was)
I cannot ſee how it ſhould come to paſſe
That *thou*, from whoſe free *tongue* proceedeth nought
Which is not correſpondent with thy thought.
Thoſe thoughts to, being fram'd in *Reaſons* mould,
Should ſpeake that once, which ſhould not euer hold.
But paſſing it as an vncertainety,
I humbly begge thee, by that *Maieſty*,
Whoſe ſacred *Glory* ſtrikes a louing-feare
Into the hearts of all, to whom 'tis deare:
To deigne me ſo much fauour, without merit,
As read this plaint of a diſtempered ſpirit:
And thinke, vnleſſe I ſaw ſome hideous ſtorme,
Too great to be endur'd by ſuch a *worme*,
I had not thus preſum'd vnto a *King*,
With *Æſops Fly*, to ſeeke an *Eagles* wing:
Know I am he, that entred once the liſt,
Gainſt all the world to play the *Satyriſt*:
Twas I, that made my meaſures rough and rude,
Dance arm'd with whips amidſt the multitude,
And vnappalled with my charmed *Scrowles*,
Teaz'd angry *Monſters* in their lurking holes.
I'ue plaid with *Waſpes* and *Hornets* without feares,
Till mad they grew, and ſwarm'd about my eares.
I'ue done it, and me thinkes tis ſuch braue ſport,
I may be ſtung, but nere be ſorry for't.
For, all my griefe is, that I was ſo ſparing,
And had no more in't, worth the name of daring.

Hee

He that will taxe theſe times muſt be more bitter,
Tart lines of *Vinegar* and *Gall* are fitter.
My fingers and my ſpirits were benum'd,
My *inck* ran forth too ſmooth, 'twas two much gum'd;
I'de haue my *Pen* ſo paint it, where it traces,
Each accent, ſhould draw blood into their faces.
And make them, when their *Villanies* are blazed,
Shudder and *ſtartle*, as men halfe amazed,
For feare my *Verſe* ſhould make ſo loud a din,
Heauen hearing might raine vengeance on their ſin.
Oh now, for ſuch a ſtraine! would *Art* could teach it,
Though halfe my ſpirits I conſum'd to reach it.
Ide learne my *Muſe* ſo braue a courſe to flie,
Men ſhould admire the power of *Poeſie*.
And thoſe that dar'd her greatneſſe to reſiſt,
Quake euen at naming of a *Satyriſt*.
But when his ſcourging numbers flow'd with wonder,
Should cry, *God bleſſe vs*, as they did at thunder.
Alas! my lines came from me too-too dully,
They did not fill a *Satyrs* mouth vp fully.
Hot blood, and youth, enrag'd with paſſions ſtore,
Taught me to reach a *ſtraine* nere touch'd before.
But it was coldly done, I throughly chid not:
And ſomewhat there is yet to doe, I did not.
More ſoundly could my ſcourge haue yerked many,
Which I omitted not for feare of any.
For *want of action, diſcontentments rage*,
Baſe *diſ-reſpect of Vertue* (in this age)

A Satyre.

With other things which were to Goodneſſe wrong,
Made me ſo fearleſſe in my careleſſe Song:
That, had not reaſon within compaſſe won me,
I had told *Truth* enough to haue vndone me.
(Nay, haue already, if that her Diuine
And vnſeene power, can doe no more then mine.)
For though fore-ſeeing warineſſe was good,
I fram'd my ſtile vnto a milder mood;
And clogging her high-towring wings with mire,
Made her halfe earth, that was before all fire.
Though (as you ſaw) in a diſguiſed ſhew
I brought my *Satyres* to the open view:
Hoping (their out-ſides, being miſ-eſteam'd)
They might haue paſſed, but for what they ſeem'd:
Yet *ſome* whoſe *Comments* iumpe not with my minde,
In that low phraſe, a higher reach would finde,
And out of their deepe iudgements ſeeme to know,
What 'tis vncertaine if I meant or no;
Ayming thereby, out of ſome priuate hate,
To worke my ſhame, or ouer-throw my ſtate.
For, amongſt many wrongs my *foe* doth doe me,
And diuers imputations laide vnto me,
(Deceiued in his ayme) he doth miſ-conſter
That which I haue enſtil'd a *Man like Monſter*,
To meane ſome priuate perſon in the State,
Whoſe worth I ſought to wrong out of my hate;
Vpbraiding *me*, I from my word doe ſtart,
Either for want of better *Ground*, or *Heart*.

Cauſe

Cause from his expectation I did vary
In the denying of his *Commentary*,
Whereas tis knowne I meant *Abuse* the while,
Not thinking any *one* could be so vile
To merit all those *Epithites* of shame,
How euer many doe deserue much blame.
But say, (I grant) that I had an intent
To haue it so (as he interprets) meant,
And let my gracious *Liege* suppose there were
One whom the *State* may haue iust cause to feare,
Or thinke there were a man (and great in *Court*)
That had more faults then I could well report;
Suppose I knew him, and had gone about
By some particular markes to paint him out,
That *he* best knowing his owne faults, might see,
He was the *Man* I would should noted be:
Imagine now such doings in this *Age*,
And that *this man* so pointed at, should rage,
Call me in question, and by his much threatning,
By long imprisonment, and ill-intreating
Vrge a *Confession*, were not a mad part
For me to tell *him*, what lay in my heart?
Doe not I know a great mans *Power* and *Might*,
In spight of *Innocence*, can smother *Right*,
Colour his *Villanies*, to get esteeme,
And make the *honest man* the *Villaine* seeme?
And that the truth I told should in conclusion,
For want of *Power* and *Friends* be my confusion?

I know

I know it, and the world doth know tis true,
Yet, I proteſt, if ſuch a man I knew,
That might my *Country* preiudice, or *Thee*,
Were he the greateſt or the proudeſt *Hee*
That breathes this day: (if ſo it might be found,
That any good to *either* might redound.)
So far Ile be (though *Fate* againſt me run)
From ſtarting off from that I haue begun,
I vn-appalled dare in ſuch a caſe
Rip vp his fouleſt *Crimes* before his face,
Though for my *labour* I were ſure to drop
Into the mouth of *Ruine* without hope.
But ſuch ſtrange farre-fetcht meanings they haue (ſought,
As I was neuer priuie to in thought,
And that vnto particulars would tie
Which I intended vniuerſally.
Whereat *ſome* with diſpleaſure ouer-gone,
(Thoſe I ſcarce dream'd of, ſaw, or thought vpon)
Maugre thoſe caueats on my *Satyrs* brow,
Their honeſt and iuſt paſſage diſallow.
And on their heads ſo many cenſures rake,
That ſpight of *me*, themſelues they'le guilty make.
Nor is't enough, to ſwage their diſcontent,
To ſay *I am*(or to be) *innocent*.
For as, when once the *Lyon* made decree,
No *horned beaſt* ſhould nigh his preſence be,
That, on whoſe fore-head onely did appeare
A *bunch of fleſh*, or but ſome *tuft of haire*,

Was

Was euen as farre in danger as the reſt,
If he but ſaid, it was a *horned beaſt*:
So, there be now, who thinke in that their power
Is of much force, or greater farre then our;
It is enough to proue a guilt in me,
Becauſe (miſtaking) they ſo think't to be.
Yet 'tis my comfort, they are not ſo high,
But they muſt ſtoope to *Thee* and *Equitie*.
And this I know, though prickt; they ſtorme agen,
The world doth deeme them ne're the better men.
To ſtirre in filth, makes not the ſtench the leſſe,
Nor doth Truth *feare the frowne of* Mightineſſe.
Becauſe thoſe numbers ſhe doth daigne to grace,
Men may ſuppreſſe a while, but ne're deface.
I wonder, and 'tis wondred at by many,
My harmeleſſe lines ſhould breed diſtaſte in any:
And ſo, that (whereas moſt *good men* approue
My labour to be worthy thankes, and loue)
I as a *Villaine*, and my *Countries foe*,
Should be impriſon'd, and ſo ſtrictly to,
That not alone my liberty is barr'd,
But the reſort of friends (which is more hard.)
And whilſt each wanton, or looſe *Rimers* Pen,
With oyly words, ſleekes o're the ſinnes of men,
Vayling his wits to euery *Puppets* becke,
Which ere I'le doe, I'le ioy to breake my necke.
(I ſay) while ſuch as they in euery place
Can finde protection, pattronage and grace;

If

If any looke on me, 'tis but a skaunce
Or if I get a ſauour, 'tis by chance.
I muſt protect my ſelfe: poore *Truth* and *I*
Can haue ſcarce *one* ſpeake for our *honeſty*.
Then whereas they can gold and gifts attaine,
Malitious *Hate*, and *Enuy* is my gaine,
And not alone haue here my *Freedome* loſt,
Whereby my *beſt hope's* likely to be croſt:
But haue beene put to more charge in one day,
Then all my *Patrons* bounties yet will pay.
What I haue done, was not for thirſt of *gaine*,
Or out of hope *preferments* to attaine.
Since to contemne them, would more profit me,
Then all the *glories* in the world that be:
Yet they are helpes to *Vertue*, vs'd aright,
And when they wanting be, ſhe wants her might.
For Eagles mindes ne're fit a Rauens feather,
To dare, and to be able, ſute together.

But what is't I haue done ſo worthy blame,
That ſome ſo eagerly purſue my fame?
Vouchſafe to view't with thine owne eyes, and trie
(Saue want of *Art*) what fault thou canſt eſpie.
I haue not ſought to ſcandalize the State,
Nor ſowne ſedition, nor made publike hate:
I haue not aym'd at any good mans fame,
Nor taxt (directly) any one by name.
I am not he that am growne diſcontent
With the Religion, or the Gouernement.

I meant

I meant no Ceremonies to protect,
Nor doe I fauour any new-sprung Sect;
But to my Satyres *gaue this onely warrant,*
To apprehend and punish Vice *apparant.*
Who aiming in particular at none,
In generall vpbraided euery one:
That each (vnshamed of himselfe) might view
That in himselfe, which no man dares to shew.
And hath this *Age* bred vp neat *Vice* so tenderly,
She cannot brooke it to be touch'd so slenderly?
Will she not bide my gentle *Satyres* bites?
Harme take her then, what makes she in their sights?
If with impatience she my *Whip-cord* feele,
How had she raged at my lash of *Steele*?
But am I call'd in question for her cause?
Is't *Vice* that these afflictions on me drawes?
And need I now thus to Apologize,
Onely becauſe I scourged *Villanies*?
Must I be faine to giue a reason why,
And how I dare allow of *Honesty*?
Whilst that each fleering *Parasite* is bold
Thy Royall brow vndaunted to behold:
And euery *Temporizer* strikes a string,
That's Musicke for the hearing of a King?
Shall not *he* reach out to obtaine as much,
Who dares more for thee then a hundred such?
Heauen grant her patience, *my* Muse *takes't so badly,*
I feare shee'le lose her wits, for she raues madly.

Yet

Yet let not my *dread Soueraigne* too much blame her,
Whose awfull presence, now hath made her tamer.
For if there be no *Fly* but hath her spleene,
Nor a poore *Pismire*, but will wreake her teene;
How shall I then, that haue both spleene and gall,
Being vniustly dealt with, beare with all?
I yet with *patience* take what I haue borne,
And all the worlds ensuing hate can *scorne*:
But 'twere in me as much stupiditie,
Not to haue feeling of an iniurie,
As it were weakenesse not to brooke it well:
What others therefore thinke I cannot tell;
But he that's lesse then *mad*, is more then *Man*,
Who sees when he hath done the best he can,
To keepe within the bounds of *Innocence*:
Sought to discharge his due to *God* and *Prince*,
That he, whilst *Villanies* vnreproued goe,
Scoffing, to see him ouer-taken so,
Should haue his *good endeauours* misconceiu'd,
Be of his *dearest liberty* bereau'd,
And which is worse, without reason why,
Be frown'd on by *Authorities* grim eye.
By that great Power *my soule so much doth feare,*
She scornes the fearn'st frownes of a mortall Peere,
But that I *Vertue* loue, for her owne sake,
It were enough to make me vndertake
To speake as much in praise of *Vice* agen,
And practise some to plague these *shames of men.*

I meane

I meane those my *Accusers*, who mistaking
My aymes, doe frame conceits of their owne making.
But if I list, I need not buy so deere
The iust *reuenge* might be inflicted here.
Now could I *measures* frame in this iust fury,
Should sooner finde some guilty then a *Iury*:
The *words*, like *swords* (temper'd with *Art*) should pierce
And hang, and draw, and quarter them in verse.
Or I could racke them on the wings of *Fame*,
(*And he's halfe hang'd* (they say) *hath an ill name*)
Yea, I'de goe neere to make those guilty Elues,
Lycambes-like, be glad to hang themselues:
And though this *Age* will not abide to heare
The faults reprou'd, that *Custome* hath made deare;
Yet, if I pleased, I could write their *crimes*,
And pile them vp in wals for after-times:
For they'le be glad (perhaps) that shall ensue,
To see some story of their Fathers true.
Or should I smother'd be in darknesse still,
I might not vse the freedome of a quill:
'Twould raise vp *brauer spirits* then mine owne,
To make my cause, and this their guilt more knowne.
Who by that subiect should get Loue and Fame,
Vnto my foes disgrace, and endlesse shame:
Those I doe meane, whose *Comments* haue mis-us'd me:
And to those Peeres I honour, haue accus'd me:
Making against *my Innocence* their batteries,
And wronging *them* by their base flatteries:

Bait

But of reuenge I am not yet ſo faine,
To put my ſelfe vnto that needleſſe paine:
Becauſe I know a greater *Power* there is,
That noteth ſmaller iniuries then this,
And being ſtill as iuſt as it is ſtrong,
Apportions due reuenge for euery wrong.
But why (ſome ſay) ſhould his too ſaucy Rimes
Thus taxe the wiſe and great ones of our times?
It ſuites not with his yeeres to be ſo bold,
Nor fits it vs by him to be controld.
I muſt confeſſe ('tis very true indeed)
Such ſhould not of my cenſure ſtand in need,
But blame me not, I ſaw good *Vertue* poore,
Deſert, among the moſt, thruſt out of doore,
Honeſtie hated, *Curteſie* baniſhed,
Rich men exceſſiue, *poore men* famiſhed:
Coldneſſe in *Zeale*, in *Lawes* partialitie,
Friendſhip but *Complement*, and vaine *Formalitie*,
Art I perceiue contem'd, while moſt aduance
(To offices of worth) *Rich Ignorance*:
And thoſe that ſhould our *Lights* and *Teachers* be
Liue (if not worſe) as wantonly as we.
Yea, I ſaw *Nature* from her courſe runne backe,
Diſorders grow, *Good Orders* goe to wracke.
So to encreaſe what all the reſt beganne,
I to this current of *confuſion* ranne.
And ſeeing Age, left off the place of guiding,
Thus plaid the ſaucy wagge, and fell to chiding.

Whereto

Wherein, how euer ſome (perhaps) may deeme,
I am not ſo much faulty as I ſeeme:
For when the *Elders* wrong'd *Suſanna's* honer,
And none withſtood the Shame they laid vpon her;
A *Childe* roſe vp to ſtand in her defence,
And ſpight of wrong confirm'd her *Innocence*:
To ſhew, *thoſe muſt not, that good vndertake,*
Straine curt'ſie, who ſhall do't, for manners ſake.
Nor doe I know, whether to me God gaue
A boldneſſe more then many others haue,
That I might ſhew the world what ſhamefull blot
Vertue by her laſciuious *Elders* got.
Nor is't a wonder, as ſome doe ſuppoſe,
My *Youth* ſo much corruption can diſcloſe;
Since euery day the Sunne doth light mine eyes,
I am informed of new villanies:
But it is rather to be wondred how
I either can, or dare be honeſt now.

And though againe there be ſome others rage,
That I ſhould dare (ſo much aboue mine age)
Thus cenſure each degree, both young and old,
I ſee not wherein I am ouer-bold.
For if I haue beene plaine with *Vice*, I care not,
There's nought that I know good, and can, and dare not:
Onely this one thing doth my minde deterre,
Euen a feare (through ignorance) to erre.

But oh knew I, what thou would'ſt well approue,
Or might the ſmall'ſt reſpect within thee moue;

So in the ſight of God it might be good,
And with the quiet of my conſcience ſtood:
(As well I know thy true integrity
Would command nothing againſt Piety:)
There's nought ſo dangerous, or full of feare,
That for my *Soueraignes* ſake I would not dare.
Which good beliefe, would it did not poſſeſſe thee;
Prouided ſome iuſt triall might rebleſſe me:
Yea, though a while I did endure the gall
Of thy diſpleaſure in this loathſome thrall.
For notwithſtanding in this *place* I lye
By the command of that *Authoritie*,
Of which I haue ſo much reſpectiue care,
That in mine *owne* (and iuſt) defence I feare
To vſe the free ſpeech that I doe intend,
Leſt *Ignorance*, or *Raſhneſſe* ſhould offend.
Yet is my meaning and my thought as free
From wilfull wronging of thy *Lawes* or *Thee*,
As he to whom thy *Place* and *Perſons* deareſt,
Or to himſelfe that finds his conſcience cleereſt.
If there be *wrong*, 'tis not my making it,
All the offence is ſome's miſtaking it.
And is there any Iuſtice borne of late,
Makes thoſe faults mine, which others perpetrate?
What man could euer any Age yet finde,
That ſpent his ſpirits in this thankeleſſe kinde,
Shewing his meaning, to ſuch words could tye it,
That none could either wrong, or miſ-apply it.

Nay

Nay, your owne *Lawes*, which (as you doe intend)
In plain'ſt and moſt effectuall words are pound,
Cannot be fram'd ſo well to your intent,
But ſome there be will erre from what you meant.
And yet (alas) I muſt be ty'de vnto
What neuer any man before could doe?
Muſt all I ſpeake, or write, ſo well be done
That none may pick more meanings thence then one?
Then all the world (I hope) will leaue diſ-vnion,
And euery man become of one opinion.
But ſince ſome may, what care ſoe're we take,
Diuers conſtructions of our Writings make,
The honeſt *Readers* euer will conceaue
The beſt intention's, and all others leaue;
Chiefly in *that*, where I fore-hand proteſt
My meaning euer was the honeſteſt.
And if I ſay ſo, what is he may know
So much as to affirme it was not ſo?
Sit other men ſo neare my thoughts to ſhow it,
Or is my *heart* ſo open that all know it?
Sure if it were, they would no ſuch things ſee,
As thoſe whereof ſome haue accuſed mee.
But I care leſſe how it be vnderſtood,
Becauſe the heauens know my intent was good.
And if it be ſo, that my too-free *Rimes*
Doe much diſpleaſe the world, and theſe bad times;
'Tis not my fault, for had I been imploy'd
In ſomething elſe, all this had now been voyd.

Or if the world would but haue granted me
Wealth, or Affaires, whereon to buſie me,
I now vnheard of, peraduenture than,
Had been as mute as ſome rich *Clergie-man.*
But they are much deceiu'd that thinke my minde
Will ere be ſtill, while it can doing find;
Or that vnto the world ſo much it leanes,
As to be curtold for default of meanes.
No, though moſt be, all *Spirits* are not earth;
Nor ſuting with the fortunes of their birth,
My *body's* ſubiect vnto many Powers:
But my *ſoule's* as free, as is the *Emperours*:
And though to curbe her in, I oft aſſay,
She'le breake int'action ſpite of durt and clay:
And is't not better then to take this courſe,
Then fall to ſtudy miſchiefes and doe worſe?
I ſay the muſt haue action, and ſhe ſhall:
For if ſhe will, how can I doe withall?
And let thoſe that o're-buſie thinke me, know,
He made me, that knew, why he made me ſo.
And though there's ſome that ſay my thoughts doe flie
A pitch beyond my ſtates ſufficiency;
My humble minde, I giue my *Sauiour* thanke
Aſpires nought yet, aboue my fortunes ranke.
But ſay it did, wil't not befit a man
To raiſe his thoughts as neere *Heau'n* as he can?
Muſt the *free ſpirit* ty'd and curbed be
According to the bodies powerty?

Or

Or can it euer be ſo ſubiect to
Baſe *Change*, to riſe, and fall, as fortunes doe?
Men borne to noble meanes, and vulgar mindes
Enioy their wealth; and there's no Law that bindes
Such to abate their ſubſtance, though their Fates
Want *Braines*, and they *worth*, to poſſeſſe ſuch ſtates.
So God to ſome, doth onely *great mindes* giue,
And little other meanes, whereon to liue,
What law or conſcience then ſhall make them ſmother
Their *Spirit*, which is their life, more then other
To bate their ſubſtance? ſince if 'twere confeſt,
That a braue minde could euer be ſuppreſt,
Were't reaſon any ſhould himſelfe depriue
Of what the whole world hath not power to giue?
For wealth is comon, and fooles get it to,
When to giue ſpirit's more then *Kings* can do.
I ſpeake not this, becauſe I thinke there be
More then the ordinareſt gifts in me;
But againſt thoſe, who thinke I doe preſume
On more then doth befit me to aſſume:
Or would haue all, whom *Fortune* barres from ſtore,
Make themſelues wretched, as ſhe makes them poore.
And 'cauſe in other things ſhe is vnkind,
Smother the matchleſſe bleſſings of their minde:
Whereas (although her fauours doe forſake them)
Their *minds* are richer then the world can make them.
Why ſhould a good attempt diſgraced ſeeme,
Becauſe the perſon is of meane eſteeme?

Vertue's *a chaſte Queene*, and yet doth not ſcorne
To be embrac'd by him that's meaneſt borne,
Shee is the prop, that *Maieſties* ſupport,
Yet one whom *Slaues* as well as *Kings* may court.
She loueth all that beare affection to her,
And yeelds to any that hath heart to wooe her.
So Vice, how high ſo e're ſhe be in place,
Is that which Groomes *may ſpit at in diſgrace:*
She is a ſtrumpet, and may be abhorr'd,
Yea, ſpurn'd at in the boſome of a *Lord*.
Yet had I ſpoke her faire, I had beene free,
As many others of her Louers be.
If her eſcapes I had not chanc'd to tell,
I might haue beene a *villaine*, and done well:
Gotten ſome ſpeciall fauour, and not ſate
As now I doe, ſhut vp within a *grate*.
Or if I could haue hap't on ſome looſe ſtraine,
That might haue pleas'd the wanton Readers vaine:
Or but claw'd *Pride*, I now had been vnblam'd,
(Or elſe at leaſt there's ſome would not haue ſham'd
To plead my cauſe:) but ſee my fatall curſe,
Sure I was either mad, or ſomewhat worſe:
For I ſaw *Vices* followers bravely kept,
In *Silkes* they walkt, on beds of *Downe* they ſlept,
Richly they fed on dainties euermore,
They had their pleaſure, they had all things ſtore,
(Whil'ſt *Vertue* begg'd) yea, fauours had ſo many,
I knew they brook't not to be touch'd of any:

Yet

Yet could not I, like other men, be wise,
Nor learne (for all this) how to temporize;
But must (with too much honesty made blind)
Vpbraid this loued darling of mankind:
Whereas I might haue better thriu'd by fayning:
Or if I could not chuse, but be complaining,
More safe I might haue rail'd on *Vertue* sure,
Because her louers and her friends are fewer.
I might haue brought some other things to passe,
Made *Fidlers Songs*, or *Ballads*, like an Asse,
Or any thing almost indeed but this.
Yet since 'tis thus, I'me glad 'tis so amisse;
Because if I am guilty of a crime,
'Tis that, wherein the best of euery time,
Hath beene found faulty (if they faulty be)
That doe reproue *Abuse* and *villany*.
For what I'me taxt, I can examples show,
In such old *Authors* as this State allow:
And I would faine once learne a reason why
They can haue kinder vsage here then I?
I muse men doe not now in question call
Seneca, Horace, Persius, Iuuenall,
And such as they? Or why did not that Age
In which they liued, put them in a *Cage*?
If I should say, that men were iuster then,
I should neere hand be made vnsay'ragen:
And therefore sure I thinke I were as good
Leaue it to others to be vnderstood.

Yet I as well may ſpeake, as deeme amiſſe,
For ſuch this *Age's* curious cunning is,
I ſcarcely dare to let mine heart thinke ought,
For there be ſome will ſeeme to know my thought,
Who may out-face me that I thinke awry,
When there's no witneſſe, but my *Conſcience* by:
And then I likely am as ill to ſpeed,
As if I ſpake, or did amiſſe indeed.
Yet leſt thoſe who (perhaps) may malice this,
Interpret alſo theſe few lines amiſſe,
Let them that after *thee*, ſhall reade or heare,
From a raſh cenſure of my thoughts forbeare.
Let them not mold the ſenſe that this containes
According to the forming of their braines,
Or thinke I dare, or can, here taxe thoſe *Peeres*,
Whoſe *Worths*, their *Honours*, to my ſoule endeares,
(Thoſe by whoſe loued-fear'd *Authority*)
I am reſtrained of my liberty:
For leſt there yet may be a man ſo ill,
To haunt my lines with his blacke *Coment* ſtill,
(In hope my lucke againe may be ſo good,
To haue my words once rightly vnderſtood)
This I proteſt, that *I doe not condemne*
Ought as vniuſt, that hath been done by them;
For though my honeſt heart not guilty be
Of the leaſt thought, that may diſparage me;
Yet when *ſuch men* as *I*, ſhall haue *ſuch foes*,
Accuſe me of *ſuch crimes*, to *ſuch as thoſe*,

Till

Till I had meanes my *Innocence* to ſhow,
Their *Iuſtice* could haue done no leſſe then ſo.
Nor haue I ſuch a proud conceited wit,
Or ſelfe-opinion of my knowledge yet,
To thinke it may not be that I haue run
Vpon ſome *Errors* in what I haue done,
Worthy this puniſhment which I endure;
(I ſay I cannot ſo my ſelfe aſſure)
For 'tis no wonder if their *Wiſedomes* can
Diſcouer *Imperfections* in a man
So weake as I, (more then himſelfe doth ſee)
Since my *ſight* dull with *inſufficiencie*,
In men more graue, and wiſer farre then I,
Innumerable *Errors* doth eſpye,
Which they with all their knowledge I'le be bold,
Cannot (or will not) in themſelues behold.
But ere I will *my ſelfe* accuſe my *Song*,
Or keepe a *Tongue* ſhall doe my *Heart* that wrong,
To ſay I willingly in what I penn'd,
Did ought that might a *Goodmans* ſight offend,
Or with my knowledge did inſert one word,
That might diſparage a true *Honour'd Lord*;
Let it be in my mouth a helpeleſſe ſore,
And neuer ſpeake to be beleeued more.
Yet *man* irreſolute is, vnconſtant, weake,
And doth his purpoſe oft through frailty breake.
Leſt therefore I by force hereafter may
Be brought from this minde, and theſe words vnſay,

Here

Here to the *World* I doe proclaime before,
If e're my reſolution be ſo poore,
T'is not the *Right*, but *Might* that makes me doe it;
Yea, nought but *fearefull baſeneſſe* brings me to it;
Which if I ſtill hate, as I now deteſt,
Neuer can come to harbor in my breſt.
Thus my fault then (if they a fault imply)
Is not alone an ill vnwillingly,
But alſo, might I know it, I entend,
Not onely to acknowledge, but amend:
Hoping that *thou* wilt not be ſo ſeuere,
To puniſh me aboue all other here.
But for m'intents ſake, and my loue to *Truth*,
Impute my *Errors* to the heate of *Youth*,
Or rather *Ignorance*; then to my *Will*,
Which ſure I am was *good*, what e're be *ill*,
And like to him now, in whoſe place thou art,
What e're the reſidue be, accept the *Heart*.
But I grow tedious, and my loue abusd,
Diſturbs my thoughts, and makes my lines confus'd.
Yet pardon me, and daigne a gracious eye
On this my rude, vnfil'd *Apologie*.
Let not the bluntneſſe of my phraſe offend,
Weigh but the *matter*, and not how 'tis *penn'd*,
By theſe abrupt lines in my iuſt defence,
Iudge what I might ſay for my innocence.
And thinke, I more could ſpeake, that here I ſpare,
Becauſe my power ſuites not to what I dare.

My

My vnaffected *ſtile* retaines (you ſee)
Her old *Frize-Cloake* of young *Ruſticitie*:
If others will vſe neater tearmes, they may,
Ruder I am, yet loue as well as they:
And (*though if I would ſmooth't I cannot doo't*)
My humble heart I bend beneath thy foot:
While here my Muſe her diſcontent doth ſing
To thee her great *Apollo*, and my *King*:
Emploring thee by that high ſacred *Name*,
By *Iuſtice*, by thoſe *Powers* that I could name:
By whatſoe're may moue, entreate I *thee*,
To be what thou art vnto all, to mee,
I feare it not, yet giue me leaue to pray;
I may haue foes, whoſe power doth beare ſuch ſway,
If they but ſay I'me guilty of offence;
'Twere vaine for me to pleade my innocence.
But as the Name of God thou bear'ſt, I truſt
Thou imitat'ſt him to, in being iuſt:
That when the right of *Truth* thou comm'ſt to ſcan,
Thoul't not reſpect the perſon of the man:
For if thou doe, then is my hope vndone,
The head-long-way to ruine I muſt runne.
For whil'ſt that they haue all the helpes which may
Procure their pleaſure with my ſoone decay:
How is it like that I my peace can win me,
When all the ayde I haue, comes from within me?
Therefore (*good King*) that mak'ſt thy bounty ſhine
Sometime on thoſe whoſe worths are ſmall as mine;

Oh

Oh saue me now from Enuies *dangerous shelfe,*
Or make me able, and I'le saue my selfe.
Let not the want of that make me a scorne,
To which there are more *Fooles* then *Wise-men* borne.
Let me not for my *Meanneſſe* be diſpiſ'd,
Nor others *greatneſſe* make their words more priz'd,
For whatſoe're my outward *Fate* appeares,
My *Soule's* as good, my *Heart* as great as theirs.
My loue vnto my *Country* and to *thee*,
As much as his that more would ſeeme to be.
And would this Age allow but meanes to ſhow it,
Thoſe that miſdoubt it, ſhould ere long time know it.
Pitty my youth then, and let me not lie
Waſting my time in fruitleſſe miſerie.
Though I am meane, I may be borne vnto
That ſeruice, which another cannot doe.
In vaine the little Mouſe the Lyon ſpar'd not,
She did him pleaſure, when a greater dar'd not.
If ought that I haue done, doe *thee* diſpleaſe,
Thy miſconceiued wrath I will appeaſe,
Or ſacrifice my heart; but why ſhould I
Suffer for God knowes whom, I know not why?
If that my words through *ſome* miſtake offende,
Let them conceiue them right and make amends.
Or were I guilty of offence indeed,
One fault (they ſay) *doth but one pardon need*:
Yet one I had, and now I want one more;
For once I ſtood accus'd for this before.

As I remember I ſo long agon,
Sang *Thame*, and *Rhynes Epithalamion*:
When SHE that from thy Royall ſelfe deriues
Thoſe gracious vertues that beſt *Title* giues:
She that makes *Rhine* proud of her excellence,
And me oft minde her reuerence;
Daign'd in her *great good-nature* to encline
Her gentle eare to ſuch a cauſe as mine;
And which is more, vouchſaf'd her word, to cleare
Me from all dangers (if there any were,)
So that I doe not now intreate, or ſue
For any great boone, or requeſt that's new:
But onely this (though abſent from the Land)
Her former fauour ſtill in force might ſtand:
And that her word (who preſent was ſo deere)
Might be as powerfull, as when ſhe was here.
Which if I finde, and with thy fauour may
Haue leaue to ſhake my loathed *hands* away,
(As I doe hope I ſhall) and be ſet free
From all the troubles, this hath brought on me,
I'le make her *Name* giue life vnto a *Song*,
Whoſe neuer-dying note ſhall laſt as long
As there is either *Riuer*, *Grone* or *Spring*,
Or *Downe* for *Sheepe*, or *Shepheards Lad* to ſing.
Yea, I will teach my *Muſe* to touch a ſtraine,
That was ne're reach't to yet by any *Swaine*.
For though that many deeme my yeeres vnripe,
Yet I haue learn'd to tune an Oaten Pipe,

Whereon

Whereon I'le try what muſicke I can make me,
(Vntill *Bellona* with her Trumpe awake me.)
And ſince the world will not haue *Vice* thus ſhowne,
By blazing *Vertue* I will make it knowne.
Then if the *Court* will not my lines approue
I'le goe vnto ſome *Mountaine*, or thicke *Groue*:
There to my fellow *Shepheards* will I ſing,
Tuning my *Reede* vnto ſome dancing *Springe*,
In ſuch a note, that none ſhould dare to trouble it,
Till the *Hils* anſwere, and the *Woods* redouble it.
And peraduenture I may then goe neare
To ſpeake of ſomething thou'l't be pleas'd to heare:
And that which *thoſe* who now my tunes abhorre,
Shall reade, and like, and daigne to loue me for:
But the meane while, oh paſſe not this ſuite by,
Let thy *free hand* ſigne me my *liberty*:
And if my loue may moue thee more to do,
Good King conſider this my trouble to.
Others haue found thy fauour in diſtreſſe,
Whoſe loue to thee and thine I thinke was leſſe.
And I might fitter for thy *ſeruice liue*
On what would not be much for *thee* to giue.
And yet I aske it not for that I feare
The outward meanes of life ſhould faile me here:
For though I want to compaſſe thoſe *good ends*
I aime at for my *Countrie* and my *Friends*,
In this *poore ſtate* I can as well content me,
As if that I had *Wealth* and *Honours* lent me.

Not

Nor for my *owne sake* doe I seeke to shunne
This *thraldome*, wherein now I seeme vndone:
For though I prize my *Freedome* more then *Gold*,
And vse the meanes to free my selfe from hold,
Yet with a minde (I hope) vnchang'd and free,
Here can I liue, and play with miserie:
Yea, in despight of want and slaverie,
Laugh at the world in all her brauerie.
Here haue I learn'd to make my greatest Wrongs
Matter of Mirth, *and subiects but for* Songs:
Here can I smile to see my selfe neglected,
And how the meane mans suite is dis-respected,
Whil'st those that are more rich, and better friended,
Can haue twice greater faults *thrice sooner ended.*
All this, yea more, I see and suffer to,
Yet liue content midst discontents I do.
Which whil'st I can, it is all one to me,
Whether in *Prison* or *abroad* it be.
For should I still lye here *distrest* and *poore*,
It shall not make me breathe a sigh the more;
Since to my selfe it is indifferent,
Where the small remnant of my daies be spent,
But for *Thy* sake, my *Countries*, and my *Friends*,
For whom, more then my selfe, *God* this life lends,
I would not, could I helpe it, be a scorne,
But (if I might) liue free, as I was borne:
Or rather for my Mistris *vertues* sake,
Faire Vertue, of whom most account I make,

If

If I can chuſe, I will not be debas'd
In this laſt action, leſt She *be diſgrac'd:*
For 'twas the loue of her that brought me to,
What *Spleene* nor *Enuie* could not make me do.
And if her *ſeruants* be no more regarded,
If enemies of *Vice* be thus rewarded,
And I ſhould alſo *Vertues* wrongs conceale,
And if none liu'd to whom ſhe dar'd appeale:
Will they that doe not yet her *worth* approue,
Be euer drawne to entertaine her *loue*,
When they ſhall ſee him plagu'd as an *Offender*,
Who for the loue he beares her, doth commend her?
This may to others more offenſiue be,
Then preiudiciall any way to me:
For who will his endeauours euer bend
To follow her, whom there is none will friend?
Some I doe hope there be that nothing may
From loue of *Truth* and *Honeſty* diſmay.
But who will (that ſhall ſee my euill *Fortune*)
The *remedy* of *Times Abuſe* importune?
Who will againe, when they haue ſmother'd me,
Dare to oppoſe the face of *Villany*?
Whereas he muſt be faine to vndertake
A *Combat* with a ſecond *Lernean* Snake;
Whoſe euer-growing heads when as he crops,
Not onely two ſprings, for each one he lops,
But alſo he ſhall ſee in midſt of dangers,
Thoſe he thought *friends* turne *foes*, at leaſt-wiſe *ſtrangers*.

Mott

More I could ſpeake, but ſure if this doe faile me,
I neuer ſhall doe ought that will auaile me;
Nor care to ſpeake againe, vnleſſe it be
To him that knowes how *heart* and *tongue* agree;
No, nor to liue, when none dares vndertake
To ſpeake one word for honeſt *Vertues* ſake.
But let *his will be done*, that beſt knowes what
Will be my *future* good, and what will not.
Hap *well* or *ill*, my ſpotleſſe *meaning's* faire,
And for *thee*, this ſhall euer be my prayer,
That thou maiſt here enioy a long-bleſſ'd Raigne,
And dying, be in Heauen re-crown'd againe.

SO now, if thou haſt daign'd my *Lines* to heare,
There's nothing can befall *me* that I feare:
For if *thou* haſt compaſſion on my trouble,
The *Ioy* I ſhall receiue will be made double;
And if I fall, it may ſome *Glory* be,
That none but IOVE *himſelfe did ruine me.*

Your Maieſties *moſt loyall Subiect,*
and yet Priſoner in the Marſhalſey.

GEORGE WITHER.


BRITISH
MUSEUM

Epithalamia:

OR

NVPTIALL POEMS

VPON THE MOST BLESSED AND HAPPY MARRIAGE

betweene the High and Mighty Prince Frederick *the fifth, Count Palatine* of the Rhine, Duke of Bauier, &c.

AND THE MOST VERTVOVS, Gracious, and thrice Excellent Princesse, *Elizabeth, Sole Daughter to our dread Soueraigne*, Iames, *by* the grace of God King of Great *Britaine, France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c.

Celebrated at *White-Hall* the fourteenth *of February*. 1612.

Written by George Wither.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls*-Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1622.

Seems to be same as ** **



TO THE ALL-VERTVOVS AND THRICE EXCELLENT PRINCESSE

Elizabeth, ſole daughter to our dread *Soueraigne*, Iames *by the grace of* God, King of *Great Britaine*, *France* and *Ireland*, *&c.*

AND WIFE TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE, FREDERICK the fifth, Count Palatine of the *Rheine*, Duke *of Bauier, &c. Elector, and Arch-ſewer to* the ſacred Roman Empire, during *the vacancy Vicar of the ſame*, and Knight of the moſt honorable Order of the *Garter*.

George Wither wiſheth all the Health; Ioyes, Honours, and Felicities of this World, *in this life, and the perfections of eternity in the World to come.*

To the Christian Readers.

READers; *for that in my booke of* Satyricall Essayes, *I haue been deemed ouer* Cynicall; *to shew, that I am not wholly inclined to that* Vaine: *But indeede especially, out of the loue which in duty I owe to those incomparable* Princes, *I haue in honour of their* Royall Solemnities, *published these short* Epithalamiaes. *By which you may perceiue (how euer the world thinke of me) I am not of such a Churlish* Constitution, *but I can afford* Vertue *her deserued honour; and haue as well an*

affable looke to encourage Honesty; *as a sterne frowne to cast on* Villanie: *If the* Times *would suffer me, I could be as pleasing as others; and perhaps ere long I will make you amends for my former rigor; Meane while I commit this vnto your censures; and bid you farewell.*

G. W.

Epithalamion.

DRight *Northerne* Starre, and great *Minernaes* peere,
Sweete *Lady* of this *Day*: *Great Britaines* deere.
Loe thy poore *Vaſſall*, that was erſt ſo rude,
With his moſt *Ruſticke Satyrs* to intrude,
Once more like a poore *Silvan* now drawes neare;
And in thy ſacred *Preſence* dares appeare.
Oh let not that ſweete *Bowe* thy *Brow* be bent,
To ſcarre him with a *Shaft* of diſcontent:
One looke with *Anger*, nay thy gentleſt *Frowne*,
Is twice enough to caſt a *Greater* downe.
My *Will* is euer, neuer to offend,
Theſe that are good; and what I here intend,
Your *Worth* compels me to. For lately greeu'd,
More then can be expreſt, or well beleeu'd;
Minding for euer to abandon ſport,
And liue exilde from places of reſort;
Careleſſe of all, I yeelding to ſecuritie,
Thought to ſhut vp my *Muſe* in darke obſcuritie:

And

And in content, the better to repoſe,
A lonely *Grouse* vpon a *Mountaine* choſe.
Eaſt from *Caer Winn*, mid-way twixt *Arle* and *Dee*,
True *Springs*, where *Britains* true *Arcadia* is.
But ere I entred my entended courſe,
Great Æolus began to offer force.
* The boiſterous *King* was growne ſo mad with rage,
That all the Earth, was but his furies ſtage.
Fire, *Ayre*, *Earth*, *Sea*, were intermixt in one:
Yet *Fire*, through *Water*, *Earth* and *Ayre* ſhone.
The *Sea*, as if ſhe ment to whelme them vnder,
Beat on the *Cliffes*, and rag'd more loud then thunder:
And whil'ſt the *vales* ſhe with ſalt waues did fill,
The *Aire* ſhowr'd *flouds*, that drencht our higheſt hill;
And the proud trees, that would no dutie know,
Lay ouer-turned, twenties in a Row.
Yea, euery Man for feare, fell to *Deuotion*,
Leſt the whole *Ile* ſhould haue bin drencht in th'Ocean.
Which I perceiuing, coniur'd vp my *Muſe*,
The *Spirit*, whoſe good helpe I ſometime vſe;
And though I ment to breake her reſt no more,
I was then faine her aide for to implore.
And by her helpe indeed, I came to know,
Why, both the *Ayre* and *Seas* were troubled ſo.
For hauing vrg'd her, that ſhe would vnfold
What cauſe ſhe knew: Thus much at laſt ſhe told.
Of late (quoth ſhe) *there is by powers Diuine*;
A match concluded, twixt Great Thame *and* Rhine.

* here re-
mbers and
ſcribes the
Winter,
ich was ſo
eeding tem-
ſtuous and
dy.

Two

Two famous Riuers, *equall both to* Nile:
The one, the pride of Europes *greatest Ile.*
Th'other disdaining to be closely pent;
Washes a great part of the Continent.
Yet with abundance, doth the Wants *supply,*
Of the still-thirsting Sea, *that's neuer dry.*
And now, these, being not alone endear'd,
To mightie Neptune, *and his watrie* Heard:
But also to the great and dreadfull Ioue,
With all his sacred Companies aboue,
Both haue assented by their Loues *inuiting:*
To grace (with their owne presence) this Vniting.
Ioue call'd a Summons *to the* Worlds *great wonder,*
'Twas that we heard of late, which we thought thunder. The reason of the tempestuous Winter.
A thousand Legions *he intends to send them,*
Of Cherubins *and* Angels *to attend them:*
And those strong Windes, *that did such blustring keepe,*
Were but the Tritons, *sounding in the* Deepe;
To warne each Riuer, *petty* Streame *and* Spring,
Their aide vnto their Soueraigne *to bring.*
The Floods *and* Showres *that came so plenteous downe,*
And lay entrencht in euery Field *and* Towne,
Were but retainers to the Nobler sort,
That owe their Homage at the Watrie Court:
Or else the Streames *not pleas'd with their owne store,*
To grace the Thames, *their* Mistris, *borrowed more.*
Exacting from their neighbouring Dales *and* Hills,
But by consent all (nought against their wills.)

Yet

Yet now, ſince in this ſtirre are brought to ground
Many faire buildings, many hundreds drown'd,
And daily found of broken Ships great ſtore,
That lie diſmembred vpon euery ſhore:
With diuers other miſchiefes knowne to all,
This is the cauſe that thoſe great harmes befall.
Whilſt other, things in readineſſe, did make,
The cauſe of all ſuch dangers as fell out during the diſtemperature of the ayre. Hells *hateſull* Hags *from out their priſon brake:*
And ſpighting at this hopefull match, began
To wreake their wrath on Ayre, Earth, Sea, *and* Man.
Some hauing ſhapes of Romiſh *ſhauelings got,*
Spew'd out their venomes, and began to plot
Which way to thwart it: others made their way
With much diſtraction thorough Land *and* Sea
Extreamely raging. But Almightie Ioue
Perceiues their Hate *and* Enuie *from aboue:*
He'le checke their furie, and in yrons chain'd,
Their libertie abus'd, ſhall be reſtrain'd:
Hee'le ſhut them vp, from comming to moleſt
The Meriments of Hymens *holy feaſt.*
Where ſhall be knit that ſacred Gordian *knot,*
Which in no age to come ſhall be forgot.
Which Policie *nor* Force *ſhall neere vntie,*
But muſt continue to eternitie:
Which for the whole Worlds *good was fore-decreed,*
With Hope *expected long; now come indeed.*
And of whoſe future glory, worth, *and* merit
Much I could ſpeake with a prophetike ſpirit.

Thus by my *Muses* deare assistance, finding
The cause of this disturbance, with more minding
My Countries welfare, then my owne content,
And longing to behold this *Tales* euent:
My lonely life I suddenly forsooke,
And to the *Court* againe my Iourney tooke.
Meane-while I saw the furious *Windes* were laid;
The risings of the swelling *Waters* staid.
The *Winter* gan to change in euery thing,
And seem'd to borrow mildnesse of the *Spring*.
The *Violet* and *Primrose* fresh did grow;
And as in *Aprill*, trim'd both *Copt* and *rowe*.
The *Citie*, that I left in mourning clad,
Trouping, as if it would haue still beene sad,
Found deckt vp in roabes so neat and trimme,
That *Iris* would haue look't but stale and dimme
In her best colours, had she there appear'd,
The *Sorrowes* of the *Court* I found well cheer'd,
Their wofull habits quite cast off, and ty'rd
In such a glorious fashion: I admir'd.
All her chiefe *Peeres* and choisest *beauties* to,
In greater pompe, then *Mortals* vse to doe,
Wait as attendants. *Iuno*'s come to see;
Because she heares that this solemnitie
Exceeds faire *Hippodamia's* (where the strife
Betwixt *her*, *Minerua*, and lame *Vulcans* wife
Did first arise,) and with her leades along
A noble, stately, and a mighty throng.

He notes the most admirable situation of the weather a while before their Magicke.

The glorious preparation for this solemnitie, the state whereof is here allegorically described.

Venus

Venus, (attended with her rareſt features,
Sweet louely-ſmiling, and heart-mouing creatures,
The very faireſt *Iewels* of her treaſure,
Able to moue the ſenceles ſtones to pleaſure.)
Of all her ſweeteſt *Saints*, hath robd their ſhrines;
And brings them for the Courtiers *Valentines*.
Nor doth Dame *Pallas*, from theſe triumphs lurke;
Her nobleſt wits, ſhe freely ſees on worke.
Of late ſhe ſummond them vnto this place,
To doe your maskes and *Reuels* better grace.
Here * *Mars* himſelfe to, clad in Armour bright;
Hath ſhowne his furie in a bloudleſſe fight;
And both on land and water, ſternely dreſt,
Acted his bloudy *Stratagems* in ieſt:
Which (to the people, frighted by their error,)
With ſeeming wounds and death did ad more terror;
Beſides, to giue the greater cauſe of wonder,
Ioue did vouchſafe a ratling peale of thunder:
Comets and *Meteors* by the ſtarres exhald,
Were from the *Middle-Region* lately cald;
And to a place appointed made repaire,
To ſhow their fierie Friſcols in the aire,
People innumerable doe reſort,
As if all *Europe* here would keepe one Court:
Yea, *Hymen* in his Safferon-coloured weed,
To celebrate his rites is full agreed.
All this I ſee: which ſeeing, makes me borrow
Some of their mirth a while, and lay downe ſorrow.

* Meaning the Sea-fight, and the taking of the Caſtle on the water, which was moſt artificially perfourmed.

The fier-workes he alludeth to thoſe exhalations.

And

And yet not this: but rather the delight
My heart doth take in the much hoped ſight
Of theſe thy glories, long already due;
And this ſweet comfort, that my eyes doe view
Thy happy Bridegroome, *Prince Count Palatine*,
Now thy beſt friend and trueſt *Valentine*.
Vpon whoſe brow, my minde doth reade the ſtorie
Of mightie *fame*, and a true future glorie.
Me thinkes I doe foreſee already, how
Princes and *Monarchs* at his ſtirrop bow:
I ſee him ſhine in ſteele; the bloudy fields
Already won, and how his proud *foe* yeelds.
God hath ordaind him happineſſe great ſtore:
And yet in nothing is he happy more,
Then in thy loue (faire *Princeſſe*:) For (vnleſſe
Heauen, like to *Man*, be prone to ficklenеſſe)
Thy *Fortunes* muſt be greater in effect,
Then *time* makes ſhow of, or *men* can expect.
Yet, notwithſtanding all thoſe goods of *fate*,
Thy *Minde* ſhall euer be aboue thy *ſtate*:
For ouer and beſide thy proper merit,
Our laſt *Eliza* grants her Noble ſpirit
To be re-doubled on thee; and your *names*
Being both one, ſhall giue you both one fames.
Oh bleſſed thou! and they to whom thou giu'ſt
The leaue for to be attendants where thou liu'ſt:
And hapleſſe we, that muſt of force let goe,
The matchleſſe treaſure we eſteeme ſo ſo.

Bur

But yet we truſt 'tis for our good and thine;
Or elſe thou ſhouldſt not change thy *Thame* for *Rhyne*.
We hope that this will the vniting proue
Of *Countries* and of *Nations* by your *loue*:
And that from out your bleſſed loynes, ſhall come
Another terror to the *Whore of Rome*:
And ſuch a ſtout *Achilles*, as ſhall make
Her tottering Walls and weake foundation ſhake:
For *Thetis*-like, thy fortunes doe require,
Thy *Iſſue* ſhould be greater then his *ſire*.
But (*Gracious Princeſſe*) now ſince thus it fares,
And God ſo well for you and vs prepares:
Since he hath daign'd ſuch honours for to doe you,
And ſhowne himſelfe ſo fauourable to you:
Since he hath chang'd your ſorrowes, and your ſadnes,
Into ſuch great and vnexpected gladneſſe:
Oh now remember you to be at leaſure,
Sometime to thinke on him amidſt your pleaſure:
Let not theſe glories of the *world* deceaue you,
Nor her vaine fauours of your ſelfe bereaue you.
Conſider yet for all this Iollitie,
Y'are mortall, and muſt feele mortalitie:
And that God can in midſt of all your loyes,
Quite daſh this pompe, and fill you with annoyes.
Triumphes are fit for *Princes*; yet we finde
They ought not wholly to take vp the minde,
Nor yet to be let paſſe; as things in vaine:
For out of all things, wit will knowledge gaine.

Muſique

Muſique may teach of difference in degree,
The beſt tun'd *Common-Weales* will framed bee:
And that he moues, and liues with greateſt grace,
That vnto *Time* and *Meaſure* ties his pace.
Then let theſe things be [a] *Emblemes*, to preſent
Your minde with a more laſting true content.
When you behold the infinite reſort,
The glory and the ſplendor of the Court;
What wondrous fauours God doth here bequeath you,
How many hundred thouſands are beneath you;
And view with admiration your great bliſſe,
Then with your ſelfe you may imagine this.
'Tis but a blaſt, or tranſitory ſhade,
Which in the turning of a hand may fade.
Honours, which you your ſelfe did neuer winne,
And might (had God been pleas'd) another's binne.
And thinke, if ſhadowes haue ſuch maieſtie,
What are the glories of eternitie;
Then by this image of a *fight on Sea*,
Wherein you heard the thundring Canons plea;
And ſaw flames breaking from their murthering throts,
Which in true skirmiſh, fling reſiſtleſſe ſhots;
Your wiſedome may (and will no doubt) begin,
To caſt what perill a poore *Souldiers* in:
You will conceaue his miſeries and cares,
How many dangers, deaths, and wounds he ſhares:
Then though the moſt paſs'd ouer, and neglect them,
That *Rethoricke* will moue you to reſpect them.

[a] He declares what vſe is to be made of theſe ſhowes and triumphes, and what meditations the minde may be occupied about, when we behold them.

And if hereafter, you should hap to see
Such *Mimick Apes* (that Courts disgraces be:)
I meane such Chamber-combatants; who neuer
Weare other Helmet, then a Hat of *Beuer*:
Or nere board *Pinnace* but in silken saile;
And in the steed of boysterous shirts of maile,
Goe arm'd in *Cambrick*: If that such a *Kite*
(I say) should scorne an *Eagle* in your sight;
Your *wisedome* iudge (by this experience) can,
Which hath most worth, *Hermaphrodite*, or *Man*.
The *nights* strange * prospects, made to feed the eies,
With Artfull fiers, mounted in the skies:
Graced with horred claps of sulphury thunders;
May make you minde th'Almighties greater wonders.
Nor is there any thing, but you may thence
Reape inward gaine; as well as please the *Sense*.
But pardon me (*oh fairest*) that am bold,
My heart thus freely, plainely, to vnfold.
What though I know, you knew all this before:
My loue *this* showes, and that is something more.
Doe not my honest seruice here disdaine,
I am a faithfull, though an humble Swaine.
I'me none of those that haue the meanes or place,
With showes of cost to doe your *Nuptials* grace:
But onely master of mine owne desire,
Am hither come with others to admire.
I am not of those *Heliconian* wits;
Whose pleasing straines the *Courts* knowne humour fits.

* Fire-workes.

But

But a poore rurall *Shepheard*, that for need,
Can make sheepe Musique on an *Oaten* reed:
Yet for my *loue* (Ile this be bold to boast)
It is as much to you, as his that's most.
Which, since I no way else can now explaine,
If you'l in midst of all these *glories* daigne,
To lend your eares vnto my *Muse* so long,
She shall declare it in a *Wedding song*.

Epithalamion.

The Marriage being on S. *Valentines* day, the Author showes it by beginning with the salutation of a supposed Valentine.

VAlentine, good morrow to thee,
Loue and seruice both I owe thee:
And would waite vpon thy pleasure;
But I cannot be at leasure:
For, I owe this *day* as debter,
To (a thousand times) thy better.

Hymen now will haue effected
What hath been so long expected:
Thame thy *Mistris*, now vnwedded;
Soone, must with a *Prince* be bedded:
If thou'lt see her *Virgin* euer,
Come, and doe it now, or neuer.

Where art thou, oh faire *Aurora*?
Call in *Ver* and Lady *Flora*:
And you daughters of the *Morning*,
In your neat'st, and feat'st adorning:
Cleare your fore-heads, and be sprightfull,
That this *day* may seeme delightfull.

All

Epithalamia.

All you *Nimphs* that vſe the Mountaines,
Or delight in groues and fountaines;
Shepheardeſſes, you that dally,
Either vpon Hill or Valley:
And you daughters of the *Bower*,
That acknowledge *Veſtaes* power.

Oh you ſleepe too long; awake yee,
See how *Time* doth ouertake yee.
Harke, the *Larke* is vp and ſingeth,
And the houſe with eccho's ringeth.
Pretious howers, why neglect yee,
Whil'ſt affaires thus expect yee?

Come away vpon my bleſſing,
The *Bride-chamber* lies to dreſſing:
Strow the wayes with leaues of *Roſes*,
Some make *garlands*, ſome make *poſies*:
'Tis a fauour, and't may ioy you,
That your *Miſtris* will employ you.

Where's [a] *Sabrina*, with her daughters, [a] Seuerne
That doe ſport about her waters:
Thoſe that with their lockes of *Amber*, [b] Wilie.
Haunt the fruitfull hills of [b] Camber:
We muſt haue to fill the number,
All the *Nimphs* of *Trent* and *Humber*.

Fie, your haſte is ſcarce ſufficing,
For the *Bride's* awake and riſing.
Enter beauties, and attend her;
All your helpes and ſeruice lend her:
With your quaint'ſt and new'ſt deuiſes,
Trim your Lady, faire *Thamiſis*.

See; ſhee's ready: with *Ioyes* greet her,
Lads, goe bid the *Bride-groome* meet her:
But from raſh approach aduiſe him,
Leſt a too much Ioy ſurprize him,
None I ere knew yet, that dared,
View an *Angell* vnprepared.

Now vnto the *Church* ſhe hies her;
Enuie burſts, if ſhe eſpies her:
In her geſtures as ſhe paces,
Are vnited all the *Graces*:
Which who ſees and hath his ſenſes,
Loues in ſpight of all defences.

O moſt true maieſtick creature!
Nobles did you note her feature?
Felt you not an inward motion,
Tempting *Loue* to yeeld deuotion;
And as you were euen deſiring,
Something check you for aſpiring?

That

That's her *Vertue* which ſtill tameth
Looſe deſires, and bad thoughts blameth:
For whil'ſt others were vnruly,
She obſeru'd *Diana* truly:
And hath by that meanes obtained
Gifts of her that none haue gained.

Yon's the *Bride-groome*, d'yee not ſpie him?
See how all the *Ladies* eye him.
Venus his perfection findeth,
And no more *Adonis* mindeth,
Much of him my heart diuineth:
On whoſe brow all *Vertue* ſhineth.

Two ſuch *Creatures Nature* would not
Let one place long keepe: ſhe ſhould not:
One ſhee'l haue (ſhe cares not whether,)
But our *Lones* can ſpare her neither.
Therefore ere we'le ſo be ſpighted,
They in one ſhall be vnited.

Natures ſelfe is well contented,
By that meanes to be preuented.
And behold they are retired,
So conioyn'd, as we deſired:
Hand in hand, not onely fixed,
But their hearts, are intermixed.

Epithalamia.

Happy they and we that see it,
For the good of *Europe* be it.
And heare *Heauen* my deuotion,
Make this *Rhyne* and *Thame* an *Ocean*:
That it may with might and wonder,
Whelme the pride of [a] *Tyber* vnder.

[a] Tyber is the Riuer which runneth by Rome.

Now yon [b] *Hall* their persons shroudeth,
Whither all this people croudeth:
There they feasted are with plenty,
Sweet *Ambrosia* is no deinty.
Groomes quaffe *Nectar*; for theres meeter,
Yea, more costly wines and sweeter.

[b] White-Hall.

Young men all for ioy goe ring yee,
And your merriest *Carols* sing yee.
Here's of *Damzels* many choices,
Let them tune their sweetest voyces.
Fet the *Muses* to, to cheare them;
They can rauish all that heare them.

Ladies, 'tis their *Highnesse* pleasures,
To behold you foot the *Measures*:
Louely gestures addeth graces,
To your bright and *Angell* faces.
Giue your actiue mindes the bridle:
Nothing worse then to be idle.

Worthies

Worthies, your affaires forbeare yee,
For the *State* a while may ſpare yee:
Time was, that you loued ſporting,
Haue you quite forgot your Courting?
Ioy the heart of *Cares* beguileth:
Once a yeere Apollo *ſmileth.*

Semel in anno ridet Apol.

Fellow Shepheards, how I pray you,
Can your *flocks* at this time ſtay you?
Let vs alſo hie vs thither,
Let's lay all our wits together,
And ſome *Paſtorall* inuent them,
That may ſhow the *loue* we ment them.

I my ſelfe though meaneſt ſtated,
And in *Court* now almoſt hated,
Will knit vp my [a] *Scourge*, and venter
In the midſt of them to enter;
For I know, there's no diſdaining,
Where I looke for entertaining.

[a] Abuſes ſtript and whipt. He noteth the mildneſſe of the winter which, excepting that the beginning was very windy, was as temperate as the ſpring.

See, me thinkes the very *ſeaſon*,
As if capable of Reaſon,
Hath laine by her natiue rigor,
The faire *Sun-beames* haue more vigor.
They are *Æols* moſt endeared:
For the *Ayre's* ſtill'd and cleared,

Fawnes

Fawnes, and *Lambs* and *Kidds* doe play,
In the honour of this *day*:
The ſhrill *Black-Bird*, and the *Thruſh*
Hops about in euery buſh:
And among the tender twigs,
Chaunt their ſweet harmonious ijgs.

Yea, and mou'd by this example,
They doe make each *Groue* a *temple*:
Where their *time* the beſt way vſing,
They their *Summer loues* are chuſing.
And vnleſſe ſome *Churle* do wrong them,
There's not an od bird among them.

Yet I heard as I was walking,
Groues and hills by *Ecchoes* talking:
Reeds vnto the ſmall brooks whiſtling,
Whil'ſt they danc't with pretty ruſhling.
Then for *vs* to ſleepe 'twere pitty;
Since *dumb creatures* are ſo witty.

But oh *Titan*, thou doſt dally,
Hie thee to thy *Weſterne Valley*:
Let this night one hower borrow:
She ſhall pay't againe to morrow:
And if thou'lt that fauor do them,
Send thy ſiſter *Phabe* to them.

But ſhee's come her ſelfe vnasked,
And brings a *Gods* and *Heroes* masked.
None yet ſaw, or heard in ſtorie,
Such immortall, mortall glorie.
View not, without *preparation*;
Leſt you faint in *admiration*.

a By this he means the two Maſques, one of them being preſented by the Lords, the other by the Gentry.

Say my *Lords*, and ſpeake truth barely,
Mou'd they not exceeding rarely?
Did they not ſuch praiſes merit,
As if *fleſh* had all beene *ſpirit*?
True indeed, yet I muſt tell them,
There was *One* did farre excell them.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,
Night vnawares away is ſtealing:
Their delay the poore *bed* wrongeth,
That for *Bride* with *Bride-groome* longeth;
And aboue all other places,
Muſt be bleſt with their embraces.

Reuellers, then now forbeare yee,
And vnto your reſts prepare yee:
Let's a while your abſence borrow,
Sleep to night; and *dance* to morrow.
We could well allow your Courting:
But 'twill hinder better ſporting.

They

They are gone, and *Night* all lonely,
Leaues the *Bride* with *Bridegroome* onely.
Muſe now tell; (for thou haſt power
To flie thorough wall or tower:)
What contentments their hearts cheareth;
And how lowely ſhe appeareth.

And yet doe not; tell it no man,
Rare conceits may ſo grow common:
Doe not to the *Vulgar* ſhow them,
('Tis enough that *thou* doſt know them.)
Their ill hearts are but the *Center*,
Where all miſconceiuings enter.

But thou *Luna* that doſt lightly,
Haunt our downes and forreſts nightly:
Thou that fauour'ſt generation,
And art helpe to procreation:
See their *iſſue* thou ſo cheriſh,
I may liue to ſee it flouriſh.

And you *Planets*, in whoſe power
Doth conſiſt theſe liues of our;
You that teach vs *Diuinations*,
Helpe with all your *Conſtellations*,
How to frame in *Her*, a creature,
Bleſt in *Fortune*, *Wit*, and *Feature*.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, oh you *Angels* ward them,
Set your ſacred *Spels* to gard them;
Chaſe away ſuch feares or terrors,
As not being, ſeeme through errors:
Yea, let not a *dreames* moleſting,
Make them ſtart when they are reſting.

But THOV chiefly, moſt adored,
That ſhouldſt onely be implored:
Thou to whom my meaning tendeth,
Whether er'e in ſhow it bendeth:
Let them reſt to night from ſorrow,
And awake with ioy to morrow.

Oh, to my *requeſt* be heedfull,
Grant them *that*, and all things needfull.
Let not theſe my ſtraines of *Folly*,
Make *true prayer* be vnholy:
But if I haue here offended:
Helpe, forgiue, and ſee it mended.

Daigne me *this*. And if my *Muſes*
Haſtie iſſue, ſhe peruſes,
Make it vnto her ſeeme gratefull,
Though to all the *World* elſe hatefull.
But how er'e, yet *Soule* perſeuer,
Thus to wiſh her good for euer.

Thus

Epithalamia.

THus ends the *Day*, together with my Song;
Oh may the Ioyes thereof continue long!
Let *Heauens* iuſt, all-ſeeing, ſacred power,
Fauour this happy marriage day of your;
And bleſſe you in your chaſt embraces ſo,
We *Britains* may behold before you goe
The hopefull Iſſue we ſhall count ſo deare,
And whom (vnborne) his foes already feare.
Yea, I deſire, that all your ſorrowes may
Neuer be more, then they haue been to day.
Which hoping; for acceptance now I ſue,
And humbly bid your *Grace* and *Court* adue.
I ſaw the ſight I came for; which I know
Was more then all, the world beſide could ſhow.
But if amongſt *Apolloes* Layes, you can
Be pleas'd to lend a gentle eare to *Pan*;
Or thinke your Country *Shepheard* loues as deare,
As if he were a *Courtier*, or a *Peere*:
Then I, that elſe muſt to my *Cell* of paine,
Will ioyfull turne vnto my *flocke* againe:
And there vnto my fellow *ſhepheards* tell,
Why *you* are lou'd; wherein *you* doe excell.
And when we driue our *flocks* a field to graze them,
So chaunt your praiſes, that it ſhall amaze them.
And thinke that *Fate* hath new recald from death
Their ſtill-lamented, ſweete *Elizabeth*.
For though they ſee the *Court* but now and then,
They know *deſert* as well as *Greater* men:

And

And honord *Fame* in them doth liue or die,
As well as in the mouth of *Maieſtie.*
But taking granted what I here intreat;
At heauen for you my *deuotions* beat:
And though I feare, *fate* will not ſuffer me
To doe you ſeruice, where your *Fortunes* be:
How ere my skill hath yet deſpiſed ſeem'd,
(And my vnripened wit been miſeſteem'd:)
When all this coſtly *Showe* away ſhall flit,
And not one liue that doth remember it;
If *Enuies* trouble let not to perſeuer;
I'le find a meanes to make it knowne for euer.

CERTAINE

CERTAINE EPIGRAMS CONCERNING MARRIAGE.

Epigram 1.

It ſaid; in Marriage aboue all the reſt
The children of a King finde comforts leaſt,
Becauſe without reſpect of Loue or Hate
They muſt, and oft be, ruled by the State:
But if contented Loue Religions care,
Equalitie in State, *and* yeares *declare*
A happie Match (*as I ſuppoſe no leſſe*)
Then rare and great's Elizaes *Happineſſe.*

Epigram

Epigram. 2.

GOd was the first that Marriage did ordaine,
By making One, Two; and Two, One againe,

Epigram. 3.

SOuldier; of thee I aske, for thou canst best,
Having knowne sorrow, iudge of Ioy and Rest:
What greater blisse, then after all thy harmes,
To haue a wife that's faire, and lawfull thine;
And lying priſon'd 'twixt her Iuory armes,
There tell what thou hast scapt by powers diuine?
How many round thee thou hast murthered seene;
How oft thy soule hath beene neere hand expiring,
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been:
Whil'st she thy fortune, and thy worth admiring,
With ioy of health, and pitty of thy paine;
Doth weepe and kisse, and kisse and weepe againe.

Epigram. 4.

FAire Helen *hauing stain'd her husbands bed,*
And mortall hatred 'twixt two Kingdomes bred;
Had still remaining in her so much good,
That Heroes *for her lost their dearest blood:*

Then if with all that ill, ſuch worth may laſt,
Oh what is ſhe worth, that's as faire, and chaſt?

Epigram. 5.

OLd Orpheus *knew a good* wiues *worth ſo well,*
That when his dy'd, he followed her to hell,
And for her loſſe, at the Elizean *Grone,*
He did not onely Ghoſts to pitty moue,
But the ſad Poet breath'd his ſighes ſo deepe;
'Tis ſaid, the Diuels could not chuſe but weepe.

Epigram. 6.

LOng did I wonder, *and I wonder much,*
Romes Church ſhould from her Clergie take that due?
I thought I why ſhould ſhe that contentment grutch?
What doth ſhe all with continence indue?
No: But why then are they debar'd that ſtate?
Is ſhe become a foe vnto her owne?
Doth ſhe the members of her body hate?
Or is it for ſome other cauſe vnſhowne?
Oh yes: they find a womans lips ſo dainty;
They tye themſelues from one, cauſe they'l haue twenty.

Epigram. 7.

VVOmen as ſome men ſay, vnconſtant be;
'Tis like enough, and ſo no doubt are men:
Nay if their ſcapes we could ſo plainely ſee,
I feare that ſcarce there will be one for ten.
Men haue but their owne luſts that tempt to ill:
Women haue luſts, and mens allurements to:
Alas, if their ſtrengths cannot curbe their will;
What ſhould poore women that are weaker do?
Oh they had need be chaſt and looke about them,
That ſtriue 'gainſt luſt within, and knaues without them.

FINIS.


BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE SHEPHEARDS HVNTING:

Being certaine Eglogues written *during the time of the Authors* Impriſonment in the *Marſhalſey*.

By *George Wither*, Gentleman,.



LONDON,
Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Paules*-Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Greene Dragon, 1622.

THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING:

Being certaine Eclogues written during the time of [illegible] Imprisonment in the

By George Wither, Gentleman.

LONDON,
Printed by T. S. for John Budge, dwelling in Pauls-Church-yard, at the signe of the Grasse Dragon. 1622.



To those Honoured, Noble, and *right Vertuous Friends, my Visitants* in the *Marshalsey:*

And to all other my vnknowne Fauourers, who either priuately, or publikely wished me well in my imprisonment.

NOble Friends; you whose vertues made me first in loue with Vertue; *and whose worths made mee be thought worthy of your loues: I haue now at last (you see) by Gods assistance, and your encouragement, run through the* Purgatorie *of imprisonment; and by the worthy*

fauour of a iuſt Prince, *ſtand free againe, without the leaſt touch of deiected baſeneſſe. Seeing therefore I was growne beyond my* Hope *ſo fortunate (after acknowledgement of my Creators loue, together with the vnequall'd Clemencie of ſo gracious a Soueraigne) I was troubled to thinke, by what meanes I might expreſſe my thankefulnes to ſo many well-deſeruing friends: No way I found to my deſire, neither yet ability to performe when I found it. But at length conſidering with my ſelfe what you were (that is) ſuch, who fauour honeſty for no ſecond reaſon, but becauſe you your ſelues are good; and ayme at no other reward, but the witneſſe of a ſound conſcience that you doe well, I found, that thankfulneſſe would proue the acceptableſt preſent to ſute with your diſpoſitions; and that I imagined could be no way better expreſſed, then in manifeſting your courteſies, and giuing conſent to your reaſonable demaunds. For the firſt, I confeſſe*

confeſſe (with thankes to the diſpoſer of all things, and a true gratefull heart towards you) ſo many were the vnexpected Viſitations, and vnhoped kindneſſes receyued, both from ſome among you of my Acquaintance, and many other vnknowne Well-willers of my Cauſe, that I was perſwaded to entertaine a much better conceit of the Times, *then I lately conceyued, and aſſured my ſelfe, that* Vertue *had far more followers then I ſuppoſed.*

Somewhat it diſturbed me to behold our ages Fauourites, whilſt they frowned on my honeſt enterpriſes, to take vnto their protections the egregiouſts fopperies: yet much more was my contentment, in that I was reſpected by ſo many of You, *amongſt who there are ſome, who can and may as much diſ-eſteeme theſe, as they neglect me: nor could I feare their Malice or Contempt, whilſt I enioyed your fauours, who (howſoeuer you are vnder-valued by Fooles for a time) ſhall*

ſhall leaue vnto your poſterity ſo noble a memory, that your names ſhall be reuerenced by Kings, when many of theſe who now flouriſh with a ſhew of vſurped Greatneſſe, ſhall eyther weare out of being, or diſpoyled of all their patched reputation, grow contemptible in the eyes of their beloued Miſtris the World. Your Loue it is that (enabling me with patience to endure what is already paſt) hath made me alſo carefull better to prepare my ſelfe for all future miſaduentures, by bringing to my conſideration, what the paſſion of my iuſt diſcontentments had almoſt quite baniſhed from my remembrance.

Further, to declare my thankefulneſſe, in making apparant my willing minde to be commanded in any ſeruices of loue, which you ſhal thinke fit (though I want abilitie to performe great matters) yet I haue according to ſome of your requeſts, been contented to giue way to the printing of theſe Eglogues; which though it to many

ſeeme

ſeeme a ſleight matter, yet being well conſidered of, may proue a ſtrong argument of my readineſſe to giue you content in a greater matter: for they being (as you well know) begotten with little care, and preſerued with leſſe reſpect; gaue ſufficient euidence, that I meant (rather then any way to deceiue your truſt) to giue the world occaſion of calling my diſcretion in queſtion, as I now aſſure my ſelfe this will: and the ſooner, becauſe ſuch expectations (I perceiue) there are (of I know not what Inuentions) as would haue been fruſtrated, though I had employed the vtmoſt and very beſt of my endeauours.

Notwithſtanding for your ſakes, I haue heere aduentured once againe to make tryall of the Worlds cenſures: and what hath receyued being from your Loues, I here re-dedicated to your Worths, which if your noble diſpoſitions will like well of; or if you will but reaſonably reſpect what your ſelues drew mee vnto, I ſhall be

be nothing displeased at others cauils, but resting my selfe contented with your good opinions, scorne all the rabble of vncharitable detractors: For none, I know, will maligne it, except those, who eyther particularly malice my person, or professe themselues enemies to my former Bookes; *who (sauing those that were incensed on others speeches) as diuers of you (according to your protestations) haue obserued, are eyther open enemies of our Church; men notoriously guilty of some particular Abuses therein taxt, such malicious* Critickes *who haue the repute of being iudicious, by detracting from others; or at best, such Guls, as neuer approue any thing good, or learned, but eyther that which their shallow apprehensions can apply to the soothing of their owne opinions, or what (indeed rather) they vnderstand not.*

Trust me, how ill soeuer it hath been rewarded, my loue to my Country is inuiolate: my

thanke-

thankefulneſſe to you vnfained, my endeauour to doe euery man good; all my ayme, content with honeſtie: and this my paines (if it may be ſo tearmed) more to auoid idleneſſe, then for affectation of praiſe: and if notwithſtanding all this, I muſt yet not onely reſt my ſelfe content that my innocencie hath eſcaped with ſtrict imprisonment (to the impayring of my ſtate, and binderance of my fortunes) but alſo be conſtrayned to ſee my guiltleſſe lines, ſuffer the deſpight of ill tongues: yet for my further encouragement, let mee intreate the continuance of your firſt reſpect, wherein I ſhall find that comfort as will be ſufficient to make mee ſet light, and ſo much contemne all the malice of my aduerſaries, that readie to burſt with the venome of their owne hearts, they ſhall ſee

My Minde enamoured on faire *Vertues* light,
Tranſcends the limits of their bleared ſight,
And plac'd aboue their *Enuy* doth contemne,
Nay, ſit and laugh at, their diſdaine, and them.

But

But Noble Friends, *I make queſtion neyther of yours, nor any honeſt mans reſpect, and therefore will no further vrge it, nor trouble your patience: onely this Ile ſay, that you may not think me too well conceited of my ſelfe; though the* Time *were to blame, in ill requiting my honeſt endeauours, which in the eyes of the World deſerued better; yet ſomewhat I am aſſured there was in me worthy that puniſhment, which when God ſhall giue me grace to ſee and amend, I doubt not but to finde that regard as will be fitting for ſo much merit as my endeauors may iuſtly challenge. Meane while, the better to hold my ſelfe in eſteeme with you, and amend the worlds opinion of* Vertue, *I will ſtudy to amend my ſelfe, that I may be yet more worthy to be called*

Your Friend,

GEO: WITHER.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The first Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Willy *leaues his Flocke a while,*
To lament his Friends *exile;*
Where, though priſon'd, he doth finde,
Hee's ſtill free that's free in Minde:
And that there is no defence
Halfe ſo ſtrong as Innocence.

PHILARETE. WILLIE.

Philarete.

Illy, thou now full *iolly* tun'ſt thy *Reedes*,
Making the *Nymphs* enamor'd on thy ſtraines,
And whilſt thy harmles flock vnſcarred feeds,
Haſt the contentment, of hils, groues, & plaines:

Truſt

Truſt me, I *ioy* thou and thy *Muſe* ſo ſpeedes
In ſuch an Age, where ſo much miſchiefe raignes:
And to my *Care* it ſome redreſſe will be,
Fortune hath ſo much *grace* to ſmile on thee.

Willy.

To ſmile on me? I nere yet knew her ſmile,
Vnleſſe 'twere when ſhe purpos'd to deceiue me;
Many a *Traine*, and many a *painted Wile*
She caſts, in hope of *Freedome* to bereaue me:
Yet now, becauſe ſhe ſees I ſcorne her guile
To fawne on fooles, ſhe for my *Muſe* doth leaue me.
And here of late, her wonted *Spite* doth tend,
To worke me *Care*, by frowning on my *friend*.

Philarete.

Why then I ſee her *Copper-coyne's* no ſtarling,
'Twill not be *currant* ſtill, for all the guilding)
A *Knaue*, or *Foole*, muſt euer be her *Darling*,
For they haue minds to all occaſions yeelding:
If we get any thing by all our parling,
It ſeemes an *Apple*, but it proues a *Weilding*:
But let that paſſe: ſweet *Shepheard* tell me this,
For what beloued *Friend* thy ſorrow is.

Willy.

Art thou, *Philarete*, in durance heere,
And doſt thou aske me for what *Friend* I grieue?
Can I ſuppoſe thy loue to me is deere,
Or this thy *ioy* for my *content* beleeue?

When

When thou think'ſt thy *cares* touch not me as neere:
Or that I pinne thy *Sorrowes* at my ſleeue?
I haue in thee repoſed ſo much truſt,
I neuer thought, to find thee ſo vniuſt.

Philarete.

WILL, why *Willy*? Prethee doe not aske me why?
Doth it diminiſh any of thy *care*,
That I in freedome maken *melody*;
And think'ſt I cannot as well ſomewhat ſpare
From my *delight*, to mone thy *miſery*?
'Tis time our *Loues* ſhould theſe ſuſpects forbeare:
Thou art that friend, which thou vnnam'd ſhold'ſt know;
And not haue drawne my loue in queſtion ſo.

Philarete.

Forgiue me, and I'le pardon thy miſtake,
And ſo let this thy *gentle-anger* ceaſe,
(I neuer of thy loue will queſtion make)
Whilſt that the number of our dayes encreaſe,
Yet to my ſelfe I much might ſeeme to take,
And ſomething neere vnto preſumption preaſe:
To thinke me worthy *loue* from ſuch a *ſpirit*,
But that I know thy kindneſſe paſt my merit.

Beſides; me thought thou ſpak'ſt now of a friend,
That ſeem'd more grieuous diſcontents to beare,
Some things I find that doe in ſhew offend,
Which to my Patience little trouble are,

And they ere long I hope will haue an end;
Or though they haue not, much I doe not care:
So this it was, made me that queſtion moue,
And not ſuſpect of honeſt *Willies* loue.

Willie.

Alas, thou art exiled from thy Flocke,
And quite beyond the *Deſarts* here confin'd,
Haſt nothing to conuerſe with but a *Rocke*;
Or at leaſt *Owt lawes* in their *Caues* halfe pin'd:
And do'ſt thou at thy owne miſ-fortune mocke,
Making thy ſelfe to, to thy ſelfe vnkinde?
When heretofore we talk't we did imbrace:
But now I ſcarce can come to ſee thy face.

Philarete.

Yet all that *Willy*, is not worth thy ſorrow,
For I haue *Mirth* here thou would'ſt not beleeue,
From deepeſt *cares* the higheſt *ioyes* I borrow.
If ought chance out this day, may make me grieue
I'le learne to mend, or ſcorne it by to morrow.
This barren place yeelds ſomewhat to relieue:
For, I haue found ſufficient to content me,
And more true bliſſe then euer freedome lent me.

Willie.

Are *Priſons* then growne places of delight?

Phil.

Philarete.

'Tis as the *conſcience* of the *Priſoner* is,
The very *Grates* are able to affright
The guilty Man, that knowes his deedes amiſſe;
All outward *Pleaſures* are exiled quite,
And it is nothing (of it ſelfe) but this:
Abhorred loanenesſe, darkenesſe, ſadneſſe, paines,
Num'n-cold, ſharpe-hunger, ſcorching thirſt and chaines.

Willie.

And theſe are nothing? ——— ——— ———

Philarete.

——— ——— ———Nothing yet to mee.
Onely my friends reſtraint is all my *paine.*
And ſince I truely find my *conſcience* free
From that my *loanenesſe* to, I reape ſome gaine.

Willie.

But grant in this no diſcontentment bee
It doth thy wiſhed liberty reſtraine:
And to thy *ſoule* I thinke there's nothing nearer,
For I could neuer heare thee prize ought dearer.

Philarete.

True, I did euer ſet it at a Rate
Too deare for any *Mortals* worth to buy,
'Tis not our greateſt *Shepheards* whole eſtate,
Shall purchaſe from me, my leaſt *liberty*:

But I am ſubiect to the powers of *Fate*,
And to obey them is no *ſlauery*:
They may doe much, but when they haue done all,
Onely my *body* they may bring in *thrall*.

And 'tis not that (my *Willy*) 'tis my *mind*,
My *mind's* more precious, freedome I ſo weigh
A thouſand wayes they may my *body* bind,
In thouſand *thrals*, but ne're my mind betray:
And thence it is that I *contentment* find,
And beare with *Patience* this my loade away:
I'me ſtill *my ſelfe*, and that I'de rather bee,
Then to be Lord of all *theſe Downes* in fee.

Willie.

Nobly reſolu'd, and I doe ioy to hear't,
For 'tis the *minde* of *Man* indeed that's all.
There's nought ſo hard but a *braue* heart will bear't,
The *guiltleſſe men* count great *afflictions* ſmall,
They'le looke on *Death* and *Torment*, yet not fear't,
Becauſe they know *'tis riſing ſo to fall*:
Tyrants may boaſt they to much *power* are borne,
Yet he hath more that *Tyranies* can ſcorne.

Philarete.

'Tis right, but I no *Tyranies* endure,
Nor haue I ſuffered ought worth name of care

Willie.

Willie.

Whate're thou'lt call't, thou may'ſt, but I am ſure,
Many more pine that much leſſe pained are:
Thy looke me thinkes doth ſay thy meaning's pure
And by this paſt I find what thou do'ſt dare:
But I could neuer yet the *reaſon* know,
Why thou art lodged in this houſe of wo.

Philarete.

Nor I by *Pan*, nor neuer hope to doe,
But thus it pleaſes ſome; and I doe gueſſe
Partly a *cauſe* that moues them thereunto,
Which neither will auaile me to expreſſe,
Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it goe,
We muſt not ſay, they doe ſo that oppreſſe:
Yet I ſhall ne're to ſooth *them* or *the times*,
Iniure my ſelfe, by bearing others *crimes*.

Willie.

Then now thou maiſt ſpeake freely, there's none heares,
But he, whom I doe hope thou do'ſt not doubt.

Philarete.

True: but if *doores* and *walles* haue gotten *eares*,
And *Cloſet-whiſperings* may be ſpread about:
Doe not blame him that in ſuch *cauſes* feares
What in his *Paſſion* he may blunder out:
In ſuch a place, and ſuch ſtrict *times* as theſe,
Where what we ſpeake is tooke as *others* pleaſe.

But yet to morrow, if thou come this way,
Ile tell thee all my ſtory to the end,
'Tis long, and now I feare thou canſt not ſtay;
Becauſe thy Flocke muſt watred be and pend,
And *Night* begins to muffle vp the day,
Which to informe thee how alone I ſpend,
I'le onely ſing a ſorry *Priſoners Lay*,
I fram'd this *Morne*, which though it ſuits no fields,
Is ſuch as fits me, and ſad *Thraldome* yeelds.

Willie.

Well I will ſet my *Kit* another ſtring,
And play vnto it whil'ſt that thou do'ſt ſing.

Sonnet.

Philarete.

NOw that my body dead-aliue,
Bereau'd of comfort, lies in thrall,
Doe thou my ſoule begin to thriue,
And vnto Hony, turne this Gall:
So ſhall we both through outward woe,
The way to inward comfort know.

As to the Fleſh we food do giue;
To keepe in vs this Mortall breath:
So, Soules on Meditations liue,
And ſo attaine thereby immortall death:

Nor

Nor art thou euer neerer reſt,
Then when thou find'ſt me moſt oppreſt.

Firſt thinke my Soule; *If I haue Foes*
That take a pleaſure in my care,
And to procure theſe outward woes,
Haue thus entrapt me vnaware:
Thou ſhould'ſt by much more careſull bee,
Since greater foes lay waite for thee.

Then when Mew'd vp in grates of ſteele,
Minding thoſe ioyes, mine eyes doe miſſe,
Thou find'ſt no torment thou do'ſt feele,
So grieuous as Priuation is:
Muſe how the Damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the loſſe of bliſſe they know.

Thou ſeeſt there's giuen ſo great might
To ſome that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright,
Which, if in any thou eſpie.
Thus thinke; If Mortals frownes ſtrike feare,
How dreadfull will Gods wrath appeare?

By my late hopes that now are croſt,
Conſider thoſe that firmer be:
And make the freedome I haue loſt,
A meanes that may remember thee:

Had Chriſt, *not thy Redeemer bin,*
What horrid thrall thou had'ſt been in.

Theſe yron chaines, theſe bolts of ſteele,
Which other poore offenders grind,
The wants and cares which they doe feele,
May bring ſome greater thing to mind:
For by their griefe thou ſhalt doe well,
To thinke vpon the paines of Hell.

Or, when through me thou ſeeſt a Man
Condemn'd vnto a mortall death,
How ſad he lookes, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with feare his panting breath:
Thinke, if in that ſuch griefe thou ſee,
How ſad will, Goe yee curſed be.

Againe, when he that fear'd to Dye
(Paſt hope) doth ſee his Pardon brought,
Reade but the ioy that's in his eye,
And then conuey it to thy thought:
There thinke, betwixt thy heart and thee,
How ſweet will, Come yee bleſſed, *bee.*

Thus if thou doe, though cloſed here,
My bondage I ſhall deeme the leſſe,
I neither ſhall haue cauſe to feare,
Nor yet bewaile my ſad diſtreſſe:

For

For whether liue, or pine, or dye,
We ſhall haue bliſſe eternally.

Willy.

Truſt me I ſee the *Cage* doth ſome *Birds* good,
And if they doe not ſuffer too much wrong,
Will teach them ſweeter deſcants then the wood:
Beleeue't, I like the ſubiect of thy *Song*,
It ſhewes thou art in no diſtempred mood:
But cauſe to heare the reſidue I long,
My Sheepe to morrow I will neerer bring,
And ſpend the day to heare thee talk and ſing.

Yet e're we part, *Philarete*, areed,
Of whom thou learnd'ſt to make ſuch ſongs as theſe,
I neuer yet heard any Shepheards reede
Tune in miſhap, a ſtraine that more could pleaſe;
Surely, *Thou* do'ſt inuoke at this thy neede
Some power, that we neglect in other layes:
For heer's a Name, and words, that but few ſwaines
Haue mention'd at their meeting on the Plaines.

Philarete.

Indeed 'tis true; and they are ſore to blame,
They doe ſo much neglect it in their Songs,
For, thence proceedeth ſuch a worthy fame.
As is not ſubiect vnto Enuies wrongs:
That, is the moſt to be reſpected *name*
Of our true *Pan*, whoſe worth ſits on all tongues:

And

And what the ancient Shepheards vſe to prayſe
In ſacred *Anthemes*, vpon Holy-dayes.

Hee that firſt taught his Muſicke ſuch a ſtraine
Was that ſweet Shepheard, who (vntill a King)
Kept Sheepe vpon the hony-milky Plaine,
That is inrich't by *Iordans* watering;
He in his troubles eas'd the bodies paines,
By meaſures rais'd to the Soules rauiſhing:
And his ſweet numbers onely moſt diuine,
Gaue firſt the being to this Song of mine.

Willy.

Let his good ſpirit euer with thee dwell,
That I might heare ſuch Muſicke euery day.

Philarete.

Thankes, *Swaine*: but harke, thy *Weather* rings his Bell.
And *Swaines* to fold, or homeward driue away.

Willy.

And yon goes *Cuddy*, therefore fare thou well:
I'le make his Sheepe for mee a little ſtay;
And, if thou thinke it fit, I'le bring him to,
Next morning hither.

Philarete.

——Prethee, *Willy*, do.

FINIS.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The ſecond Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Cuddy *here relates, how all*
Poor Philarete's *thrall.*
Who, requeſted, doth relate
The true cauſe of his eſtate;
Which broke off, becauſe 'twas long,
They begin, a three-man-Song.

WILLY. CVDDY. PHILARETE.

Willy.

LO, *Philaret*, thy old friend heere, and I,
Are come to viſit thee in theſe thy Bands,
Whil'ſt both our Flocks in an *Incloſure* by,
Doe picke the thin graſſe from the fallowed lands.
He tels me thy reſtraint of liberty,
Each one throughout the Country vnderſtands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd *Lad*
On all theſe *Downes*, but for thy ſake is ſad.

Cuddy.

Cuddy.

Not thy acquaintance, and thy friends alone,
Pitty thy close restraint, as friends should doe:
But some that haue but seene thee, for thee moane:
Yea, many that did neuer see thee so.
Some deeme thee in a fault, and most in none;
So diuers wayes doe diuers *Rumors* goe
And at all meetings where our *Shepheards* bee,
Now the maine Newes that's extant, is of thee.

Philarete.

Why, this is somewhat yet: had I but kept
Sheepe on the *Mountaines*, till the day of doome,
My *name* should in obscuritie haue slept
In *Brakes*, in *Briars*, *shrubbed Furze* and *Broome*.
Into the Worlds wide eare it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts found a roome:
But what cause of my sufferings doe they know?
Good *Cuddy*, tell me, how doth *rumour* goe?

Cuddy.

Faith 'tis vncertaine; some speake this, some that:
Some dare say nought, yet seeme to thinke a cause,
And many a one prating he knowes not what;
Comes out with *Prouerbes* and *old ancient sawes*,
As if he thought thee guiltlesse, and yet not:
Then doth he speake halfe *Sentences*, then pawse:
That what the most would say, we may suppose;
But, what to say, the *Rumour* is, none knowes.

Philarete.

Philarete.

Nor care I greatly; for, it skils not much,
What the vnsteady common-people deemes,
His *Conscience* doth not alwaies feele least touch,
That blameleſſe in the ſight of others ſeemes:
My cauſe is honeſt, and becauſe 'tis ſuch,
I hold it ſo, and not for mens eſteemes:
If they ſpeake iuſtly well of mee, I'me glad;
If falſely euill, it ne're makes me ſad.

Willy.

I like that mind: but, *Shepheard*, you are quite
Beſide the matter that I long to heare:
Remember what you promis'd yeſter-night,
Youl'd put vs off with other talke, I feare;
Thou know'ſt that honeſt *Cuddies* heart's vpright,
And none but he, except my ſelfe, is neere:
Come therefore, and betwixt vs two relate,
The true occaſion of thy preſent ſtate.

Philarete.

My Friends I will; You know I am a *Swaine*,
That kept a poore Flocke on a barren *Plaine*:
Who though it ſeemes, I could doe nothing leſſe,
Can make a *Song*, and woo a *Shepheardeſſe*.
And not alone the faireſt where I liue,
Haue heard me ſing, and fauours daign'd to giue:
But, though I ſay't, the *nobleſt Nymph* of *Thame*,
Hath grac'd my *Verſe*, vnto my greater fame.

Yet,

Yet, being young, and not much ſeeking prayſe,
I was not noted out for *Shepheards layes*:
Nor feeding Flocks, as, you know, others be:
For the delight that moſt poſſeſſed me
Was hunting *Foxes*, *Wolues*, and *Beaſts* of *Prey*:
That ſpoyle our *Foulds*, and beare our *Lambs* away.
For this, as alſo for the loue I beare
Vnto my *Country*, I laid by all *care*
Of *gaine*, or of *preferment*, with *deſire*
Onely to keepe that ſtate I had entire.
And like a true browne *Huntſman* ſought to ſpeed
My ſelfe with *Hounds* of rare and choyſeſt breed,
Whoſe *Names* and *Natures* ere I further goe,
Becauſe you are my friends I'le let you know.
My firſt eſteemed Dogge that I did finde,
Was by *deſcent* of olde *Alceons* kinde;
A *Brache*, which if I doe not aime amiſſe,
For all the world is iuſt like one of his:
She's named *Loue*, and ſcarce yet knowes her duty;
Her Damme's my Ladies pretty *Beagle*, *Beauty*.
I bred her vp my ſelfe with wondrous charge,
Vntill ſhe grew to be exceeding large,
And waxt ſo wanton, that I did abhorre it,
And put her out amongſt my neighbours for it.
The next is *Luſt*, a Hound that's kept abroad
Mongſt ſome of mine acquaintance, but a Toad
Is not more loathſome: 'tis a Curre will range
Extreamely, and is euer full of mange:

And

And cauſe it is infectious, ſhe's not wunt
To come among the reſt, but when they hunt.
Hare is the third, a Hound both deepe and long:
His *Sire* is *True*, or elſe ſuppoſed *Wrong*.
He'le haue a ſnap at all that paſſe him by,
And yet purſues his game moſt eagerly.
With him goes *Enuie* coupled, a leane Curre,
And yet ſhe'le hold out, hunt we ne're ſo farre:
She pineth much, and feedeth little to,
Yet ſtands and ſnarleth at the reſt that doe.
Then there's *Reuenge*, a wondrous deep-mouth'd dog,
So fleet, I'me faine to hunt him with a clog,
Yet many times he'le much out-ſtrip his bounds,
And hunts not cloſely with the other Hounds:
He'le venter on a *Lyon* in his *ire*;
Curſt *Choller* was his *Damme*, and *Wrong* his *Sire*.
This *Choller*, is a *Bracbe*, that's very old,
And ſpends her mouth too-much to haue it hold:
She's very teaſty; an vnpleaſing Curre,
That bites the very Stones, if they but ſturre:
Or when that ought but her diſpleaſure moues,
She'le bite and ſnap at any one ſhe loues.
But my quicke ſcented'ſt Dogge is *Iealouſie*,
The trueſt of this breede's in *Italie*.
The *Damme* of mine would hardly fill a Gloue,
It was a *Ladies* little Dogge, cal'd *Loue*:
The *Sire* a poore deformed Curre, nam'd *Feare*;
As ſhagged and as rough as is a *Beare*:

And

And yet the Whelpe turn'd after neither kinde,
For he is very large, and nere-hand blinde.
Farre-off, hee ſeemeth of a pretty culler,
But doth not proue ſo, when you view him fuller.
A vile ſuſpitious Beaſt; whoſe lookes are bad,
And I doe feare in time he will grow mad.
To him I couple *Auarice*, ſtill poore;
Yet ſhee deuoures as much as twenty more:
A thouſand Horſe ſhee in her paunch can put,
Yet whine, as if ſhe had an emptie gut;
And hauing gorg'd what might a Land haue found,
Shee'le catch for more, and, hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a Hound as greedy full;
But hee for all the daintieſt bits doth cull:
Hee ſcornes to licke vp Crumbs beneath the Table,
Hee'le fetch't from boards and ſhelues, if he be able:
Nay, hee can climbe, if needs be; and for that
With him I hunt the *Martine*, and the *Cat*:
And yet ſometimes in mounting, hee's ſo quicke,
Hee fetches falls, are like to breake his necke.
Feare is wel-mouth'd, but ſubiect to *Diſtruſt*;
A Stranger cannot make him take a Cruſt:
A little thing will ſoone his courage quaile,
And 'twixt his legges hee euer claps his Taile.
With him, *Deſpaire*, now, often coupled goes,
Which by his roring mouth each *hunts-man* knowes.
None hath a better minde vnto the game;
But hee giues off, and alwaies ſeemeth lame.

My

My bloud-hound *Cruelty*, as ſwift as wind,
Hunts to the death, and neuer comes behind;
Who, but ſhe's ſtrapt, and muſſled to, withall,
Would eate her fellowes and the prey and all.
And yet, ſhe cares not much for any food,
Vnleſſe it be the pureſt harmeleſſe blood.
All theſe are kept abroad at charge of meny,
They doe not coſt me in a yeare a penny.
But there's two couple of a midling ſize,
That ſeldome paſſe the ſight of my owne eyes.
Hope, on whoſe head I've laid my life to pawne;
Compaſſion, that on euery one will fawne.
This would, when 'twas a whelpe, with *Rabets* play
Or *Lambes*, and let them goe vnhurt away:
Nay, now ſhe is of growth, ſhee'le now and then
Catch you a *Hare*, and let her goe agen.
The two laſt, *Ioy*, and *Sorrow*; make me wonder,
For they can ne're agree, nor bide aſunder.
Ioy's euer wanton, and no order knowes,
She'le run at *Larkes*, or ſtand and barke at *Crowes*.
Sorrow goes by her, and ne're moues his eye:
Yet both doe ſerue to helpe make vp the cry:
Then comes behinde all theſe to beare the baſe,
Two couple more of a farre larger Race,
Such wide-mouth'd *Trollops*, that 'twould doe you good,
To heare their loud-loud *Eccboes* teare the Wood:
There's *Vanity*, who by her gaudy *Hide*,
May farre away from all the reſt be ſpide,

Though huge, yet quicke, for she's now here, now there
Nay, looke about you, and she's euery where:
Yet euer with the rest, and still in chace,
Right so, *Inconstancie* fils euery place;
And yet so strange a fickle natur'd Hound,
Looke for her, and she's no where to be found.
Weakenesse is no faire Dogge vnto the eye,
And yet she hath her proper qualitie.
But there's *Presumption*, when he heat hath got,
He drownes the *Thunder*, and the *Cannon-shot*:
And when at Start, he his full roaring makes,
The Earth doth tremble, and the Heauen shakes:
These were my Dogs, ten couple iust in all,
Whom by the name of *Satyres* I doe call:
Mad Curs they be, and I can ne're come nigh them,
But I'me in danger to be bitten by them.
Much paines I tooke, and spent dayes not a few,
To make them keepe together, and hunt true:
Which yet I doe suppose had neuer bin,
But that I had a *Scourge* to keepe them in.
Now when that I this Kennell first had got,
Out of mine owne Demeanes I hunted not,
Saue on these Downes, or among yonder *Rocks*,
After those beasts that spoyl'd our Parish Flockes:
Nor during that time, was I euer wont,
With all my Kennell in one day to hunt:
Nor had done yet, but that this other yeere,
Some Beasts of *Prey* that haunt the *Deserts* heere,

Did not alone for many *Nights* together
Deuoure, sometime a *Lambe*, sometime a *Weather*:
And so disquiet many a poore mans Heard,
But thereof loosing all were much afeard.
Yea, I among the rest, did fare as bad,
Or rather worse; for the best * *Ewes* I had, *Hopes.
(Whose breed should be my meanes of life and gaine,
Were in one Euening by these *Monsters* slaine:
Which mischiefe I resolued to repay,
Or else grow desperate and hunt all away.
For in a furie such as you shall see
Hunts-men, in missing of their sport will be)
I vow'd a *Monster* should not lurke about
In all this *Prouince*, but I'de finde him out.
And thereupon without respect or *care*,
How *lame*, how *full*, or how *vnfit* they were,
In hast vnkennell'd all my roaring crew,
Who were as mad, as if my mind they knew;
And e're they trail'd a flight-shot, the fierce Curres,
Had rous'd a *Hare*, and through *Brakes*, *Bryars*, and *Furres*
Follow'd at gaze so close, that *Loue* and *Feare*
Got in together, and had surely, there
Quite ouerthrowne him, but that *Hope* thrust in
'Twixt both, and sau'd the pinching of his skin.
Whereby he scap't, till coursing ouerthwart,
Despaire came in, and grip't him to the hart.
I hallowed in the residue to the fall,
And for an entrance, there I flesh't them all:

Which hauing done, I dip'd my staffe in blood
And onward led my *Thunder* to the Wood;
Where what they did, I'le tell you out anon,
My keeper calles me, and I must be gon.
Goe, if you please a while, attend your Flocks,
And when the *Sunne* is ouer yonder Rocks,
Come to this *Caue* againe, where I will be,
If that my *Gardian*, so much fauour me.
Yet if you please, let vs three sing a straine,
Before you turne your sheepe into the Plaine.

Willie.

I am content.——————

Cuddy.

——————As well content am I.

Philarete.

Then *Will* begin, and wee'le the rest supply.

Song.

Willie.

SHepheard, would these Gates were ope,
Then might'st take with vs thy fortunes.

Phil.

Philarete.

No, I'le make this narrow ſcope,
(Since my Fate doth ſo importune)
Meanes vnto a wider Hope.

Cuddy.

Would thy Shepheardeſſe were here,
Who beloú'd, loues ſo dearely?

Philarete.

Not for both your Flocks, I ſweare,
And the gaine they yeeld you yeerely,
Would I ſo much wrong my Deare.

Yet, to me, nor to this Place,
Would ſhe now be long a ſtranger:
She would hold it in diſgrace,
(If ſhe fear'd not more my danger)
Where I am to ſhew her face.

Willie.

Shepheard, we would wiſh no harmes,
But ſomething that might content thee.

Philarete.

Wiſh me then within her armes;
And that wiſh will ne're repent me,
If your wiſhes might proue charmes.

Willie.

Be thy Priſon her embrace,
Be thy ayre her ſweeteſt breathing.

Cuddy.

Be thy proſpect her ſweet Face,
For each looke a kiſſe bequeathing,
And appoint thy ſelfe the place.

Philarete.

Nay pray, hold there, for I ſhould ſcantly then,
Come meete you here this afternoone agen:
But fare you well ſince wiſhes haue no power,
Let vs depart and keepe the pointed houre.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The third Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Philarete *with his three Friends,*
Heare his hunting ſtorie ends.
Kinde Alexis *with much ruth,*
Wailes the baniſh'd Shepheards youth:
But he ſlighteth Fortunes ſtings,
And in ſpight of Thraldome ſings.

PHILARETE. CVDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

Philarete.

SO, now I ſee y'are *Shepheards* of your word,
Thus were you wont to promiſe, and to doe.

Cuddy.

More then our promiſe is, we can afford,
We come our ſelues, and bring another to:
Alexis, whom thou know'ſt well is no foe:

Who loues thee much: and I doe know that he
Would faine a hearer of thy Hunting be.

Philarete.

Alexis you are welcome, for you know
You cannot be but welcome where I am;
You euer were a friend of mine in show,
And I haue found you are indeed the same:
Vpon my first restraint you hither came,
And proffered me more tokens of your loue,
Then it were fit my small deserts should proue.

Alexis.

'Tis still your vse to vnderprise your merit;
Be not so coy to take my proffered loue,
'Twill neither vnbeseeme your *worth* nor *spirit*.
To offer court'sie doth thy friend behoue:
And which are so, this is a place to proue.
Then once againe I say, if *cause* there be.
First make a *tryall*, if thou please, of me.

Philarete.

Thankes good *Alexis*; sit downe by me heere,
I haue a taske, these *Shepheards* know, to doe;
A *Tale* already told this Morne well neere,
With which I very faine would forward goe,
And am as willing thou should'st heare it too:
But thou canst neuer vnderstand this last,
Till I haue also told thee what is past,

Willy.

It shall not neede, for I so much presum'd,
I on your mutuall friendships, might be bold,
That I a freedome to my selfe assum'd,
To make him know, what is already told.
If I haue done amisse, then you may scold.
But in my telling I preuised this,
He knew not whose, nor to what end it is.

Philarete.

Well, now he may, for heere my Tale goes on:
My eager Dogges and I to Wood are gon.
Where, bearing through the *Coverts*, euery Hound
A seuerall *Game* had in a moment found:
I rated them, but they pursu'd their pray,
And as it fell (by hap) tooke all one way.
Then I began with quicker speed to follow,
And teaz'd them on, with a more chearefull hallow:
That soone we passed many weary miles,
Tracing the subtile game through all their wiles.
These doubl'd, those re-doubled on the scent,
Still keeping in full chase where ere they went.
Vp *Hils*, downe *Cliffes*, through *Bogs*, and ouer *Plaines*,
Stretching their *Musicke* to the highest straines.
That when some Thicket hid them from mine eye,
My eare was ravish'd with their melodie.
Nor croft we onely Ditches, Hedges, Furrowes,
But Hamlets, Tithings, Parishes, and Burrowes:

They

The Shepheards Hunting.

They followed where ſo eu'r the game did go,
Through Kitchin, Parlor, Hall, and Chamber to.
And, as they paſſ'd the *City*, and the *Court*,
My *Prince* look'd out, and daign'd to view my ſport.
Which then (although I ſuffer for it now)
(If ſome ſay true) he liking did allow;
And ſo much (had I had but wit to ſtay)
I might my ſelfe (perhaps) haue heard him ſay.
But I, that time, as much as any daring,
More for my pleaſure then my ſafetie caring;
Seeing freſh game from euery couert riſe,
(Croſſing by thouſands ſtill before their eyes)
Ruſh'd in, and then following cloſe my *Hounds*,
Some beaſts I found lie dead, ſome full of wounds,
Among the willows, ſcarce with ſtrength to moue,
One I found heere, another there, whom *Loue*
Had grip'd to death: and, in the ſelfe-ſame ſtate,
Lay one deuour'd by *Enuy*, one by *Hate*;
Luſt had bit ſome, but I ſoone paſt beſide them.
Their feſtr'd wounds ſo ſtuncke, none could abide them.
Choller hurt diuers, but *Reuenge* kild more:
Feare frighted all, behinde him and before.
Deſpaire draue on a huge and mighty heape,
Forcing ſome downe from *Rocks* and *Hils* to leape:
Some into water, ſome into the fire,
So on themſelues he made them wreake his *ire*.
But I remember, as I paſſ'd that way,
Where the great *King* and *Prince* of *Shepheards* lay,

About

About the wals were hid, ſome (once more knowne)
That my ſell Curre *Ambition* had o'rethrowne:
Many I heard, purſu'd by *Pitty*, cry;
And oft I ſaw my *Blond-Hound*, *Cruelty*,
Eating her paſſage euen to the hart,
Whither once gotten, ſhe is loath to part.
All pli'd it well, and made ſo loud a cry,
'Twas heard beyond the Shores of *Britany*.
Some rated them, ſome ſtorm'd, ſome lik'd the *game*,
Some thought *me worthy praiſe*, ſome *worthy blame*.
But I, not fearing th'one, miſ-ſteeming t'other,
Both, in ſhrill hallowes and loud yernings ſmother.
Yea, the ſtrong mettled, and my long-breath'd crew,
Seeing the *game* increaſing in their view,
Grew the more frolicke, and the courſes length
Gaue better breath, and added to their ſtrength.
Which *Ioue* perceiuing, for *Ioue* heard their cries
Rumbling amongſt the *Spheares concauities*:
Hee mark'd their *courſe*, and *courages* increaſe,
Saying, 'twere pitty ſuch a chaſe ſhould ceaſe.
And therewith ſwore their mouthes ſhould neuer waſt,
But hunt as long's mortality did laſt.
Soone did they feele the power of his great gift,
And I began to finde their pace more ſwift:
I follow'd, and I rated, but in vaine
Striu'd to o'retake, or take them vp againe.
They neuer ſtayed ſince, nor nights nor dayes,
But to and fro ſtill run a thouſand wayes:

Yea,

Yea, often to this place where now I lie,
They'l wheele about to cheare me with their cry;
And one day in good time will vengeance take
On some offenders, for their Masters sake:
For know, my Friends, my freedome in this sort
For them I lose, and making my selfe sport.

Willy.

Why? was there any harme at all in this?

Philarete.

No, *Willy*, and I hope yet none there is.

Willy.

How comes it then?——————

Philarete.

——————Note, and I'le tell thee how:
Thou know'st that *Truth* and *Innocency* now,
If plac'd with meannesse, suffers more despight
Then *Villainies*, accompan'ed with might.
But thus it fell, while that my *Hounds* pursu'd
Their noysome prey, and euery field lay strew'd
With *Monsters*, hurt and slaine; vpon a beast,
More subtile, and more noysome then the rest,
My leane-flancke Bitch, cald *Enuy*, hapt to light:
And, as her wont is, did so surely bite,
That, though shee left behinde small outward smart,
The wounds were deepe, and rankled to the hart.
This, joyning to some other, that of late,
Were very eagerly pursu'd by *Hate*,

(To

(To fit their purpoſe hauing taken leaſure)
Did thus conſpire to worke me a diſpleaſore.
For imitation, farre ſurpaſſing *Apes*,
They laide aſide their *Foxe* and *Woluiſh ſhapes*,
And ſhrowded in the skinnes of harmleſſe Sheepe
Into by-wayes, and open paths did creepe;
Where, they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly,
Shewing their wounds to euery paſſer by;
To make them thinke that they were ſheepe ſo foyl'd,
And by my Dogges, in their late hunting, ſpoyl'd.
Beſide, ſome other that enuy'd my game,
And, for their paſtime, kept ſuch *Monſters* tame:
As, you doe know, there's many for their pleaſure
Keepe Foxes, Beares, & Wolues, as ſome great treaſure:
Yea, many get their liuing by them to,
And ſo did ſtore of theſe, I ſpeake of, do.
Who, ſeeing that my *Kennell* had affrighted,
Or hurt ſome *Vermine* wherein they delighted;
And finding their owne power by much to weake,
Their *Malice* on my *Innocence* to wreake,
Swolne with the deepeſt rancour of deſpight,
Some of our greateſt *Shepheards* Folds by night
They cloſely entred; and there hauing ſtain'd
Their hands in *villany*, of mee they plain'd,
Affirming, (without *ſhame*, or *honeſty*.)
I, and my Dogges, had done it purpoſely.
Whereat they ſtorm'd, and cald mee to a *tryall*,
Where *Innocence* preuailes not, not *denyall*:

But

But for that *cause*, heere in this place I lie,
Where none so merry as my dogges, and I.

Cuddy.

Beleeue it, heere's a *Tale* will suten well,
For *Shepheards* in another *Age* to tell.

Willy.

And thou shalt be remembred with delight,
By this, hereafter, many a *Winters night*.
For, of this sport another *Age* will ring;
Yea, *Nymphes* that are vnborne thereof shall sing,
And not a *Beauty* on our Greenes shall play,
That hath not heard of this thy hunting day.

Philarete.

It may be so, for if that gentle *Swaine*,
Who wonnes by *Tawy*, on the *Westerne plaine*,
Would make the *Song*, such life his *Verse* can giue,
Then I doe know my *Name* might euer liue.

Alexis.

But tell me; are our *Plaines* and *Nymphs* forgot,
And canst thou frolicke in thy trouble be?

Philarete.

Can I, *Alexis*, sayst thou? Can I not,
That am resolu'd to scorne more misery?

Alexis.

Alexis.

Oh, but that youth's yet greene, and young bloud hot,
And *liberty* muſt needs be ſweet to thee.
But, now moſt ſweet whil'ſt euery buſhy *Vale*,
And *Groue*, and *Hill*, rings of the *Nightingale*.

Me thinkes, when thou remembreſt thoſe *ſweet layes*
Which thou would'ſt leade thy *Shepheardeſſe* to heare,
Each Eueninge tyde among the *Leauy ſprayes*,
The thought of that ſhould make thy freedome deare:
For now, whil'ſt euery *Nymph* on *Holy-dayes*
Sports with ſome *iolly Lad*, and maketh cheere,
Thine, ſighes for thee, and mew'd vp from reſort,
Will neither play her ſelfe, nor ſee their ſport.

Thoſe *Shepheards* that were many a Morning wont,
Vnto their Boyes to leaue the tender *Heard*;
And beare thee company when thou did'ſt hunt;
Me thinkes the ſport thou haſt ſo gladly ſhar'd
Among thoſe *Swaynes* ſhould make thee thinke vpon't,
For't ſeemes all vaine, now, that was once indear'd.
It cannot be: ſince I could make relation,
How for leſſe *cauſe* thou haſt beene deepe in *paſſion*.

Philarete.

'Tis true: my tender heart was euer yet
Too capable of ſuch conceits as theſe;
I neuer ſaw that *Obiect*, but from it,
The *Paſſions* of my *Loue* I could encreaſe.

Thoſe things which moue not other men a whit,
I can, and doe make vſe of, if I pleaſe:
When I am ſad, to ſadneſſe I apply,
Each *Bird*, and *Tree*, and *Flowre* that I paſſe by.

So, when I will be merry, I aſwell
Something for mirth from euery thing can draw,
From *Miſerie*, from *Priſons*, nay from *Hell*:
And as when to my *minde*, *griefe* giues a flaw,
Beſt comforts doe but make my woes more fell:
So when I'me bent to *Mirth*, from miſchiefes paw.
(Though ceas'd vpon me) I would ſomething cull,
That ſpight of *care*, ſhould make my *ioyes* more full.

I feele thoſe wants, *Alexis*, thou doeſt name,
Which ſpight of youths affections I ſuſtaine,
Or elſe, for what is't I haue gotten *Fame*,
And am more knowne then many an *elder Swaine*?
If ſuch defires I had not learn'd to tame,
(Since many pipe much better on this *Plaine*)
But tune your *Reedes*, and I will in a *Song*,
Expreſſe my *Care*, and how I take this *Wrong*.

Sonnet.

I *That ere'ſt-while the worlds ſweet Ayre did draw,*
(Grac'd by the faireſt euer Mortall ſaw;)

Now

Now clo'ely pent, with walles of Ruth-leſſe ſtone,
Conſume my Dayes, and Nights and all alone.

When I was wont to ſing of Shepheards loues,
My walkes were Fields, and Downes, and Hils, and Groues:
But now (alas) ſo ſtrict is my hard doome,
Fields, Downes, Hils, Groues, and all's but one poore roome.

Each Morne, as ſoone as Day-light did appeare,
With Natures Muſicke Birds would charme mine eare:
Which now (inſtead) of their melodious ſtraines,
Heare, ratling Shackles, Gyues, and Boults, and Chaines.

But, though that all the world's delight forſake me,
I haue a Muſe, and ſhe ſhall Muſicke make me:
Whoſe ayrie Notes, in ſpight of cloſeſt cages,
Shall giue content to me, and after ages.

Nor doe I paſſe for all this outward ill,
My hearts the ſame, and vndeiected ſtill;
And which is more then ſome in freedome wiue,
I haue true reſt, and peace, and ioy within.

And then my Mind, that ſpight of priſon's free,
When ere ſhe pleaſes any where can be;
Shee's in an houre, in France, Rome, Turky, Spaine,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heauen, and here againe.

Yet there's another comfort in my woe,
My cause is spread, and all the world may know,
My fault's no more, but speaking Truth, and Reason;
No Debt, nor Theft, nor Murther, Rape, or Treason.

Nor shall my foes with all their Might and Power,
Wipe out their shame nor yet this fame of our:
Which when they finde, they shall my fate ennie,
Till they grow leane, and sicke, and mad, and die.

Then though my Body here in Prison rot,
And my wrong'd Satyres seeme a while forgot:
Yet, when both Fame, and life hath left those men,
My Verse and I'le reuiue, and liue agen.

So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load,
But with more true content then some abroad;
For whilst their thoughts, doe feele my Scourges sting,
In bands I'le leape, and dance, and laugh, and sing.

Alexis.

Why now I see thou droup'st not with thy care,
Neither exclaim'st thou on thy hunting day;
But dost with vnchang'd resolution beare,
The heauy burthen of exile away.
All that did truely know thee, did conceaue,
Thy actions with thy spirit still agree'd;
Their good conceit thou doest no whit bereaue,
But shewest that thou art still thy selfe indeed.

If that thy mind to baseneſſe now deſcende,
Thou'lt iniure *Vertue*, and deceiue thy friende.

Willie.

Alexis, he will iniure *Vertue* much,
But more his friends, and moſt of all himſelfe,
If on that common barre his minde but touch,
It wrackes his fame vpon diſgraces ſhelfe.
Whereas if thou ſteere on that happy courſe,
Which in thy iuſt aduenture is begun;
Nothwarting Tide, nor aduerſe blaſt ſhall force
Thy *Barke* without the *Channels* bounds to run.
Thou art the ſame thou wert, for ought I ſee,
When thou didſt freely on the Mountaines hunt,
In nothing changed yet, vnleſſe it be
More merrily diſpos'd then thou wert wont.
Still keepe thee thus, ſo other ſhall know,
Vertue can giue content in midſt of woe.
And ſhe (though *mightines* with frownes doth threat)
That, to be *Innocent*, is to be *great*,
Thriue and farewell.——————

Alexis.

——————In this thy trouble flouriſh.

Cuddy.

While thoſe that wiſh thee ill, fret, pine, and periſh.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The fourth Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Philaret *on* Willy *calls,*
To ſing out his Paſtorals:
Warrants Fame *ſhall grace his Rimes,*
Spight of Enuy *and the Times;*
And ſhewes how in care he vſes,
To take comfort from his Muſes.

PHILARETE. WILLIE.

Philarete.

PRethee, *Willy* tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blytheſt Lad)
Art become ſo wondrous ſad?
And ſo careleſſe of thy quill,
As if thou had'ſt loſt thy skill?
Thou wert wont to charme thy flocks,
And among the maſſy rocks

Haſt

Haſt ſo chear'd me with thy Song,
That I haue forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee ſurely croſt,
That thy old wont thou haſt loſt.
Tell me: Haue I ought miſ-ſaid
That hath made thee ill-apaid?
Hath ſome Churle done thee a ſpight?
Doſt thou miſſe a Lambe to night?
Frowns thy faireſt *Shepheards* Laſſe?
Or how comes this ill to paſſe?
Is there any diſcontent
Worſe then this my baniſhment?

Willie.

Why, doth that ſo euill ſeeme
That thou nothing worſt doſt deeme?
Shepheards, there full many be,
That will change *Contents* with thee.
Thoſe that chooſe their Walkes at will,
On the Valley or the Hill.
Or thoſe pleaſures boaſt of can,
Groues or Fields may yeeld to man:
Neuer come to know the reſt,
Wherewithall thy minde is bleſt.
Many a one that oft reſorts
To make vp the troope at ſports,
And in company ſome while,
Happens to ſtraine forth a ſmile:

Feeles more want, and outward smart,
And more inward griefe of hart
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy mind remaineth free.
Thou bewail'ſt my want of mirth,
But what find'ſt thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be beleeu'd
Worth to make me ioy'd, or grieu'd?
And yet feele I (naitheleſſe)
Part of both I muſt confeſſe.
Sometime, I of mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much of ſorrow;
But, my preſent ſtate is ſuch,
As, nor ioy, nor grieue I much.

Philarete.

Why, hath *Willy* then ſo long
Thus forborne his wonted Song?
Wherefore doth he now let fall,
His well tuned *Paſtorall?*
And my eares that muſike barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Then the liberty I want.

Willy.

That, were very much to grant,
But, doth this hold alway lad,
Thoſe that ſing not, muſt be ſad?

Did'ſt

Did'ſt thou euer that Bird heare
Sing well; that ſings all the yeare?
Tom the *Piper* doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away:
There's a time to ſlacke the ſtring,
And a time to leaue to ſing.

Philarete.

Yea; but no man now is ſtill,
That can ſing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were but reaſon;
Song and *Muſicke* are in ſeaſon.
Now in this ſweet iolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride:
The faire Lady of the *May*
Trim'd vp in her beſt array;
Hath inuited all the Swaines,
With the Laſſes of the Plaines,
To attend vpon her ſport
At the places of reſort.
Coridon (with his bould Rout)
Hath alredy been about
For the elder Shepheards dole,
And fetch'd in the *Summer-Pole*:
Whil'ſt the reſt haue built a *Bower*,
To defend them from a ſhower;
Seil'd ſo cloſe, with boughes all greene,
Tytan cannot pry betweene.

Now the *Dayrie-Wenches* dreame
Of their Strawberries and Creame:
And each doth her ſelfe aduance
To be taken in, to dance:
Euery one that knowes to ſing,
Fits him for his Carrolling:
So do thoſe that hope for meede,
Either by the Pipe or Reede:
And though I am kept away,
I doe heare (this very day)
Many learned Groomes doe wend,
For the Garlands to contend.
Which a Nimph that hight *Deſart*,
(Long a ſtranger in this part)
With her own faire hand hath wrought
A rare worke (they ſay) paſt thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For ſhe cals them *Wreathes of Fame.*
She hath ſet in their due place
Eu'ry flowre that may grace;
And among a thouſand moe,
(Whereof ſome but ſerue for ſhew)
She hath woue in *Daphnes* tree,
That they may not blaſted be.
Which with *Time* ſhe edg'd about,
Leaſt the worke ſhould ravell out.
And that it might wither neuer,
I intermixt it with *Liue-euer.*

Theſe are to be ſhar'd among,
Thoſe that doe excell for ſong:
Or their paſſions can rehearſe
In the ſmooth'ſt and ſweeteſt verſe.
Then, for thoſe among thereſt,
That can play and pipe the beſt.
There's a Kidling with the Damme,
A fat Weather, and a Lambe.
And for thoſe that leapen far,
Wraſtle, Runne, and throw the Barre,
There's appointed guerdons to.
He, that beſt, the firſt can doe,
Shall, for his reward, be paid,
With a *Sheep-hooke*, faire in-laid
With fine Bone, of a ſtrange Beaſt
That men bring out of the Weſt.
For the next, a *Scrip* of red,
Taſſel'd with fine coloured Thred,
There's prepared for their meed,
That in running make moſt ſpeede,
(Or the cunning Meaſures foote)
Cups of turned *Maple-roote*:
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hath ingrau'd the *Loues* of *Pan*:
And the laſt hath for his due,
A fine Napkin wrought with blew.
Then, my *Willy*, why art thou
Careleſſe of thy merit now?

What

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What

The Shepheards Hunting.

What doſt thou heere, with a wight
That is ſhut vp from delight,
In a ſolitary den,
As not fit to liue with men?
Goe, my *Willy*, get thee gone,
Leaue mee in exile alone.
Hye thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy *Song*.
Thou art young, yet ſuch a *Lay*
Neuer grac'd the month of May,
As (if they prouoke thy skill)
Thou canſt fit vnto thy *Quill*,
I with wonder heard thee ſing,
At our laſt yeeres Reuelling.
Then I with the reſt was free,
When vnknowne I noted thee:
And perceiu'd the ruder Swaines,
Enuy thy farre ſweeter ſtraines.
Yea, I ſaw the *Laſſes* cling
Round about thee in a Ring:
As if each one iealous were,
Any but her ſelfe ſhould heare.
And I know they yet do long
For the res'due of thy ſong.
Haſt thee then to ſing it forth;
Take the benefit of worth.
And *Deſert* will ſure bequeath
Fames faire Garland for thy wreath,
Hye thee, *Willy*, hye away.

Willy.

Willy.

Phila, rather let mee ſtay,
And be deſolate with thee,
Then at thoſe their *Reuels* bee,
Nought ſuch is my skill I wis,
As indeed thou deem'ſt it is,
But what ere it be, I muſt
Be content, and ſhall I truſt,
For a Song I doe not paſſe,
Mong'ſt my friends, but what (alas)
Should I haue to doe with them
That my Muſicke doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the ſame yet fauour not:
Yet I cannot well auow,
They my Carrols diſalow:
But ſuch malice I haue ſpid,
'Tis as much as if they did.

Philarete.

Willy, What may thoſe men be,
Are ſo ill, to malice thee?

Willy.

Some are worthy-well eſteem'd,
Some without worth are ſo deem'd.
Others of ſo baſe a ſpirit,
They haue nor eſteeme, nor merit.

Phil.

Philarete.

What's the wrong?——————

Willy.

——————A slight offence,
Wherewithall I can dispence;
But hereafter for their sake.
To my selfe I'le musicke make.

Philarete.

What, because some Clowne offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

Willy.

Do not, *Phill*, mis-vnderstand mee,
Those that loue mee may command mee,
But, thou know'st, I am but yong,
And the *Pastorall* I sung,
Is by some suppos'd to be,
(By a straine) too high for me:
So they kindly let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.
Trust me, I doe wonder why
They should me my owne deny.
Though I'me young, I scorne to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'le make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare me.

Yet

Yet I'le keepe my skill in ſtore,
Till I'ue ſeene ſome Winters more.

Pillarete.

But, in earneſt, mean'ſt thou ſo?
Then thou art not wiſe, I trow:
Better ſhall aduiſe thee *Pan*,
For thou doſt not rightly than:
That's the ready way to blot
All the credit thou haſt got.
Rather in thy Ages prime,
Get another ſtart of Time:
And make thoſe that ſo fond be,
(Spight of their owne dulneſſe) ſee,
That the ſacred *Muſes* can
Make a childe in yeeres, a man.
It is knowne what thou canſt doe,
For it is not long agoe,
When that *Cuddy*, *Thou*, and *I*,
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint *Dunſtanes* charmed well,
(As ſome preſent there can tell)
Sang vpon a ſudden Theame,
Sitting by the Crimſon ſtreame.
Where, if thou didſt well or no,
Yet remaines the Song to ſhow.
Much experience more I'ue had,
Of thy skill (thou happy Lad)

And

And would make the world to know it;
But that time will further ſhow it.
Enuy makes their tongues now runne
More then doubt of what is done.
For that needs muſt be thy owne,
Or to be ſome others knowne:
But how then wil't ſuit vnto
What thou ſhalt hereafter do?
Or I wonder where is hee,
Would with that ſong part to thee.
Nay, were there ſo mad a Swaine,
Could ſuch glory fell for gaine;
Phœbus would not haue combin'd,
That gift with ſo baſe a minde.
Neuer did the *Nine* impart
The ſweet ſecrets of their Art,
Vnto any that did ſcorne,
We ſhould ſee their fauours worne.
Therefore vnto thoſe that ſay,
Where they pleas'd to ſing a Lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho;
This I ſpeake, for this I know:
None ere drunke the *Theſpian ſpring*,
And knew how, but he did ſing.
For, that once infus'd in man,
Makes him ſhew't doe what he can.
Nay, thoſe that doe onely ſip,
Or, but eu'n their fingers dip

In that sacred *Fount* (poore Elues)
Of that brood will shew themselues.
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will speake, though to their shame.
Let those then at thee repine,
That by their wits measure thine;
Needs those Songs must be thine owne,
And that one day will be knowne.
That poore imputation to,
I my selfe do vndergoe:
But it will appeare ere long,
That 'twas Enuy sought our wrong.
Who at twice-ten haue sung more,
Then some will doe, at fourescore.
Cheere thee (honest *Willy*) then,
And begin thy Song agen.

Willy.

Faine I would, but I doe feare
When againe my Lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my Rimes,
They will faine some other Crimes;
And 'tis no safe ventring-by
Where we see *Detraction* ly.
For doe what I can, I doubt,
She will picke some quarrell out;
And I oft haue heard defended,
Little said, is soone amended.

Phil.

Philarete.

See'ſt thou not in cleareſt dayes,
Oft thicke fogs cloud Heau'ns rayes.
And that vapours which doe breath
From the earths groſſe wombe beneath,
Seeme not to vs with black ſteames,
To pollute the Sunnes bright beames,
And yet vaniſh into ayre,
Leauing it (vnblemiſht) faire?
So (my *Willy*) ſhall it bee
With *Detractions* breath on thee.
It ſhall neuer riſe ſo hie,
As to ſtaine thy Poeſie.
As that Sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten Vale;
Poeſie ſo ſometime draines,
Groſſe conceits from muddy braines;
Miſts of Enuy, fogs of ſpight,
Twixt mens judgements and her light:
But ſo much her power may do,
That ſhee can diſſolue them to.
If thy Verſe doe brauely tower,
As ſhee makes wing, ſhe gets power:
Yet the higher ſhe doth ſore,
Shee's affronted ſtill the more:
Till ſhee to the high'ſt hath paſt,
Then ſhe reſts with fame at laſt.

Let nought therefore, thee affright:
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy Rime,
To the very Starres I'de clime.
There begin again, and flye,
Till I reach'd Æternity.
But (alaſſe) my Muſe is ſlow:
For thy place ſhee flags too low:
Yea, the more's her hapleſſe fate,
Her ſhort wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my ſelfe put vp a muing.
But if I my Cage can rid,
I'le flye where I neuer did.
And though for her ſake I'me croſt,
Though my beſt hopes I haue loſt,
And knew ſhe would make my trouble
Ten times more then ten times double:
I ſhould loue and keepe her ſo,
Spight of all the world could doe.
For though baniſh't from my flockes,
And confin'd within theſe rockes,
Here I waſte away the light,
And conſume the ſullen Night,
She doth for my comfort ſtay,
And keepes many cares away.
Though I miſſe the flowry Fields,
With thoſe ſweets the Spring-tyde yeelds,

Though I may not ſee thoſe Groues,
Where the Shepheards chant their Loues,
(And the Laſſes more excell,
Then the ſweet voyc'd *Philomel*)
Though of all thoſe pleaſures paſt,
Nothing now remaines at laſt,
But *Remembrance* (poore reliefe)
That more makes, then mends my griefe:
Shee's my mindes companion ſtill,
Maugre Enuies euill will.
(Whence ſhe ſhould be driuen to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midſt of ſorrow;
Makes the deſolateſt place
To her preſence be a grace;
And the blackeſt diſcontents
To be pleaſing ornaments.
In my former dayes of bliſſe,
Her diuine skill taught me this,
That from euery thing I ſaw,
I could ſome inuention draw:
And raiſe pleaſure to her height,
Through the meaneſt obiects ſight.
By the murmure of a ſpring,
Or the leaſt boughes ruſtleling.
By a Dazie whoſe leaues ſpred,
Shut when *Tytan* goes to bed;

Or a ſhady buſh or tree,
She could more infuſe in mee,
Then all Natures beauties can,
In ſome other wiſer man.
By her helpe I alſo now,
Make this churliſh place allow
Some things that may ſweeten gladnes,
In the very gall of ſadnes.
The dull loanneſſe, the blacke ſhade,
That theſe hanging vaults haue made,
The ſtrange Muſicke of the waues,
Beating on theſe hollow Caues,
This blacke Den which Rocks emboſſe
Ouer-growne with eldeſt Moſſe.
The rude Portals that giue light,
More to *Terror* then *Delight*.
This my Chamber of *Neglect*,
Wall'd about with *Diſreſpect*,
From all theſe and this dull ayre,
A fit obiect for *Deſpaire*,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore *thou beſt earthly bliſſe*,
I will cheriſh thee for this.
Poeſie; thou ſweeteſt content
That e're Heau'n to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leaue thee
Whoſe dull thoughts cannot conceiue thee,

Though thou be to them a ſcorne,
That to nought but earth are borne:
Let my life no longer be
Then I am in loue with thee.
Though our wiſe ones call thee madneſſe
Let me neuer taſte of gladneſſe.
If I loue not thy mad'ſt fits,
More then all their greateſt wits.
And though ſome too ſeeming holy,
Doe account thy raptures folly:
Thou doſt teach me to contemne,
What make *Knaues* and *Fooles* of them.
Oh high power! that oft doth carry
Men aboue———

Willie.

———Good *Philarete* tarry,
I doe feare thou wilt be gon,
Quite aboue my reach anon.
The kinde flames of Poeſie
Haue now borne thy thoughts ſo high,
That they vp in Heauen be,
And haue quite forgotten me.
Call thy ſelfe to minde againe,
Are theſe Raptures for a Swaine,
That attends on lowly Sheepe,
And with ſimple Heards doth keepe?

Philarete.

Philarete.

Thankes my *Willie*; I had runne
Till that Time had lodg'd the Sunne,
If thou had'ſt not made me ſtay;
But thy pardon here I pray.
Lou'd *Apollo's* ſacred fire
Had rais'd vp my ſpirits higher
Through the loue of Poeſie,
Then indeed they vſe to flye.
But as I ſaid, I ſay ſtill,
If that I had *Willi's* skill,
Enuie nor Detractions tongue,
Should ere make me leaue my ſong:
But I'de ſing it euery day
Till they pin'd themſelues away.
Be thou then aduis'd in this,
Which both iuſt and fitting is:
Finiſh what thou haſt begun,
Or at leaſt ſtill forward run.
Haile and Thunder ill hee'l beare
That a blaſt of winde doth feare:
And if words will thus afray thee,
Prethee how will deeds diſmay thee?
Doe not thinke ſo rathe a *Song*
Can paſſe through the vulgar throng,
And eſcape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:

Froſts we ſee doe nip that thing
Which is forward'ſt in the Spring:
Yet at laſt for all ſuch lets
Somewhat of the reſt it gets.
And I'me ſure that ſo maiſt thou,
Therefore my kind *Willie* now.
Since thy folding time drawes on
And I ſee thou muſt be gon,
Thee I earneſtly beſeech
To remember this my ſpeech
And ſome little counſell take,
For *Philarete* his ſake:
And I more of this will ſay,
If thou come next Holy-day.

FINIS.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The fifth Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Philaret Alexis *moues,*
To embrace the Muſes *loues;*
Bids him neuer carefull ſeeme,
Of anothers diſ-eſteeme:
Since to them it may ſuffice,
They themſelues can iuſtly prize.

PHILARETE. ALEXIS.

Philarete.

A *Lexis,* if thy worth doe not diſdaine
The humble friendſhip of a meaner Swaine,
Or ſome more needfull buſineſſe of the day,
Vrge thee to be too haſty on thy way;
Come (gentle Shepheard) reſt thee here by mee,
Beneath the ſhadow of this broad leau'd tree:
For though I ſeeme a ſtranger, yet mine eye
Obſerues in thee the markes of courteſie:

And if my iudgement erre not, noted to,
More then in those that more would seeme to doe.
Such *Vertues* thy rare modesty doth hide.
Which by their proper lustre I espy'd;
And though long maskt in silence they haue beene,
I haue a Wisedome through that silence seene,
Yea, I haue learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou hast in concealement sung.
Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to inuite thee to this homely shade.
And though (it may be) thou couldst neuer spie,
Such worth in me, I might be knowne thereby:
In thee I doe; for here my neighbouring Sheepe
Vpon the border of these Downes I keepe:
Where often thou at Pastorals and Playes,
Hast grac'd our Wakes on Summer Holy-dayes:
And many a time with thee at this cold spring
Met I, to heare your learned shepheards sing,
Saw them disporting in the shady Groues,
And in chaste Sonnets wooe their chaster Loues:
When I, endued with the meanest skill,
Mongst others haue been vrg'd to tune my quill.
But, (cause but little cunning I had got)
Perhaps thou saw'st me, though thou knew'st me not.

Alexis.

Yes *Philaret*, I know thee, and thy name.
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame.

Art thou not he, that but this other yeere,
Scar'ſt all the Wolues and Foxes in the Sheere?
And in a match at Foot-ball lately tride
(Hauing ſcarce twenty Satyrs on thy ſide)
Held'ſt play: and though aſſailed kept'ſt thy ſtand
Gainſt all the beſt-tride Ruffians in the Land?
Did'ſt thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone,
When the beloued of great *Pan* was gone?
And at the wedding of faire *Thame* and *Rhine*,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I muſt confeſſe that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
For, till I mark'd the ayme thy Satyrs had,
I thought them ouer-bold, and thee halfe mad.
But, ſince I did more neerely on thee looke,
I ſoone perceiu'd that I all had miſtooke;
I ſaw that of a *Cynicke* thou mad'ſt ſhow,
Where ſince, I finde, that thou wert nothing ſo;
And that of many thou much blame had'ſt got,
When as thy *Innocency* deſeru'd it not.
But that too good opinion thou haſt ſeem'd
To haue of me (not ſo to be eſteem'd,)
Preuailes not ought to ſtay him who doth feare,
He rather ſhould reproofes then prayſes heare.
'Tis true, I found thee plaine and honeſt to,
Which made mee like, then loue, as now I do;
And, *Phila*, though a ſtranger, this to thee Ile ſay,
Where I doe loue, I am not coy to ſtay.

Phil.

Philarete.

Thankes, gentle Swaine, that doſt ſo ſoone vnfold
What I to thee as gladly would haue told:
And thus thy wonted curteſie expreſt
In kindly entertaining this requeſt.
Sure, I ſhould iniure much my owne content,
Or wrong thy loue to ſtand on complement:
Who haſt acquaintance in one word begun,
As well as I could in an age haue done.
Or by an ouer-weaning-ſlowneſſe marre
What thy more wiſdome hath brought on ſo farre.
Then ſit thou downe, and Ile my minde declare,
As freely, as if we familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to giue me eare,
Something thou mayſt for thy more profit heare.

Alexis.

Philarete, I willingly obey.

Philarete.

Then know, *Alexis*, from that very day,
When as I ſaw thee at thy Shepheards Coate,
Where each (I thinke) of other tooke firſt note;
I meane that Paſtor who by *Tauies* ſpringe,
Chaſte Shepheards loues in ſweeteſt numbers ſings,
And with his Muſicke (to his greater fame)
Hath late made proud the faireſt *Nymphs* of Thame.

E'ne then (me thought) I did eſpy in thee
Some vnperceiu'd and hidden worth to bee:
Which, in thy more apparant vertues, ſhin'd;
And, among many, I (in thought) deuin'd,
By ſomething my conceit had vnderſtood,
That thou wert markt one of the *Muſes* brood.
That, made me loue thee: and that Loue I beare
Begat a Pitty, and that Pitty, Care:
Pitty I had to ſee good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to haue that good reueal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuſe,
To poſſeſſe much, and yet put nought in vſe.
Hereon I vow'd (if wee two euer met)
The firſt requeſt that I would ſtriue to get,
Should be but this, that thou would'ſt ſhew thy skill,
How thou could'ſt tune thy Verſes to thy quill:
And teach thy *Muſe* in ſome well-framed Song,
To ſhew the *Art* thou haſt ſuppreſt ſo long:
Which if my new-acquaintance may obtaine,
I will for euer honour this daies gaine.

Alexis.

Alas! my ſmall experience ſcarce can tell,
So much as where thoſe *Nymphs*, the *Muſes*, dwell;
Nor (though my ſlow conceit ſtill trauels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of *Hellicon*.
Or, if I might ſo fauour'd be to taſte
What thoſe ſweet ſtreames but ouer-flow in waſte,

And

And touch *Parnassus*, where it low'st doth lie,
I feare my skill would hardly flag so hie.

Philarete.

Despaire not Man, the Gods haue prized nought
So deere, that may not be with labour bought:
Nor need thy paine be great, since *Fate* and *Heauen*,
That (as a blessing) at thy birth haue giuen.

Alexis.

Why, say they had?———————

Philarete.

———————Then vse their gifts thou must.
Or be vngratefull, and so be vnjust:
For if it cannot truely be deni'd,
Ingratitude mens benefits doe hide;
Then more vngratefull must he be by ods,
Who doth conceale the bounty of the Gods.

Alexis.

That's true indeed, but *Enuy* haunteth those
Who seeking Fame, their hidden skill disclose:
Where else they might (obscur'd) from her espying,
Escape the blasts and danger of enuying:
Cryticks will censure our best straines of Wit,
And pur-blind *Ignorance* misconster it.

And

And which is bad, (yet worſe then this doth follow)
Moſt hate the *Muſes*, and contemne *Apollo*.

Philarete.

So let them: why ſhould wee their hate eſteeme?
Is't not enough we of our ſelues can deeme?
'Tis more to their diſgrace that we ſcorne them,
Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne.
Can we haue better paſtime then to ſee
Their groſſe heads may ſo much deceiued bee,
As to allow thoſe doings beſt, where wholly
We ſcoffe them to their face, and flout their folly?
Or to behold blacke *Enuy* in her prime,
Die ſelfe-conſum'd, whilſt we vie liues with time:
And, in deſpight of her, more fame attaine,
Then all her malice can wipe out againe?

Alexis.

Yes, but if I appli'd mee to thoſe ſtraines,
Who ſhould driue forth my Flocks vnto the plaines,
Which, whil'ſt the *Muſes* reſt, and leaſure craue,
Muſt watering, folding, and attendance haue?
For if I leaue with wonted care to cheriſh
Thoſe tender *heards*, both I and they ſhould periſh.

Philarete.

Alexis, now I ſee thou doſt miſtake,
There is no meaning thou thy Charge forſake;

Nor

Nor would I wiſh thee ſo thy ſelfe abuſe,
As to neglect thy calling for thy *Muſe*.
But, let theſe two, ſo each of other borrow,
That they may ſeaſon mirth, and leſſen ſorrow.
Thy Flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy *Muſe* to paſſe the long and teadious day:
Or whilſt thou tun'ſt ſweet meaſures to thy *Reed*,
Thy Sheepe, to liſten, will more neere thee feed;
The Wolues will ſhun them, birds aboue thee ſing,
And Lamkins dance about thee in a Ring.
Nay, which is more; in this thy low eſtate,
Thou in contentment ſhalt with Monarks mate:
For mighty *Pan*, and *Ceres*, to vs grants,
Our Fields and Flocks ſhall helpe our outward wants:
The *Muſes* teach vs Songs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and ſweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our Laſſes on the Greenes
As faire, or fairer, then the faireſt Queenes:
Or, what is more then moſt of them ſhall doe,
Wee'le make their iuſter fames laſt longer too,
And haue our Lines by greateſt Princes grac'd
When both their name and memori's defac'd.
Therefore, *Alexis*, though that ſome diſdaine
The heauenly Muſicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is't to vs, if they (o'reſeene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?
And though that there be other-ſome enuy
The prayſes due to ſacred Poeſie,

Let

Let them diſdaine, and fret till they are weary,
Wee in our ſelues haue that ſhall make vs merry:
Which, he that wants, and had the power to know it,
Would giue his life that he might die a Poet.

Alexis.

A braue perſwaſion.——————

Philarete.

——————Here thou ſee'ſt mee pent
Within the jawes of ſtrict impriſonment;
A fore-lorne *Shepheard*, voyd of all the meanes,
Whereon Mans common hope in danger leanes:
Weake in my ſelfe, expoſed to the *Hate*
Of thoſe whoſe *Enuies* are inſatiate:
Shut from my friends, baniſh'd from all delights;
Nay worſe, excluded from the ſacred *Rites*.
Here I doe liue mongſt out-lawes markt for death,
As one vnfit to draw the common breath,
Where thoſe who to be good did neuer know,
Are barred from the meanes ſhould make them ſo:
I ſuffer, cauſe I wiſh'd my Country well,
And what I more muſt beare I cannot tell.
I'me ſure they giue my Body little ſcope,
And would allow my *Minde* as little *Hope*:
I waſte my Meanes, which of it ſelfe is ſlender,
Conſume my Time (perhaps my fortunes hinder)

And

And many Croſſes haue, which thoſe that can
Conceiue no wrong that hurts another man,
Will not take note of; though if halfe ſo much
Should light on them, or their owne perſon touch,
Some that themſelues (I feare) moſt worthy thinke,
With all their helpes would into baſeneſſe ſhrinke.
But, ſpight of *Hate*, and all that Spight can do,
I can be patient yet, and merry to.
That ſlender *Muſe* of mine, by which my *Name*,
Though ſcarſe deſeru'd, hath gain'd a little fame,
Hath made mee vnto ſuch a Fortune borne,
That all misfortunes I know how to ſcorne;
Yea, midſt theſe bands can ſleight the *Great'ſt* that bee,
As much as their diſdaine miſteemes of mee.
This Caue, whoſe very preſence ſome affrights,
I haue oft made to Eccho forth delights,
And hope to turne, if any Iuſtice be,
Both ſhame and care on thoſe that wiſh'd it me.
For while the World rancke villanies affords,
I will not ſpare to paint them out in words;
Although I ſtill ſhould into troubles runne,
I knew what man could act, ere I begun;
And I'le fulfill what my *Muſe* drawes mee to,
Maugre all *Iayles*, and *Purgatories* to.
For whil'ſt ſhee ſets mee honeſt task's about,
Vertue, or ſhee, (I know) will beare mee out:
And if, by *Fate*, th'abuſed power of ſome
Muſt, in the worlds-eye, leaue mee ouercome,

They

They ſhall find one Fort yet, ſo fenc'd I trow,
It cannot feare a Mortals ouer-throw.
This *Hope*, and *Truſt*, that great power did infuſe,
That firſt inſpir'd into my breſt a *Muſe*;
By whom I doe, and euer will contemne
All thoſe ill haps, my foes deſpight, and them.

Alexis.

Th'haſt ſo well (yong *Philaret*) plaid thy part,
I am almoſt in loue with that ſweet Art:
And if ſome power will but inſpire my ſong,
Alexis will not be obſcured long.

Philarete.

Enough kinde Paſtor: But oh! yonder ſee
Two honeſt Shepheards walking hither, bee
Cuddy and *Willy*, that ſo dearely loue,
Who are repairing vnto yonder Groue:
Let's follow them: for neuer brauer Swaines
Made muſicke to their flocks vpon theſe Plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents doe with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our ſheepe the ſhort ſweet graſſe do ſheare
And till the long ſhade of the hils appeare,
Wee'le heare them ſing: for though the one be young,
Neuer was any that more ſweetly ſung.

A Poſtſcript.

To the Reader.

IF you haue read this, and receiued any content, I am glad, (though it bee not ſo much as I could wiſh you) if you thinke it idle, why then I ſee wee are not likely to fall out; for I am iuſt of your minds; yet weigh it well before you runne too farre in your cenſures, leſt this proue leſſe barren of Wit, then you of courteſie. It is very true (I know not by what chance) that I haue of late been ſo highly beholding to Opinion, *that I wonder how I crept ſo much into her fauour, and if I did thinke it worthie the fearing) I ſhould be afraid that ſhe hauing*

hauing ſo vndeſeruedly befriended mee beyond my Hope or expectation, will, vpon as little cauſe, ere long, againe picke ſome quarrell againſt mee; and it may bee, meanes to make vſe of this, which I know muſt needes come farre ſhort of their expectation, who by their earneſt deſire of it, ſeem'd to be fore-poſſeſt with a farre better conceite, then I can beleeue it prooues worthy of. So much at leaſt I doubted, and therefore loth to deceiue the world (though it often beguile me) I kept it to my ſelfe, indeed, not dreaming euer to ſee it publiſhed: But now, by the ouermuch perſwaſion of ſome friends, I haue been conſtrained to expoſe it to the generall view. Which ſeeing I haue done, ſomethings I deſire thee to take notice of. Firſt, that I am Hee, *who to pleaſure my friend,*

haue fram'd my ſelfe a content out of that which would otherwiſe diſcontent mee. Secondly, that I haue coueted more to effect what I thinke truely honeſt in it ſelfe, then by a ſeeming ſhew of Art, to catch the vaine blaſtes of vncertaine Opinion. This that I haue here written, was no part of my ſtudie, but onely a recreation in impriſonment: and a trifle, neither in my conceit fitting, nor by me intended to bee made common; yet ſome, who it ſhould ſeeme eſteemed it worthy more reſpect then I did, tooke paines to coppy it out, vnknowne to mee, and in my abſence got it both Authorized and prepared for the Preſſe; ſo that if I had not hindred it, laſt Michaelmas-Tearme had beene troubled with it. I was much blamed by ſome Friends for withſtan-

ding

ding it, to whose request I should more easily haue consented, but that I thought (as indeed I yet doe) I should thereby more disparage my selfe, then content them. For I doubt I shall bee supposed one of those, who out of their arrogant desire of a little prepost'rous Fame, thrust into the world euery vnseasoned trifle that drops out of their vnsetled braines; whose basenesse how much I hate, those that know mee can witnesse, for if I were so affected, I might perhaps present the World with as many seuerall Poems, as I haue seene yeeres; and iustly make my selfe appeare to bee the Author of some things that others haue shamefully vsurped and made vse of as their owne. But I will be content other men should owne some of those Issues of the Braine, for I

would be loath to confeſſe all that might in that kinde call me Father. Neither ſhall any more of them, by my conſent, in haſt againe trouble the world, vnleſſe I know which way to benefit it with leſſe preiudice to my owne eſtate. And therefore if any of thoſe leſſe ſerious Poems *which are already diſperſt into my friends hands, come amongſt you, let not their publication be imputed to me, nor their lightneſſe be any diſparagement to what hath been ſince more ſerious written, ſeeing it is but ſuch ſtuffe as riper iudgements haue in their farre elder yeeres been much more guilty of.*

I know an indifferent Crittick *may finde many faults, as well in the ſlightneſſe of this preſent* Subiect, *as in the erring from the true nature of an* Eglogue: *moreouer, it altogether concernes*

cernes my ſelf, which diuers may diſlike. But neither can bee done on iuſt cauſe: The firſt hath bin anſwered already: The laſt might conſider that I was there where my owne eſtate was chiefly to bee looked vnto, and all the comfort I could miniſter vnto my ſelfe, little enough.

If any man deeme it worthy his reading I ſhall bee glad: if hee thinke his paines ill beſtow'd, let him blame himſelfe for medling with that concerned him not: I neither commended it to him, neither cared whether he read it or no; becauſe I know thoſe that were deſirous of it, will eſteeme the ſame as much as I expect they ſhould.

But it is not vnlikely, ſome wil thinke I haue in diuers places been more wanton (as they take it) then beſitting a Satiriſt; yet their ſeuerity I feare not, becauſe

I am aſſured all that I euer yet did, was free from Obſcænity: *neyther am I ſo* Cynical, *but that I thinke a modeſt expreſſion of ſuch amorous conceits as ſute with Reaſon, will yet very well become my yeeres; in which not to haue feeling of the power of* Loue, *were as great an argument of much ſtupidity, as an ouer-ſottiſh affection were of extreame folly. Laſtly, if you thinke it hath not well anſwered the Title of the* Shepheards Hunting, *goe quarrell with the* Stationer, *who bid himſelfe God-Father, and impoſed the* Name *according to his owne liking; and if you, or hee, finde any faults, pray mend them.*

Valete.

FINIS.

FIDELIA:

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

GENT:



LONDON,

Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls*-Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1622.

An Elegiacall Epiſtle of *Fidelia*, to her vnconſtant Friend.

THE ARGVMENT.

This Elegiacall Epiſtle, *being a fragment of ſome greater Poeme, diſcouers the modeſt affections of a diſcreet and conſtant Woman, ſhadowed vnder the name of* Fidelia; *wherein you may perceiue the height of their Paſſions, ſo farre as they ſeeme to agree with reaſon, and keepe within ſuch decent bounds as beſeemeth their Sex, but further it meddles not. The occaſion ſeemes to proceed from ſome mutability in her friend, whoſe obiections ſhee heere preſuppoſing, confuteth, and in the perſon of him iuſtly vpbraideth all that are ſubiect to the like change, or ſicklenesſe in minde. Among the reſt, ſome more weightie Arguments then are (perhaps) expected in ſuch a ſubiect, are briefly, and yet ſomewhat ſeriouſly handled.*

OFt I haue heard tel, and now for truth I finde,
Once out of ſight, and quickly out of minde.
And that it hath been rightly ſaid of old,
Loue that's ſoon'ſt hot, is euer ſooneſt cold.

Or

Or elſe my teares at this time had not ſtain'd
The ſportleſſe paper, nor my lines complain'd.
I had not, now, been forced to haue ſent
Theſe lines for *Nuncio's* of my diſcontent;
Nor thus, exchanged, ſo vnhappily,
My ſongs of Mirth, to write an Elegie.
But, now I muſt; and, ſince I muſt doe ſo,
Let mee but craue, thou wilt not flout my woe:
Nor entertaine my ſorrowes with a ſcoffe,
But, reade (at leaſt) before thou caſt them off.
And, though thy heart's too hard to haue compaſſion,
Oh blame not, if thou pitty not my *Paſſion*,
For well thou know'ſt (alas, that er'e 'twas knowne)
There was a time (although that time be gone)
I, that for this, ſcarce dare a beggar bee,
Preſum'd for more to haue commanded thee.
Yea, the *Day* was, (but ſee how things may change)
When thou, and I, haue not been halfe ſo ſtrange;
But oft embrac'd each other, gently greeting,
With ſuch kinde words, as *Turtle*, *Doue*, or *Sweeting*.
Yea, had thy meaning, and thoſe vowes of thine,
Prou'd but as faithfull, and as true as mine,
It ſtill had been ſo: for (I doe not faine)
I ſhould rejoyce it might be ſo againe.
But, ſith thy *Loue* growes cold, and thou vnkinde,
Be not diſpleas'd I ſomewhat breath my minde;
I am in hope, my words may proue a mirrour,
Whereon thou looking, may'ſt behold thine error.

And

And yet, the *Heauen*, and my ſad heart doth know,
How griu'd I am, and with what feeling woe
My minde is tortured, to thinke that I
Should be the brand of thy diſloyalty:
Or, liue to be the Author of a line
That ſhall be printed with a fault of thine;
(Since if that thou but ſlightly touched be,
Deepe wounds of griefe, and ſhame, it ſtrikes in me:)
And yet I muſt; ill hap compels me to
What I nere thought to haue had cauſe to do.
And therefore, ſeeing that ſome angry *Fate*
Impoſes on mee, what I ſo much hate:
Or, ſince it is ſo, that the Powers diuine
Mee (miſerable) to ſuch cares aſſigne;
Oh that *Loues* patron, or ſome ſacred *Muſe*,
Amongſt my *Paſſions*, would ſuch Art infuſe,
My well-fram'd words, and aiery ſighs might proue
The happy blaſts to re-inflame thy loue.
Or, at leaſt, touch thee with thy fault ſo neere,
That thou might'ſt ſee thou wrong'ſt, who held thee (deere:
Seeing, confeſſe the ſame, and ſo abhorre it,
Abhorring, pitty, and repent thee for it.
But (*Deare*) I hope that I may call thee ſo,
(For thou art deare to mee, although a foe)
Tell mee, is't true, that I doe heare of thee,
And, by thy abſence, true appeares to bee?
Can ſuch abuſe be in the Court of *Loue*,
Falſe and inconſtant now, thou *Hee* ſhould'ſt proue?

Hee

He, that ſo wofull, and ſo penſiue ſate,
Vowing his ſeruice at my feete of late?
Art thou that *quondam* louer, whoſe ſad eye
I ſeldome ſaw yet, in my preſence dry?
And from whoſe gentle-ſeeming tongue I know
So many pitty-mouing words could flow?
Was't thou, ſo ſought'ſt my loue, ſo ſeeking that
As if it had been all th'hadſt aymed at?
Making me think thy *Paſſion* without ſtaine,
And gently quite thee with my loue againe?
With this perſwaſion I ſo fairely plac'd it,
Nor *Time*, nor *Enuy*, ſhould haue eré defac'd it?
Is't ſo? haue I done thus much? and art thou
So ouer-cloyed with my fauours now?
Art wearied ſince with louing, and eſtranged
So far? Is thy affection ſo much changed,
That I of all my hopes muſt be deceyued,
And all good thoughts of thee be quite bereaued?
Then true I finde, which long before this day
I fear'd my ſelfe, and heard ſome wiſer ſay;
That there is nought on earth ſo ſweet, that can
Long reliſh with the curious taſte of Man.
Happy was I; yea, well it was with mee,
Before I came to be bewitch'd by thee.
I ioy'd the ſweet'ſt content that euer *Maid*
Poſſeſſed yet; and truely well-a-paid,
Made to my ſelfe (alone) as pleaſant mirth
As euer any *Virgine* did on earth.

The

The melody I vſ'd was free, and ſuch
As that Bird makes, whom neuer hand did touch,
But, vn-allur'd, (with *Fowlers* whiſtling) flies
Aboue the reach of humane treacheries.
And (well I doe remember) often then
Could I reade o're the pollicies of men;
Diſcouer what vncertainties they were;
How they would ſigh, looke ſad, proteſt, and ſweare;
Nay, faigne to die, when they did neuer proue
The ſlendreſt touch of a right-worthy loue:
But had chil'd hearts, whoſe dulneſſe vnderſtood
No more of *Paſſion*, then they did of good.
All which I noted well, and in my minde
(A generall humour amongſt women-kinde)
This vow I made; (thinking to keepe it than)
That neuer the faire tongue of any man,
Nor his complaint, though neuer ſo much grieu'd,
Should moue my heart to liking whil'ſt I liu'd.
But, who can ſay, what ſhe ſhall liue to do?
I haue beleeu'd, and let in liking to,
And that ſo farre, I cannot yet ſee how
I may ſo much as hope, to helpe it now;
Which makes mee thinke, what e're we *women* ſay,
Another minde will come another day.
And that men may to things vnhop'd for clime,
Who watch but *Opportunity* and *Time*.
For 'tis well knowne, we were not made of clay,
Or ſuch courſe, and ill-temper'd ſtuffe as they.

For

For he that fram'd vs of their fleſh, did daigne
When 'twas at beſt, to new refine't againe.
Which makes vs euer ſince the kinder *Creatures*,
Of farre more flexible, and yeelding *Natures*.
And as wee oft excell in outward parts,
So wee haue nobler and more gentle hearts.
Which, you well knowing, daily doe deuiſe
How to imprint on them your *Cruelties*.
But doe I finde my cauſe thus bad indeed?
Or elſe on things imaginary feed?
Am I the laſſe that late ſo truly iolly,
Made my ſelfe merry oft, at others folly?
Am I the Nymph that *Cupids* fancies blam'd,
That was ſo cold, ſo hard to be inflam'd?
Am I my ſelfe? or is my ſelfe that *Shee*
Who from this *Thraldome*, or ſuch falſhoods free,
Late own'd mine owne heart, and full merry then,
Did fore-warne others to beware of Men?
And could not, hauing taught them what to doe,
Now learne my ſelfe, to take heede of you to?
Foole that I am, I feare my guerdon's iuſt,
In that I knew this, and preſum'd to truſt.
And yet (alas) for ought that I could tell,
One ſparke of goodneſſe in the world might dwell:
And then, I thought, If ſuch a thing might be,
Why might not that one ſparke remaine in thee?
For thy faire out-ſide, and thy fayrer tongue,
Did *promiſe* much, although thy yeares were young.

And

And *Vertue* (whereſoeuer ſhe be now)
Seem'd then, to ſit enthron'd vpon thy brow.
Yea, ſure it was: but, whether 'twere or no,
Certaine I am, and was perſwaded ſo.
Which made me loth to thinke, that words of faſhion,
Could be ſo fram'd, ſo ouer-laid with *Paſſion*;
Or ſighes ſo feeling, fain'd from any breſt.
Nay, ſay thou hadſt been falſe in all the reſt;
Yet from thy eye, my heart ſuch notice tooke,
Me thought, guile could not faine ſo ſad a looke.
But now I'ue try'd, my bought experience knowes,
They oft are worſt, that make the faireſt ſhowes.
And howſoe're men faine an outward griening,
'Tis neither worth reſpecting, nor beliefe:
For, ſhe that doth one to her mercy take,
Warmes in her boſome but a frozen ſnake:
Which heated with her fauours, gather ſence,
And ſtings her to the heart in recompence.
But tell me why, and for what ſecret ſpight
You in poore womens miſeries delight?
For ſo it ſeemes; elſe why d'yee labour for
That, which when 'tis obtained, you abhor?
Or to what end doe you endure ſuch paine
To win our loue, and caſt it off againe?
Oh that we either your hard hearts could borrow,
Or elſe your ſtrengths, to helpe vs beare our ſorrow:
But we are cauſe of all this griefe and ſhame,
And we haue none but our owne ſelues to blame:

For ſtill we ſee your falſhood for our learning.
Yet neuer can haue power to tak't for warning;
But (as if borne to be deluded by you)
We know you truſtleſſe, and yet ſtill we try you.
(Alas) what wrong was in my power to doe thee?
Or what deſpight haue I er'e done vnto thee?
That thou ſhouldſt chuſe Me, aboue all the reſt,
To be thy ſcorne, and thus be made a ieſt?
Muſt mens il natures ſuch true villaines proue them,
To make th'ē wrong thoſe moſt that moſt do loue them?
Couldſt thou finde none in *Countrey*, *Towne* or *Court*,
But onely Me, to make thy *Foole*, thy ſport?
Thou knowſt I haue no wanton courſes runne,
Nor ſeemed eaſie vnto lewdneſſe wonne.
And (though I cannot boaſt me of much wit,)
Thou ſaw'ſt no ſigne of fondneſſe in me yet.
Nor did ill nature euer ſo ore-ſway me,
To flout at any that did woe or pray me,
But grant I had been guilty of abuſage,
Of thee I'me ſure I ne're deſeru'd ſuch vſage.
But thou wert grieued to behold my ſmilings,
When I was free from loue, and thy beguilings.
Or to what purpoſe elſe didſt thou beſtow
Thy time, and ſtudy to delude me ſo?
Haſt thou good parts? and doſt thou bend them all
To bring thoſe that ne're hated thee in thrall?
Prethee take heed, although thou yet inioy'ſt them
They'l be tooke from thee, if thou ſo imploy'ſt them.

For

For though I with not the leaſt harme to thee,
I feare, the iuſt *Heauens* will reuenged be.
O!! what of *Mee* by this time had become,
If my deſires with thine had hapt to rome;
Or I, vnwiſely, had conſented to
What (ſhameleſſe) once thou didſt attempt to doe?
I might haue falne, by thoſe immodeſt trickes,
Had not ſome power beene ſtronger then my Sex.
And if I ſhould haue ſo been drawne to folly,
I ſaw thee apt enough to be vnholy.
Or if my weakeneſſe had beene prone to ſinne,
I poorely by thy ſtrength had ſuccour'd bin.
You Men make vs beleeue you doe but try,
And that's your part, (you ſay) ours to deny.
Yet I much feare, if we through frailty ſtray,
There's few of you within your bounds will ſtay;
But, maugre all your ſeeming *Vertue*, be
As ready to forget your ſelues, as we.
I might haue fear'd thy part of loue not ſtrong,
When thou didſt offer me ſo baſe a wrong:
And that I after loath'd thee not, did proue
In mee ſome extraordinary *Loue*.
For ſure had any other but in thought,
Preſum'd vnworthily what thou haſt ſought,
Might it appeare, I ſhould doe thus much for him,
With a ſcarce reconciled hate abhorre him.
My young experience neuer yet did know
Whether deſire might range ſo farre, or no,

To make true *Louers* carelesly requeſt,
What raſh enioyning makes them moſt vnbleſt,
Or blindly thorow frailty giue conſenting
To that, which done brings nothing but repenting.
But in my iudgement it doth rather proue
That they are fir'd with luſt, then warm'd with loue.
And if it be for proofe men ſo proceed,
It ſhewes a doubt, elſe what doe tryals neede?
And where is that man liuing euer knew
That falſe diſtruſt, could be with loue that's true?
Since the meere cauſe of that vnblam'd effect,
Such an opinion is, that hates ſuſpect.

And yet, thee and thy loue I will excuſe,
If thou wilt neither me, nor mine abuſe.
For, I le ſuppoſe thy paſſion made thee proffer
That vnto me, thou to none elſe wouldſt offer.
And ſo, thinke thou, if I haue thee deni'd,
Whom I more lou'd then all men elſe beſide;
What hope haue they, ſuch fauour to obtaine,
That neuer halfe ſo much reſpect could gaine?

Such was my loue, that I did value thee
Aboue all things below eternity.
Nothing on *Earth* vnto my heart was nearer
No loy ſo prized, nor no Iewell dearer.
Nay: I doe feare I did *Idolatrize*;
For which *Heauens* wrath inflicts theſe miſeries,
And makes the things which were for bleſſings lent,
To be renewers of my diſcontent.

Where

Where was there any of the *Naiades*,
The *Dryad's*, or the *Hamadryades?*
Which of the *Britiſh* ſhires can yeeld againe,
A miſtreſſe of the Springs, or Wood, or Plaine?
Whoſe eye enioy'd more ſweet contents then mine,
Till I receiu'd my ouerthrow by thine?
Where's ſhe did more delight in Springs and Rils?
Where's ſhe that walk'd more Groues, or Downs, or Hils?
Or could by ſuch faire artleſſe proſpect, more
Adde by conceit, to her contentments ſtore
Then I; whilſt thou wert true, and with thy Graces
Didſt giue a pleaſing preſence to thoſe places?
But now *What is? What was* hath ouerthrowne,
My Roſe-deckt allies, now with Rue are ſtrowne;
And from thoſe flowers that honyed vſe to be,
I ſucke nought now but iuyce to poyſon mee.
For eu'n as ſhe, whoſe gentle ſpirit can raiſe,
To apprehend *Loues* noble myſteries,
Spying a precious *Iewell* richly ſet,
Shine in ſome corner of her *Cabonet*,
Taketh delight at firſt to gaze vpon
The pretty luſtre of the ſparkling ſtone,
(And pleas'd in mind, by that doth ſeeme to ſee
How vertue ſhines through baſe obſcurity;)
But prying neerer, ſeeing it doth proue
Some relique of her deere deceaſed *Loue*,
Which to her ſad remembrance doth lay ope,
What ſhe moſt ſought, and ſees moſt far from hope:

Fainting almoſt beneath her *Paſſions* weight,
And quite forgetfull of her firſt conceit:
Looking vpon't againe, from thence ſhe borrowes
Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her ſorrowes.
So I beholding *Natures* curious bowers,
Seel'd, ſtrow'd, and trim'd vp with leaues, hearbes, and flowers
Walke pleaſed on a while, and doe deuize,
How on each obiect I may moralize.
But ere I pace on many ſteps, I ſee
There ſtands a *Hawthorne* that was trim'd by thee:
Here thou didſt once ſlip off the virgin ſprayes,
To crowne me with a wreath of liuing Bayes.
On ſuch a Banke I ſee how thou didſt lye,
When viewing of a ſhady *Mulbery*,
The hard miſhap thou didſt to me diſcuſſe
Of louing *Thyſbe*, and young *Piramus*:
And oh (thinke I) how pleaſing was it then,
Or would be yet, might he returne agen.
But if ſome neighbouring *Row* doe draw me to
Thoſe *Arbors*, where the ſhadowes ſeeme to wooe
The weary loue-ſicke *Paſſenger*, to ſit
And view the beauties *Nature* ſtrowes on it;
How faire (thinke I) would this ſweet place appeare,
If he I loue, were preſent with me heere.
Nay, euery ſeuerall obiect that I ſee,
Doth ſcuerally (me thinkes) remember thee.
But the delight I vſ'd from thence to gather,
I now exchange for cares, and ſeeke them rather.

But

But thoſe whoſe dull and groſſe affections can
Extend but onely to deſire a *Man*,
Cannot the depth of theſe rare *Paſſions* know:
For their imaginations flagge too low.
And cauſe their baſe *Conceits* doe apprehend
Nothing but that whereto the fleſh doth tend;
In *Loues* embraces they neere reach vnto
More of content than the brute *Creatures* do.
Neither can any iudge of this, but ſuch
Whoſe brauer mindes for brauer thoughts doe touch;
And hauing ſpirits of a nobler frame,
Feele the true heate of *Loues* vnquenched flame.
They may conceiue aright what ſmarting ſting
To their *Remembrances* the place will bring,
Where they did once enioy, and then doe miſſe,
What to their ſoules moſt deere and precious is.
With mee 'tis ſo; for thoſe walkes that once ſeem'd
Pleaſing, when I of thee was more eſteem'd,
To me appeare moſt deſolate and lonely,
And are the places now of torment onely.
Where I the higheſt of contents did borrow,
There am I paid it home with deepeſt ſorrow.
Vnto one place, I doe remember well,
We walkt the eu'nings to heare *Philomel*:
And that ſeemes now to want the light it had,
The ſhadow of the *Grone's* more dull and ſad,
As if it were a place but fit for Fowles,
That ſcreech ill-lucke; as melancholy *Owles*,

Or fatall *Rauens*, that ſeld' boding good,
Croke their blacke *Auguries* from ſome darke wood.
Then if from thence I halfe deſpairing goe,
Another place begins another wo:
For thus vnto my thought it ſemes to ſay,
Hither thou ſaw'ſt him riding once that way:
Thither to meete him thou didſt nimbly haſt thee,
You he alighted, and eu'n there embrac'd thee:
Which whilſt I ſighing wiſh to doe againe,
Another obiect brings another paine.
For paſſing by that *Greene*, which (could it ſpeake)
Would tell it ſaw vs run at *Barly-breake*;
There I beheld, what on a thin rin'd tree
Thou hadſt engrauen for the loue of me;
When we two, all one in heate of day,
With chaſte imbraces drauc ſwift houres away.
Then I remember to (vnto my ſmart)
How loath we were, when time compel'd to part;
How cunningly thy *Paſſions* thou couldſt faine,
In taking leaue, and comming backe againe:
So oft, vntill (as ſeeming to forget
We were departing) downe againe we ſet?
And freſhly in that ſweet diſcourſe went on,
Which now I almoſt faint to thinke vpon.
Viewing againe thoſe other walkes and Groues
That haue beene witneſſes of our chaſte loues;
When I beheld thoſe Trees whoſe tender skin
Hath that cut out, which ſtill cuts me within.

Or

Or come, by chance, vnto that pretty Rill
Where thou wouldſt ſit, and teach the neighbouring hill
To anſwere, in an Eccho, vnto thoſe
Rare *Problems* which thou often didſt propoſe.
When I come there (thinke I) if theſe could take
That vſe of words and ſpeech which we partake,
They might vnfold a thouſand pleaſures then
Which I ſhall neuer liue to taſte agen.
And thereupon, *Remembrance* doth ſo racke
My thoughts, with repreſenting what I lacke,
That in my minde thoſe Clerkes doe argue well,
Which hold *Priuation* the greatſt plague of hell.
For there's no torment gripes mee halfe ſo bad,
As the *Remembrance* of thoſe joyes I had.
Oh haſt thou quite forgot, when ſitting by
The bankes of *Thame*, beholding how the *Fry*
Play'd on the ſiluer-waues? There where I firſt
Granted to make my *Fortune* thus accurſt;
There where thy too-too earneſt ſuit compeld
My ouer-ſoone beleeuing heart to yeeld
One fauour firſt, which then another drew
To get another, till (alas) I rue
That day and houre, thinking I nere ſhould need
(As now) to grieue for doing ſuch a deed.
So freely I my curteſies beſtow'd,
That whoſe I was vnwarily I ſhow'd:
And to my heart ſuch paſſage made for thee,
Thou canſt not to this day remoued be,

And

And what breaſt could reſiſt it, hauing ſeene
How true thy loue had in appearance beene?
For (I ſhall ne're forget) when thou hadſt there
Laid open euery diſcontent and care,
Wherewith thou deeply ſeem'dſt to me oppreſt,
When thou (as much as any could proteſt)
Had'ſt vow'd and ſworne, and yet perceiu'dſt no ſigne
Of pitty-moouing in this breſt of mine:
Well Loue (ſaid'ſt thou) ſince neither ſigh nor vow,
Nor any ſeruice may auaile me now:
Since neither the recitall of my ſmart,
Nor thoſe ſtrong *Paſſions* that aſſaile my heart;
Nor any thing may moue thee to beliefe
Of theſe my ſufferings, or to grant reliefe:
Since there's no comfort, nor deſert, that may
Get mee ſo much as *Hope* of what I pray;
Sweet *Loue* farewell; farewell faire beauties light,
And euery pleaſing obiect of the ſight:
My poore deſpayring heart heere biddeth you,
And all Content, for euermore, adue.
Then eu'n as thou ſeemd'ſt ready to depart;
Reaching that hand, which after gaue my hart,
(And thinking this ſad *Farewell* did proceed
From a ſound breaſt, but truely mou'd indeed)
I ſtayed thy departing from mee ſo,
Whilſt I ſtood mute with ſorrow, thou for ſhow.
And the meane while as I beheld thy looke,
My eye th'impreſſion of ſuch *Pitty* tooke,

That,

That, with the ſtrength of *Paſſion* ouercome,
A deep-fetcht ſigh my heart came breathing from:
Whereat thou (euer wiſely vſing this
To take aduantage when it offered is)
Renewd'ſt thy ſute to mee, who did afford
Conſent, in ſilence firſt, and then in word.
So that for yeelding thou maiſt thanke thy wit,
And yet when euer I remember it,
Truſt me, I muſe, and often (wondring) thinke,
Thorough what craney, or what ſecret chinke
That *Loue*, vnwares, ſo like a ſlye cloſe Elfe,
Did to my heart inſinuate it ſelfe.
Gallants I had, before thou cam'ſt to woo,
Could as much loue, and as well court me to;
And, though they had not learned ſo the faſhion,
Of acting ſuch well counterfeited *Paſſion*;
In wit, and perſon, they did equall thee,
And worthier ſeem'd, vnleſſe thoul't faithfull be.
Yet ſtill vnmou'd, vnconquer'd I remain'd:
No, not one thought of loue was entertain'd:
Nor could they brag of the leaſt fauour to them,
Saue what meere curteſie enioyn'd to doe them.
Hard was my heart: But would't had harder bin,
And then, perhaps, I had not let thee in;
Thou, *Tyrant*, that art ſo imperious there,
And onely tak'ſt delight to *Dominere*.
But held I out ſuch ſtrong, ſuch oft aſſailing,
And euer kept the honour of preuailing?

Was

Was this poore breaſt from loues allurings free,
Cruell to all, and gentle vnto thee?
Did I vnlocke that ſtrong affections dore,
That neuer could be broken ope before,
Onely to thee? and, at thy interceſſion,
So freely giue vp all my hearts poſſeſſion:
That to my ſelfe I left not one poore veine,
Nor power, nor will, to put thee from't againe?
Did I doe this, (and all on thy bare vow)
And wilt thou thus requite my kindneſſe now?
Oh that thou eyther hadſt not learn'd to faine,
Or I had power to caſt thee off againe!
How is it that thou art become ſo rude,
And ouer-blinded by *Ingratitude*?
Swar'ſt thou ſo deeply that thou wouldſt perſeuer,
That I might thus be caſt away for euer?
Well, then 'tis true, that Louers periuries,
Among ſome men, are thought no iniuries:
And that ſhe onely hath leaſt cauſe of griefe,
Who of your words hath ſmal'ſt, or no beliefe.
Had I the wooer bin, or fondly won,
This had bin more tho, then thou couldſt haue don;
But, neither being ſo, what Reaſon is
On thy ſide, that ſhould make thee offer this?
I know, had I beene falſe, or my faith fail'd,
Thou wouldſt at womens fickleneſſe haue rail'd;
And if in mee it had an error bin,
In thee ſhall the ſame fault be thought no ſin?

Rather

Rather I hold that which is bad in mee,
Will be a greater blemiſh vnto thee:
Becauſe, by *Nature*, thou art made more ſtrong,
And therefore abler to endure a wrong.
But 'tis our *Fortune*, you'le haue all the power,
Onely the *Care* and *Burden* muſt be our.
Nor can you be content a wrong to do,
Vnleſſe you lay the blame vpon vs to.
Oh that there were ſome gentle-minded *Poet*
That knew my heart, as well as now I know it;
And would endeare me to his loue ſo much,
To giue the world (though but) a ſlender touch
Of that ſad *Paſſion* which now clogs my heart,
And ſhew my truth, and thee how falſe thou art:
That all might know, what is beleeu'd by no man,
There's ficklenеſſe in men, and faith in woman.
Thou ſaw'ſt I firſt let *Pitty* in, then liking,
And laſtly, that which was thy onely ſeeking:
And, when I might haue ſcorn'd that loue of thine,
(As now vngently thou deſpiſeſt mine,)
Among the inmoſt Angles of my breſt,
To lodge it by my heart I thought it beſt:
Which thou haſt ſtolne to, like a thankeleſſe Mate,
And left mee nothing but a blacke ſelfe-hate.
What canſt thou ſay for this, to ſtand contending?
What colour haſt thou left for thy offending?
Thy wit, perhaps, can ſome excuſe deuiſe,
And faine a colour for thoſe iniuries;

But well I know, if thou excuſe this treaſon,
It muſt be by ſome greater thing then reaſon.
Are any of thoſe *vertues* yet defac'd,
On which thy firſt affection ſeemed plac'd?
Hath any ſecret foe my true faith wronged,
To rob the bliſſe that to my heart belonged?
What then? ſhall I condemned be vnheard,
Before thou knoweſt how I may be clear'd?
Thou art acquainted with the times condition,
Know'ſt it is full of enuy, and ſuſpition,
So that the war'eſt in thought, word, and action,
Shall oft be iniur'd, by foule-mouth'd detraction:
And therefore thou (me-thinkes) ſhould'ſt wiſely pauſe
Before thou credit rumors without cauſe.
But I haue gotten ſuch a confidence
In thy opinion, of my innocence:
It is not that, I know, with-holds thee now,
Sweet, tell mee then; is it ſome ſacred vow?
Haſt thou reſolued, not to ioyne thy hand
With any one in *Hymens* holy band?
Thou ſhouldſt haue done it then, when thou wert free,
Before thou hadſt bequeath'd thy ſelfe to mee.
What vow doſt deeme more pleaſing vnto *Heauen*,
Then what is by vnfained louers giuen?
If any be, yet ſure it frowneth at
Thoſe that are made for contradicting that.
But, if thou wouldſt liue chaſtely all thy life,
That thou maiſt do, though we be *man* and *wife*:

Or,

Or, if thou long'ſt a *Virgin*-death to die,
Why (if it be thy pleaſure) ſo doe I.
Make mee but thine, and I'le (contented) be
A *Virgin* ſtill, yet liue and lie with thee.
Then let not thy inuenting braine aſſay
To mocke, and ſtill delude mee euery way;
But call to minde, how thou haſt deepely ſworne
Nor to neglect, nor leaue mee thus forlorne.
And if thou wilt not be to mee as when
Wee firſt did loue, doe but come ſee mee then.
Vouchſafe that I may ſometime with thee walke,
Or ſit and looke on thee, or heare thee talke;
And I that moſt content once aymed at,
Will thinke there is a world of bliſſe in that.
Doſt thou ſuppoſe that my *Deſires* denies
With thy affections well to ſympathize?
Or ſuch peruerſneſſe haſt thou found in me,
May make our *Natures* diſagreeing be?
Thou knowſt when thou didſt wake I could not ſleepe;
And if thou wert but ſad, that I ſhould weepe.
Yet (euen when the teares my cheeke did ſtaine)
If thou didſt ſmile, why I could ſmile againe:
I neuer did contrary thee in ought:
Nay, thou canſt tell, I oft haue ſpake thy thought.
Waking; the ſelfe-ſame courſe with thee I runne,
And ſleeping, oftentimes our dreames were one.
The Dyall-needle, though it ſence doth want,
Still bends to the beloued *Adamant*;

Liſt

Liſt the one vp, the other vpward tends;
If this fall downe, that preſently deſcends:
Turne but about the ſtone, the ſteele turnes to;
Then ſtraight returnes, if ſo the other do;
And, if it ſtay, with trembling keepes one place,
As if it (panting) long'd for an imbrace.
So was't with mee: for, if thou merry wert,
That mirth of thine, mou'd ioy within my heart:
I ſighed to, when thou didſt ſigh or frowne:
When thou wert ſicke, thou haſt perceiu'd me ſwoone;
And being ſad, haue oft, with forc'd delight,
Striu'd to giue thee content beyond my might.
When thou wouldſt talke, then haue I talk'd with thee,
And ſilent been, when thou wouldſt ſilent be.
If thou abroad didſt goe, with ioy I went;
If home thou lou'dſt, at home was my content:
Yea, what did to my *Nature* diſagree,
I could make pleaſing, cauſe it pleaſed thee.
But, if't be either my weake Sex, or youth,
Makes thee miſdoubt my vndiſtained truth,
Know this; as none (till that vnhappy hower,
When I was firſt made thine,) had euer power
To moue my heart, by vowes, or teares expence;
No more (I ſweare) could any *Creature* ſince.
No lookes but thine, though aim'd with *Paſſions* Art,
Could pierce ſo deepe to penetrate my hart.
No name but thine, was welcome to my eare;
No word did I ſo ſoone, ſo gladly heare:

Nor

Nor euer could my eyes behold or ſee,
What I was ſince delighted in, but thee.
And ſure thou wouldſt beleeue it to be ſo,
If I could tell, or words might make thee know,
How many a weary night my tumbled bed
Hath knowne me ſleepeleſſe: what ſalt-teares I'ue ſhed;
What ſcalding-ſighes, the markes of ſoules oppreſt,
Haue hourely breathed from my carefull breſt.
Nor wouldſt thou deeme thoſe waking ſorrowes faind,
If thou mightſt ſee how ſleeping I am paind.
For it ſometimes I chance to take a ſlumber,
Vnwelcome dreames my broken reſt doth cumber.
Which dreaming makes me ſtart, ſtarting with feares
Wakes; and ſo by waking I renew my cares:
Vntill my eyes ore-tir'd with watch and weeping,
Drownd in their owne flouds fall againe to ſleeping.
Oh! that thou couldſt but thinke, when laſt wee parted,
How much I, grieuing for thy abſence, ſmarted:
My very ſoule fell ſicke, my heart to aking,
As if they had their laſt *Farewels* beene taking;
Or feared by ſome ſecret Diuination,
This thy reuolt, and cauſeleſſe alteration.
Didſt thou not feele how loth that hand of mine,
Was to let goe the hold it had of thine?
And with what heauy, what vnwilling looke
I leaue of thee, and then of comfort tooke?
I know thou didſt; and though now thus thou doe,
I am deceiu'd, but then it grieu'd thee to.

Then, if I ſo with *Loues* fell paſſion vext
For thy departure onely was perplext,
When I had left to ſtrengthen me ſome truſt;
And hope, that thou wouldſt nere haue prou'd vniuſt:
What was my torture then, and hard endurance,
When of thy falſhood I receiu'd aſſurance.
Alas, my Tongue, a-while, with griefe was dumbe,
And a cold ſhuddering did my ioynts benumme,
Amazement ſeiz'd my thought, and ſo preuailed,
I found me ill, but knew not what I ailed.
Nor can I yet tell, ſince my ſuffering then
Was more then could be ſhowne by *Poets* Pen;
Or well conceiu'd by any other hart
Then that which in ſuch care hath borne a part.
Oh me; how loth was I to haue beleeu'd
That to be true, for which ſo much I grieu'd?
How gladly would I haue perſwaded him,
There had bin no ſuch matter, no ſuch ſin.
I would haue had my heart thinke that (I knew
To be the very truth) not to be true.
Why may not this, thought I, ſome viſion be,
Some ſleeping dreame, or waking phantaſie,
Begotten by my ouer-blinded folly,
Or elſe engendred through my *Melancholy*?
But finding it ſo reall (thought I) then
Muſt I be caſt from all my hopes agen?
What are become of all thoſe fading bliſſes,
Which late my hope had, and now ſo much miſſes?

Where

Where is that future fickle happineſſe
Which I ſo long expected to poſſeſſe?
And, thought I to; where are his dying *Paſſions*,
His honied words, his bitter-lamentations?
To what end were his *Sonnets*, *Epigrams*,
His pretty *Poſies*, witty *Anagrams*?
I could not thinke, all that might haue been fain'd,
Nor any faith, I thought ſo firme, bin ſtain'd.
Nay, I doe ſure and confidently know,
It is not poſſible it ſhould be ſo:
If that rare Art and *Paſſion* was thine owne,
Which in my preſence thou haſt often ſhowne.
But, ſince thy change, my much-preſaging heart
Is halfe afraid, thou ſome impoſtor wert:
Or that thou didſt but (Player-like addreſt)
Act that which flow'd from ſome more gentle breſt.
Thy puft inuention, with worſe matter ſwolne,
Thoſe thy conceits from better wits hath ſtolne:
Or elſe (I know) it could not be, that thou
Shouldſt be ſo ouer-cold as thou art now;
Since thoſe, who haue that, feelingly, their owne,
Euer poſſeſſe more worth conceal'd, then knowne.
And if *Loue* euer any Mortals touch,
To make a braue impreſſion, 'tis in ſuch,
Who ſworne loues Chaplaines. will not violate
That, whereunto themſelues they conſecrate.
But oh you noble brood, on whom the World
The ſlighted burthen of neglect hath hurl'd,

(Becauſe your thoughts for higher obiects borne,
Their groueling humors and affection ſcorne)
You, whom the *Gods*, to heare your ſtraines, will follow,
Whilſt you doe court the ſiſters of *Apollo*.
You, whom there's none that's worthy, can neglect,
Or any that vnworthy is, affect.
Oh let not thoſe that ſeeke to doe you ſhame,
Bewitch vs with thoſe ſongs they cannot frame:
The nobleſt of our Sexe, and faireſt too,
Doe euer loue and honour ſuch as you.
Then wrong vs not ſo much to giue your *Paſſion*
To thoſe that haue it but in imitation:
And in their dull breaſts neuer feele the power
Of ſuch deepe thoughts as ſweetly moue in your.
As well as you, they vs thereby abuſe,
For (many times) when we our *Louers* chuſe,
Where we thinke *Nature*, that rich *Iewell*, ſets
Which ſhines in you, we light on counterfets.
But ſee, ſee whither diſcontentment beares me,
And to what vncouth ſtraines my *Paſſion* reares me:
Yet pardon me, I here againe repent,
If I haue erred through that diſcontent.
Be what thou wilt, be counterfeit or right,
Be conſtant, ſerious, or be vaine, or light,
My loue remaines inuiolate the ſame,
Thou canſt be nothing that can quench this flame,
But it will burne as long as thou haſt breath
To keepe it kindled (if not after death)

Nere

Nere was there one more true, then I to thee,
And though my faith muſt now deſpiſed be,
Vnpriz'd, vnualued at the loweſt rate,
Yet this Ile tell thee, 'tis not all thy ſtate,
Nor all that better-ſeeming worth of thine,
Can buy thee ſuch another *Loue* as mine:
Liking it may, but oh there's as much oddes,
Twixt loue and that, as betweene men and Gods.
It is a purchaſe not procur'd with treaſure,
As ſome fooles thinke, nor to be gaind at pleaſure:
For were it ſo, and any could aſſure it,
What would not ſome men part with, to procure it?
But though thou weigh't not, as thou ought'ſt to do,
Thou knowſt I loue; and once didſt loue mee to.
Then where's the cauſe of this diſlike in thee?
Suruey thy ſelfe, I hope there's none in mee.
Yet looke on her from whom thou art eſtranged?
See, is my perſon, or my beauty changed?
Once thou didſt praiſe it, prethee view't agen,
And marke if't be not ſtill the ſame twas then:
No falſe *Vermilion*-dye my cheeke diſtaines,
'Tis the poore bloud diſperſt through pores and vaines,
Which thou haſt oft ſeen through my fore-head flu ſhing,
To ſhew no dawby-colour hid my bluſhing:
Nor neuer ſhall: *Vertue*, I hope, will ſaue mee,
Contented with that beauty *Nature* gaue mee.
Or, if't ſeeme leſſe, for that griefes-vaile had hid it,
Thou threwſt it on mee, 'twas not I that did it,

And canſt againe reſtore, what may repaire
All that's decay'd, and make me far more faire.
Which if thou doe, I'le be more wary than
To keep't for thee vnblemiſht, what I can:
And cauſe at beſt 'twill want much of perfection,
The reſt ſhall be ſupply'd with true affection.
But I doe feare, it is ſome others riches,
Whoſe more abundance that thy minde bewitches,
That baſer obiect, that too generall aime,
Makes thee my leſſer *Fortune* to diſclaime.
Fie, canſt thou ſo degenerate in ſpirit,
As to prefer the meanes before the merit?
(Although I cannot ſay it is in mee)
Such worth ſometimes with pouerty may be
To equalize the match ſhe takes vpon her;
Tho th'other vaunt of *Birth*, *Wealth*, *Beauty*, *Honour*:
And many a one that did for greatneſſe wed,
Would gladly change it for a meaner bed.
Yet are my *Fortunes* knowne indifferent,
Not baſely meane, but ſuch as may content:
And though I yeeld the better to be thine,
I may be bold to ſay thus much, for mine;
That if thou couldſt of them and me eſteeme,
Neither thy ſtate, nor birth, would miſ-beſeeme:
Or if it did; how can I help't (alas)
Thou, not alone, before knew'ſt what it was.
But I (although not fearing ſo to ſpeed)
Did alſo diſinable't more than need,

And

And yet thou woo'dſt, and wooing didſt perſeuer,
As if thou hadſt intended *Loue* for euer:
Yea, thy account of wealth thou mad'ſt ſo ſmall,
Thou had'ſt not any queſtion of't at all;
But hating much that peaſant-like condition,
Did'ſt ſeeme diſpleas'd I held it in ſuſpition.
Whereby I thinke, if nothing elſe doe thwart vs,
It cannot be the want of that will part vs.
Yea, I doe rather doubt indeed, that this
The needleſſe feare of friends diſpleaſure is.
Yes, that's the barre which ſtops our my delight,
And all my hope and ioy confoundeth quite.
But beares there any in thy heart ſuch ſway
To ſhut mee thence, and wipe thy loue away?
Can there be any friend that hath the power,
To diſvnite hearts ſo conioyn'd as our?
E're I would haue ſo done by thee; I'de rather
Haue parted with one deerer then my father.
For though the will of our Creator bindes
Each Childe to learne and know his Parents mindes;
Yet ſure I am, ſo iuſt a *Deitie*,
Commandeth nothing againſt *Pietie*.
Nor doth that band of duty giue them leaue,
To violate their faith, or to deceiue.
And though that *Parents* haue authority,
To rule their children in minority:
Yet they are neuer granted ſuch power on them,
That will allow to tyrannize vpon them;

Or vſe them vnder their command ſo ill,
To force them, without reaſon, to their will.
For who hath read in all the Sacred-writ,
Of any one compeld to marriage (yet?)
What father ſo vnkinde (thereto requir'd)
Denide his *Childe* the match that he deſir'd,
So that he found the Lawes did not forbid it?
I thinke thoſe gentler ages no men did *it*.
In thoſe daies therefore for them to haue bin
Contracted without licence had been ſin?
Since there was more good *Nature* among men,
And euery one more truly louing then.
But now (although we ſtand obliged ſtill
To labour for their liking, and good-will)
There is no duty whereby they may tie vs
From ought which without reaſon they deny vs:
For I do thinke, it is not one'ly meant,
Children ſhould aske, but *Parents* ſhould conſent:
And that they erre, their duty as much breaking,
For not conſenting, as we not for ſpeaking.
" It is no maruell many matches be
" Concluded now without their priuity;
" Since they, through greedy *Auarice* miſled,
" Their intereſt in that haue forfeited.
For, ſome reſpectleſſe of all care, doe marry
Hot youthfull-*May*, to cold old-*Ianuary*.
Some, for a greedy end, doe baſely tie
The ſweeteſt-faire, to foule-deformitie.

Forcing

Forcing a loue from where'twas placed late,
To re-ingraffe it where it turnes to hate.
It ſeemes no cauſe of hindrance in their eyes,
Though manners nor affections ſympathize.
And two Religions by their rules of ſtate,
They may in one made body tolerate;
As if they did deſire that double ſtemme,
Should fruitfull beare but *Neuters* like to them.
Alas, how many numbers of both kindes
By that haue euer diſcontented mindes:
And liue (though ſeeming vnto others well)
In the next torments vnto thoſe of hell?
How many, deſprate growne by this their ſinne,
Haue both vndone themſelues and all their kinne?
Many a one, we ſee, it makes to fall
With thee too-late repenting *Prodigall.*
Thouſands (though elſe by nature gentler giuen,)
To act the horridſt murthers oft are driuen.
And (which is worſe) there's many a careleſſe elfe,
(Vnleſſe Heauen pitty) kils and damnes his ſelfe.
Oh what hard heart, or what vnpittying eyes,
Could hold from teares to ſee thoſe Tragedies.
Parents, by their neglect in this, haue hurld
Vpon the Stage of this reſpectleſſe World?
'Tis not one *Man*, one *Family*, one *Kinne*,
No nor one *Countrey* that hath ruin'd bin
By ſuch their *folly*, which the cauſe hath prou'd,
That forraine oft, and ciuill warres were mou'd

By

By ſuch beginnings many a City lies
Now in the duſt, whoſe *Turrets* brau'd the skies:
And diuers *Monarchs* by ſuch fortunes croſt,
Haue ſeene their Kingdomes fir'd, and ſpoil'd, and loſt.
Yet all this while, thou ſeeſt, I mention not,
The ruine, ſhame, and chaſtity hath got;
For 'tis a taske too infinite to tell
How many thouſands that would haue done well,
Doe, by the meanes of this, ſuffer deſires
To kindle in their hearts vnlawfull fires:
Nay ſome, in whoſe could breaſt nere flame had bin,
Haue onely for meere vengeance falne to ſin.
My ſelfe haue ſeene, and my heart bled to ſee't,
A wit-leſſe Clowne enioy a match vnmeet.
She was a Laſſe that had a looke to moue
The heart of cold *Diogenes* to loue:
Her eye was ſuch, whoſe euery glance did know
To kindle flames vpon the hils of Snow;
And by her powerfull piercings could imprint,
Or ſparkle fire into a heart of flint:
And yet (vnleſſe I much deceiued be)
In very thought did hate immodeſtie.
And (had ſh'enioyd the man ſhe could haue lou'd)
Might, to this day, haue liued vn-reprou'd:
But, being forc'd, perforce, by ſeeming-friends,
With her conſent, ſhe her contentment ends.
In that, compel'd, her-ſelfe to him ſhee gaue,
Whoſe Bed, ſhee rather could haue wiſht her Graue;

And ſince, I heare, what I much feare is true,
That ſhee hath bidden ſhame and fame adue.
Such are the cauſes now that *Parents* quite
Are put beſide much of their ancient right:
Their feare of this, makes children to with-hold
From giuing them thoſe dues which elſe they would:
And theſe thou ſee'ſt are the too-fruitfull ils,
Which daily ſpring from their vnbridled wils.
Yet they, forſooth, will haue it vnderſtood,
That all their ſtudy, is their childrens good.
A ſeeming-*Loue* ſhall couer all they do:
When, if the matter were well look't into,
Their carefull reach is chiefly to fulfill
Their owne foule, greedy, and inſatiate will:
Who, quite forgetting they were euer young,
Would haue the Children dote, with them, on dung.
Grant, betwixt two, there be true loue, content,
Birth not miſ-ſeeming, wealth ſufficient,
Equality in yeares, an honeſt fame,
In euery-ſide the perſon without blame,
And they obedient too: What can you gather
Of Loue, or of affection, in that father,
That but a little to augment his treaſure,
(Perhaps, no more but onely for his pleaſure,)
Shall force his Childe to one he doth abhor,
From her he loues, and juſtly ſeeketh for;
Compelling him (for ſuch miſ-fortune griev'd)
To die with care, that might with ioy haue liu'd?

This

This you may ſay is *Loue*, and ſweare as well,
There's paines in *Heauen*, and delights in *Hell*:
Or, that the Diuels fury and auſterity
Proceeds out of his care of our poſterity.
Would *Parents* (in this age) haue vs begin
To take by their eyes, our affections in?
Or doe they thinke we beare them in our fiſt,
That we may ſtill remoue them as wee liſt?
It is impoſſible it ſhould be thus,
For we are rul'd by *Loue*, not Loue by vs:
And ſo our power ſo much ner'e reached to,
To know where we ſhall loue, vntill we doe.
And when it comes, hide it awhile wee may,
But 'tis not in our ſtrengths to driu't away.
Either mine owne eye ſhould my chuſer be,
Or I would ner'e weare *Hymens* Liuery.
For who is he ſo neare my heart doth reſt,
To know what 'tis, that mine approued beſt?
I haue my ſelfe beheld thoſe men, whoſe frame
And outward perſonages had nought of blame:
They had (what might their good proportion grace)
The much more mouing part, a comely face,
With many of thoſe complements, which we
In common men, of the beſt breeding ſee.
They had diſcourſe, and wit enough to carry
Themſelues in faſhion, at an *Ordinary*;
Gallants they were, lou'd company and ſport,
Wore fauours, and had *Miſtreſſes* in *Court*.

And

And euery way were ſuch as well might ſeeme
Worthy of note, reſpect, and much eſteeme;
Yet hath my eye more cauſe of liking ſeene,
Where nought perhaps by ſome hath noted beene:
And I haue there found more content, by farre,
Where ſome of theſe perfections wanting are;
Yea ſo much, that their beauties were a blot
To them (methought) becauſe he had them not.
There ſome peculiar thing innated,
That beares an vncontrouled ſway in this;
And nothing but it ſelfe knowes how to fit
The minde with that which beſt ſhall ſuit with it.
Then why ſhould *Parents* thruſt themſelues into
What they want warrant for, and power to doe?
How is it they are ſo forgetfull growne,
Of thoſe conditions, that were once their owne?
Doe they ſo dote amidſt their wits perfection,
To thinke that age and youth hath like affection?
(When they doe ſee 'mong thoſe of equall yeares,
One hateth what another moſt endeares.)
Or doe they thinke their wiſedomes can inuent
A thing to giue, that's greater than Content?
No, neither ſhall they wrap vs in ſuch blindneſſe,
To make vs thinke the ſpight they doe, is kindneſſe.
For as I would aduiſe no childe to ſtray
From the leaſt duty that he ought to pay:
So would I alſo haue him wiſely know,
How much that duty is which he doth owe:

That

That knowing what doth vnto both belong,
He may doe them their right, himſelfe no wrong.
For if my *Parents* him I lothe ſhould chuſe,
Tis lawfull, yea my duty to refuſe:
Elſe, how ſhall I leade ſo vpright a life,
As is enioyned to the *Man* and *Wife*?
Since that we ſee ſometime there are repentings,
Eu'n where there are the moſt, and beſt contentings.
What, though that by our *Parents* firſt we liue?
Is not life miſery enough to giue;
Which at their births the children doth vndo,
Vnleſſe they adde ſome other miſchiefe to?
Cauſe they gaue being to this fleſh of our,
Muſt we be therefore ſlaues vnto their power?
We nere deſir'd it, for how could we tell,
Not being, but that not to be was well:
Nor know they whom they profit by it, ſeeing
Happy were ſome, if they had had no being.
Indeed, had they produc'd vs without ſin,
Had all our duty to haue pleas'd them bin:
Or the next life, could they aſſure the ſtate,
And both beget vs and regenerate;
There were no reaſon then we ſhould withſtand
To vndergoe their tyrannou'ſt command:
In hope that either for our hard endurance,
We ſhould, at laſt, haue comfort in aſſurance:
Or, if in our endeauours we miſ-ſped,
At leaſt feele nothing when we ſhould be dead.

But

But what's the *Reaſon* for't that we ſhall be
Inthral'd ſo much vnto Mortality?
Our ſoules on will of any *Men* to tye
Vnto an euerlaſting miſery.
So farre, perhaps to, from the good of either,
We ruine them, our ſelues, and altogether.
Children owe much, I muſt confeſſe 'tis true,
And a great debt is to the *Parents* due:
Yet if they haue not ſo much power to craue
But in their owne defence the liues they gaue:
How much leſſe then, ſhould they become ſo cruell
As to take from them the high-prized Iewell
Of liberty in choyce, whereon depends
The maine contentment that the heauen here lends?
Worth life, or wealth, nay far more worth then either
Or twenty thouſand liues put all togither.
Then howſoeuer ſome, ſeuerer bent,
May deeme of my opinion, or intent,
With that which followes thus conclude I doe:
(And I haue Reaſon for't, and Conſcience to)
No Parent may his Childes iuſt ſute deny
On his bare will, without a reaſon why;
Nor he ſo vſ'd, be diſobedient thought,
If vnapprou'd, he take the match he ſought.
So then if that thy faith vncrazed be,
Thy friends diſlike ſhall be no ſtop to me:
For, if their will be not of force to doe it,
They ſhall haue no cauſe elſe to driue them to it.

What

What is it they againſt vs can alleage?
Both young we are, and of the fitteſt age,
If thou diſſembledſt not, both loue; and both
To admit hinderance in our loues are loth.
'Tis prejudiciall vnto none that liues;
And Gods, and humane Law our warrant giues,
Nor are we much vnequall in degree,
Perhaps our *Fortunes* ſomewhat different be.
But ſay that little meanes, which is, were not,
The want of wealth may not diſſolue this knot.
For though ſome ſuch prepoſterous courſes wend,
Preſcribing to themſelues no other end,
Marr'age was not ordain'd t'enrich men by,
Vnleſſe it were in their poſterity.
And he that doth for other cauſes wed,
Nere knowes the true ſweetes of a marriage bed:
Nor ſhall he by my will, for 'tis vnfit
He ſhould haue bliſſe that neuer aym'd at it.
Though that bewitching gold the *Rabble* blindes,
And is the obiect of all *Vulgar* mindes:
Yet thoſe, me-thinkes, that graced ſeeme to bee,
With ſo much good as doth appeare in thee,
Should ſcorne their better-taught deſires to tye
To that, which fooles doe get their honour by.
I can like of the wealth (I muſt confeſſe)
Yet more I priz. the man, though mony-leſſe.
I am not of their humour yet, that can
For Title, or Eſtate, affect a *Man*;

Or

Or of my ſelfe, one body deigne to make
With him I lothe, for his poſſeſſions ſake:
Nor wiſh I euer to haue that minde bred
In me, that is in thoſe, who, when they wed,
Thinke it enough, they doe attaine the grace
Of ſome new honour, to fare well, take place,
Weare coſtly cloathes, in others ſights agree,
Or happy in opinion ſeeme to bee.
I weigh not this: for were I ſure before
Of *Spencers* wealth, or our rich *Suttons* ſtore;
Had I therewith a man, whom *Nature* lent,
Perſon enough to giue the eye content:
If I no outward due, nor right did want,
Which tho beſt Husbands in appearance grant:
Nay, though alone we had no priuate iarres
But merry liu'd from all domeſticke cares;
Vnleſſe I thought his *Nature* ſo incline,
That it might alſo ſympathize with mine,
(And yeeld ſuch correſpondence with my minde
Our ſoules might mutually contentment find,
By adding vnto theſe which went before,
Some certaine vnexpreſſed pleaſures more,
Such as exceed the ſtreight and curb'd dimenſions
Of common mindes, and vulgar apprehenſions)
I would not care for ſuch a match, but tarry
In this eſtate I am, and neuer marry.
Such were the ſweets I hop'd to haue poſſeſt,
When *Fortune* ſhould with thee haue made me bleſt.
My heart could hardly thinke of that content,
To apprehend it without rauiſhment. Each

Each word of thine (me-thought) was to my eares
More pleasing then that musicke, which the *Spheares*
(They say) doe make the gods, when in their chime,
Their motions *Diapason* with the time,
In my conceit, the opening of thine eye.
Seem'd to giue light to euery obiect by,
And shed a kinde of life vnto my shew,
On euery thing that was within it view.
More ioy I'ue felt to haue thee but in place,
Then many doe in the most close embrace
Of their beloued'st friend, which well doth proue,
Not to thy body onely tends my loue:
But mounting a true height, growes so diuine,
It makes my soule to fall in loue with thine,
And sure now whatsoe're thy body doe,
Thy soule loues mine, and oft they visit too.
For late I dream'd they went I know not whither,
Vnlesse to *Heauen*, and there play'd together;
And to this day I nere could know or see,
'Twixt them or vs the least *Antipathy*,
Then what should make thee keepe thy person hence,
Or leaue to loue, or hold it in suspence?
If to offend thee I vnawares was driuen,
Is't such a fault as may not be forgiuen?
Or if by frownes of *Fate*, I haue beene checkt,
So that I seeme not worth thy first respect,
Shall I be therefore blamed and vpbraided,
With what could not be holpen, or auoyded?
Tis not my fault: yet cause my *Fortunes* doe,
Wilt thou be so vnkinde to wrong me too?

Not

Not vnto *Thine*, but thee I ſet my heart,
So nought can wipe my loue out while thou art:
Though thou wert poorer both of houſe and meat,
Then he that knowes not where to ſleepe or eat:
Though thou wert ſunke into obſcurity,
Become an abiect in the worlds proud eye,
Though by peruerſeneſſe of thy *Fortune* croſt,
Thou wert deformed, or ſome limbe had'ſt loſt,
That loue which *Admiration* firſt begot,
Pitty would ſtrengthen, that it failed not:
Yea, I ſhould loue thee ſtill, and without blame,
As long as thou couldſt keepe thy minde the ſame;
Which is of *Vertues* ſo compact (I take it)
No mortall change ſhall haue the power to ſhake it.
This may, and will (I know) ſeeme ſtrange to thoſe
That cannot the *Abyſſe* of loue diſcloſe,
Nor muſt they thinke, whom but the out-ſide moues
Euer to apprehend ſuch noble *Loues*;
Or more coniecture their vnſounded meaſure,
Then can we mortals of immortall pleaſure.
Then let not thoſe dull vnconceiuing braines,
Who ſhall hereafter come to reade theſe ſtraines,
Suppoſe that no loues fire can be ſo great;
Becauſe it giues not their cold Clime ſuch heate;
Or thinke m'inuention could haue reached here
Vnto ſuch thoughts, vnleſſe ſuch loue there were:
For then they ſhall but ſhew their knowledge weake,
And iniure me, that feele of what I ſpeake.
But now my lines grow tedious, like my wrong,
And as I thought that, thou think'ſt this too long.

Or ſome may deeme, I thruſt my ſelfe into
More then beſeemeth modeſty to do.
But of the difference I am not vnwitting,
Betwixt a peeuiſh coyneſſe, and things fitting:
Nothing reſpect I, who pries ore my doing:
For here's no vaine allurements, nor fond wooing,
To traine ſome wanton ſtranger to my lure;
But with a thought that's honeſt, chaſte, and pure,
I make my cauſe vnto thy conſcience knowne,
Suing for that which is by right my owne.
In which complaint, if thou doe hap to finde
Any ſuch word, as ſeemes to be vnkind:
Miſtake me not, it but from *Paſſion* ſprung,
And not from an intent to doe thee wrong.
Or if among theſe doubts my ſad thoughts breed,
Some (peraduenture) may be more then need
They are to let thee know, might we diſpute,
There's no obiections but I could refute;
And ſpight of *Enny* ſuch defences make,
Thou ſhouldſt embrace that loue thou doſt forſake.
Then do not (oh forgetfull man) now deeme,
That 'tis ought leſſe then I haue made it ſeeme.
Or that I am vnto this *Paſſion* mou'd,
Becauſe I cannot elſe-where be belou'd:
Or that it is thy ſtate, whoſe greatneſſe knowne,
Makes me become a ſuter for my owne:
Suppoſe not ſo; for know this day there be
Some that wooe hard for what I offer thee:
And I haue euer yet contented bin
With that eſtate I firſt was placed in.

Baniſh thoſe thoughts, and turne thee to my heart;
Come once againe, and be what once thou wert.
Reuiue me by thoſe wonted ioyes repairing,
That am nigh dead with ſorrowes and deſpairing:
So ſhall the memory of this annoy,
But adde more ſweetneſſe to my future ioy;
Yea, make me thinke thou meantſt not to deny me,
But onely wert eſtranged thus, to try me.
And laſtly, for that loues ſake thou once bar'ſt me,
By that right hand thou gau'ſt, that oath thou ſwar'ſt me,
By all the *Paſſions*, and (if any be)
For her deare ſake that makes thee iniure me,
I here coniure thee; no intreat and ſue,
That if theſe lines doe ouer-reach thy view,
Thou wouldſt afford me ſo much fauour for them,
As to accept, or at leaſt not abhorre them.
So though thou wholly cloake not thy diſdaine,
I ſhall haue ſomewhat the leſſe cauſe to plaine:
Or if thou needs muſt ſcoffe at this, or me,
Do't by thy ſelfe, that none may witneſſe be.
Not that I feare 'twill bring me any blame,
Onely I am loth the world ſhould know my ſhame.
For all that ſhall this plaint with reaſon view,
Will iudge me faithfull, and thee moſt vntrue.
But if *Oblivion*, that thy loue bereft,
Hath not ſo much good nature in thee left,
But that thou muſt, as moſt of you men doe,
When you haue conquer'd, tyrannize it too:
Know this before, that it is praiſe to no man
To wrong ſo fraile a *Creature* as a woman.

And to insult or'e one, so much made thine,
Will more be thy disparagement then mine.
But oh (I pray that it portend no harmes)
A chearing heate my chilled senses warmes:
Iust now I flashing feele into my brest,
A sudden comfort, not to be expresst,
Which to my thinking, doth againe begin
To warne my heart, to let some hope come in;
It tels me 'tis impossible that thou
Should'st liue not to be mine, it whispers how
My former feares and doubts haue beene in vaine,
And that thou mean'st yet to returne againe.
It saies thy absence from some cause did grow,
Which, or I should not, or I could not know.
It tels me now, that all those proofes, whereby
I seem'd assur'd of thy disloyalty,
May be but treacherous plots of some base foes,
That in thy absence sought our ouerthrowes.
Which if it proue; as yet me thinkes it may,
Oh, what a burden shall I cast away?
What cares shall I lay by? and to what height
Towre in my new ascension to delight?
Sure or'e the full of it I come to try,
I shall eu'n surfet in my ioy and die.
But such a losse might well be call'd a thriuing
Since more is got by dying so, then liuing.
Come kill me then, my deare, if thou thinke fit,
With that which neuer killed woman yet:
Or write to me before, so shalt thou giue
Content more moderate that I may liue:

And

And when I ſee my ſtaffe of truſt vnbroken,
I will vnſpeake againe what is miſ-ſpoken.
What I haue written in diſpraiſe of *Men*,
I will recant, and praiſe as much agen;
In recompence Ile adde vnto their Stories,
Encomiaſticke lines to ymp their glories.
And for thoſe wrongs my loue to thee hath done,
Both I and it vnto thy *Pity* runne:
In whom, if the leaſt guilt thou finde to be,
For euer let thine armes impriſon me.
Meane while I'le try if miſery will ſpare
Me ſo much reſpite, to take truce with care.
And patiently await the doubtfull doome,
Which I expect from thee ſhould ſhortly come;
Much longing that I one way may be ſped,
And not ſtill linger 'twixt aliue and dead.
For I can neither liue yet as I ſhould,
Becauſe I leaſt enioy of that I would;
Nor quiet die, becauſe (indeed) I firſt
Would ſee ſome better daies, or know the worſt.
Then haſten *Deare*, if to my end it be,
It ſhall be welcome, cauſe it comes from thee.
If to renew my *Comfort* ought be ſent,
Let me not looſe a minute of *Content*.
The precious *Time* is ſhort, and will away,
Let vs enioy each other while we may.
Cares thriue, *Age* creepeth on, *Men* are but ſhades,
Ioyes leſſen, *Youth* decaies, and *Beauty* fades;
New turnes come on, the old returneth neuer,
If we let our goe paſt, 'tis paſt for euer.

FINIS.

A Metricall Paraphraſe vpon the CREEDE.

SInce it befits, that I account ſhould giue
What way vnto ſaluation *I beleeue*;
Of my profeſſion here the ſumme I gather.
Firſt, I confeſſe a Faith *in God the Father*:
In God, who (without Helper or Pertaker)
Was of himſelfe the Worlds *Almighty Maker*,
And firſt gaue Time his being: who gaue birth
To all the Creatures, both *of Heauen and Earth*.
Our euerlaſting wel-fare doth conſiſt
In his great mercies, *and in Ieſus Chriſt*:
(The ſecond perſon of that Three in one)
The Father's equall, and *his onely Sonne*;
That euer-bleſſed, and incarnate Word,
Which our Redeemer is, our life, *Our Lord*.
For when by Sathans guile we were deceiued,
Chriſt was that meanes of helpe, *which was conceiued*;
Yea, (when we were in danger to be loſt)
Conceiued for Vs, *by the Holy Ghoſt*.
And that we might not euer be for-lorne,
For our eternall ſafety he was *Borne*;
Borne as a Man (that Man might not miſcary)
Euen of the ſubſtance *of the Virgin Mary*,
And loe, a greater mercy, and a wonder;
He that can make All, ſuffer, *ſuffered vnder*

The

The Iewiſh ſpite (which all the world reuile at)
And Romiſh tyrannies of *Pontius Pilate*.
In him doe I beleeue, who was enuied,
Who with extreameſt hate *was Crucified*:
Who being Life it ſelfe (to make aſſured
Our ſoules of ſafety) was both *dead, and buried*;
And that no ſeruile feare in vs might dwell,
To conquere, *Hee deſcended into Hell*:
Where no infernall Power had power to lay
Command vpon him; but on *the third day*
The force of Death and Hell he did conſtraine,
And ſo in Triumph, *He roſe againe*.
Yea, the Almighty power aduanc'd his head,
Aſwell aboue all things, as *from the dead*.
Then, that from thence gifts might to men be giuen,
With glory, *Hee aſcended into Heauen*:
Where, that ſupreame and euerlaſting throne,
Which was prepar'd, he climb'd; *and ſitteth on*
That bleſſed ſeate, where he ſhall make abode
To plead for vs, at *the right hand of God*.
And no where ſhould he be enthroned rather,
Then there: for, he is God, as is *the Father*.
And therefore, with an equall loue delight I
To praiſe and ſerue them both, as one *Almighty*:
Yet in their office there's a difference,
And I beleeue, that Ieſus Chriſt, *from thence*,
Shall in the great and vniuerſall doome,
Returne; and that with Angels *He ſhall come*,
To queſtion ſuch as at his Empire grudge;
Euen thoſe who haue preſumed him to *iudge*.

And

And that blacke day ſhall be ſo Catholicke,
As I beleeue not onely that *the quicke*
To that aſſiſe ſhall all be ſummoned;
But, he will both adiudge them, *and the dead.*
Moreouer, in the Godhead I conceiue
Another Perſon, in whom *I beleeue*:
For all my hope of bleſſednesſe were loſt,
If I beleeu'd not *in the holy Ghoſt.*
And though vaine Schiſmatickes through pride & folly
Contemne her power, I doe beleeue *the holy*
Chaſt Spouſe of Chriſt (for whom ſo many ſearch
By markes vncertaine) the true *Cath'like Church.*
I doe beleeue (God keepe vs in this vnion,)
That there ſhall be for euer *the Communion*
Of Gods Elect: and that he ſtill acquaints
His Children in the fellowſhip *of Saints.*
Though damned be Mans naturall condition,
By grace in Chriſt I looke for *the remiſſion*
Of all my foule miſdeeds; for, there begins
Deaths end, which is the puniſhment *of ſinnes.*
Moreouer, I the *Sadduces* infection
Abhorre, and doe beleeue *the Reſurrection*:
Yea, though I turne to duſt; yet through God, I
Expect a glorious riſing *of the body*;
And that, exempted from the cares here rife,
I ſhall enioy perfection *and the life*
That is not ſubiect vnto change or waſting;
But euer-bleſſed, and for *euerlaſting.*
This is my Faith, which that it faile not when
It moſt ſhould ſteed me, let God ſay, *Amen.*

To

To whom, that he ſo much vouchſafe me may,
Thus as a member of his Church, I pray:

LOrd, at thy Mercy-ſeat, our ſelues we gather,
To doe our duties vnto thee, *Our Father*,
To whom all praiſe, al honor, ſhould be giuen:
For, thou art that great God *which art in heauē.*
Thou by thy wiſdome rul'ſt the worlds whole frame,
For euer, therefore, *Hallowed be thy Name.*
Let neuer more delayes diuide vs from
Thy glories view, but let *Thy Kingdome come.*
Let thy commands oppoſed be by none,
But thy good pleaſure, and *Thy will be done.*
And let our promptneſſe to obey, be euen
The very ſame *in earth, as 'tis in heauen.*
Then, for our ſelues, O Lord, we alſo pray,
Thou wouldſt be pleaſed to *Giue vs this day,*
That food of life wherewith our ſoules are fed,
Contented raiment, and *our daily bread.*
With eu'ry needfull thing doe thou relieue vs:
And, of thy mercy, pitty *And forgiue vs*
All our miſdeeds, in him whom thou didſt pleaſe,
To take in offering for *our treſpaſſes.*
And for as much, O Lord, as we beleeue,
Thou ſo wilt pardon vs, *as we forgiue*;
Let that loue teach vs, wherewith thou acquaints vs,
To pardon all *them, that treſpaſſe againſt vs.*

And

And though ſometime thou findſt we haue forgot
This Loue, or thee; yet helpe, *and leade vs not* } Sat. Pro. 30. 8. 9.
Through Soule or bodies want, to deſperation
Nor let abundance driue, *into temptation.*
Let not the ſoule of any true Beleeuer,
Fall in the time of tryall: *But deliuer*
Yea, ſaue him from the malice of the Diuell;
And both in life and death keepe *vs from euill.*
Thus pray we Lord: And but of thee, from whom
Can this be had? *For thine is the Kingdome.*
The world is of thy workes the grauen ſtory,
To thee belongs *the power, and the glory.*
And this thy happineſſe hath ending neuer,
But ſhall remaine *for euer, and for euer.*
This we confeſſe; and will confeſſe agen,
Till we ſhall ſay eternally, *Amen.*

Thou ſhalt write them vpon the poſtes of thy houſe, and vpon thy Gates. Deut. 6. 9.

FINIS.

1076.c.20

Wither G.
K.